

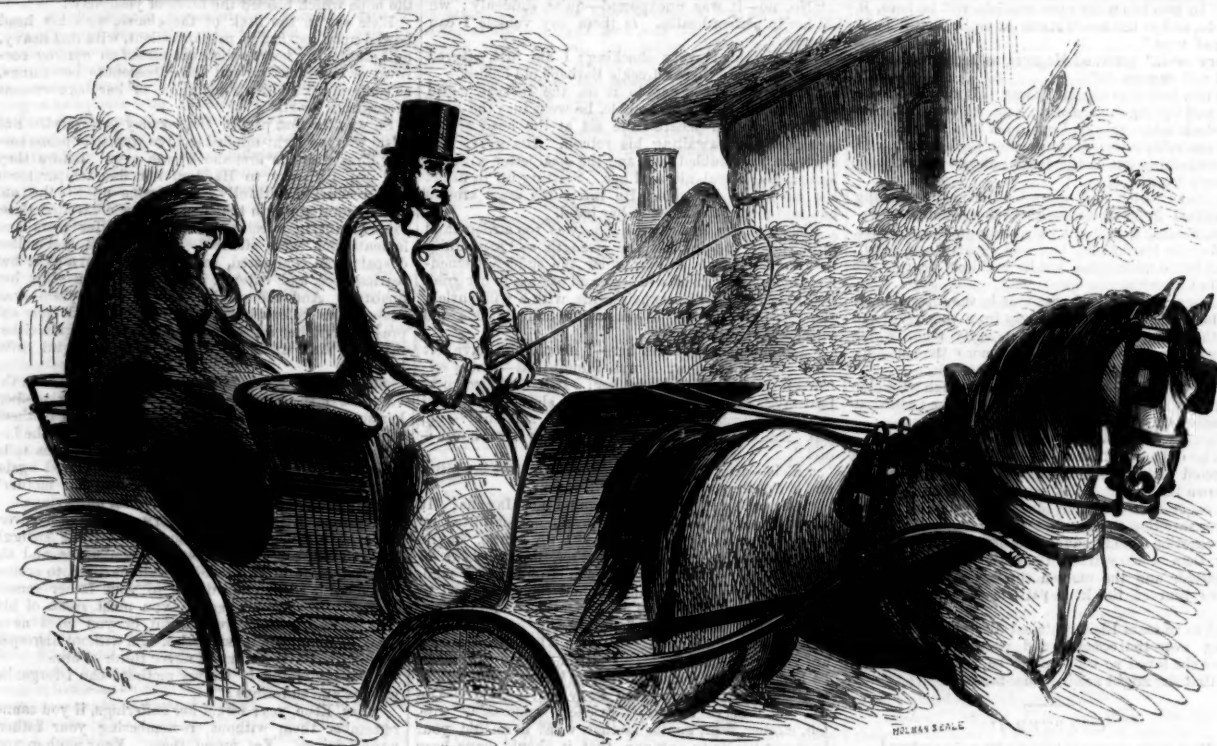
# LONDON READER

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## ELSIE OF HADDON.

### CHAPTER I.

Pleasure is marked by fleetness  
To those who ever roam:  
While grief itself has sweetness  
At home—dear home.

Barton.

It was in the twilight which precedes the dawn that the good ship *Hesperus* neared the shores of Scotland. The *Hesperus* was bringing homewards from America a band of emigrants, some who had won from the earth its golden treasures—some who had sought but not found: but there was not one in whom the sight of the British shores did not raise a feeling of hope or joy.

Standing arm-in-arm, leaning against the bulwarks, and sharing most fully the general excitement, were a young couple—the man with a handsome, serious face, and his wife, very youthful and very beautiful, trembling with an emotion too deep for tears.

"Elsie, dearest," whispered her husband, "all around us seem happy at the sight of their native land—why should you be sad?"

Elsie started from her reverie as one starts from a distracting dream.

"Oh! Magnus," she cried, "I feel a dread presentiment—an overwhelming sense of coming evil, and for my life I could not shake it off."

Dr. Magnus Hardcastle sighed deeply.

"We have not been very successful, Elsie," he whispered, gently; "and we are returning to those we left in sorrow. I do not wonder, therefore, at your sadness; but believe me your fears are the result only of morbid excitement. In a few hours you will clasp your dear mother to your heart."

Elsie Hardcastle grasped his hand convulsively. "Ah! Magnus, it is of that mother I speak," she said; "it is for her I fear!"

"Fear not, Elsie," he whispered, soothingly; "I tell you once more—I know, I feel, that you will see her again, alive and well, and loving!"

### [THE DRIVE TO HADDON.]

Elsie smiled gratefully upon him.

"I have thought of her, you know, all the voyage," she said, "and—I need not fear to say this to you, who know how much I love you—I have lived upon the hope of seeing her again. I adore—I worship my angel mother; and I reproach myself, again and again, each time I think how I left her—left her, too, when she had need of so much comfort and consolation. Oh! Magnus, if I hear ill news of her, I shall drop down dead with sorrow!"

Dr. Magnus Hardcastle was not a selfish man; and, therefore, this exhibition of his wife's strong affection for her mother did not in the slightest degree injure his self-love. He had had instances far too numerous of her kindness and devotion. She had left home and friends by stealth, to dare the dangers of the wilds with him. She had been the star and the blessing of his little hut in the forest. Therefore her anguish at any possible calamity to her mother, served only to alarm, and not to annoy him.

"Elsie," he said, firmly, "I must really beg of you not to give way to such passionate displays of grief at imaginary evils. That your mother will be spared to you I firmly and conscientiously believe; but yet there may be other trials to endure, and for these reserve your strength. At Haddon, too, where we shall be in a few hours, we shall receive a letter. They expect our coming, and will be certain to write. Your mother has been overjoyed to hear you were returning, no doubt; but remember, joy never kills."

His wife pressed his hand again warmly, and appeared deeply grateful for his words; but they, in reality, brought little comfort to her heart. When she left her father's house—at the very moment when she parted with her mother—her mind had formed a vague suspicion of the truth: that her mother was unhappy she had always known; but never until that instant had it occurred to her that this unhappiness arose from the fact of her husband's tyranny. That General Garnet was capable of tyranny she was well aware; but towards his wife—at least, outwardly—this tyranny had never been exhibited.

At that parting, however, words had been used, and looks exchanged, which had turned the current of Elsie's thoughts into a new channel. At first she had been unable to frame any consecutive ideas upon the

subject, but during the time she had been away she had had many opportunities of brooding silently over it; and the letters which she had received from her mother tended to strengthen the conviction.

Dr. Hardcastle had been unsuccessful in his efforts to secure a position in America such as he had anticipated, and Elsie therefore had easily persuaded him to return once more to the old country.

A few hours after her conversation with Magnus, the ship steered into port, and drew up alongside the wharf, where a curious crowd awaited its arrival.

Then the bridge was passed on shore; and over it the passengers rushed eagerly, wildly, to meet those whose hearts were bursting to welcome them. And through this kissing, weeping, laughing, sobbing throng Dr. Magnus Hardcastle and his wife passed hurriedly. Then there were none to greet them; but at no great distance they felt there were hearts throbbing for them too, and eyes eagerly watching the horizon.

There are some people whom no excitement and no display of eagerness can rouse into anything like an appreciation of a situation: but who jog on steadily, moodily, stolidly, unaffected by any event, however commonplace or however important.

Such a man was Joe Bennett, the master of the Auld Scot Arms at Portleigh.

He was an Englishman, this Joe Bennett; had he been a Scotchman he would have had a better eye to business.

To him, unfortunately, Magnus Hardcastle applied for a conveyance. The coach did not leave Portleigh until evening, and as it was now but twelve in the day, he calculated upon being able to reach Haddon by private vehicle some time before the express had proceeded one-quarter of the distance.

Joe Bennett was standing on his doorstep whistling an air, with his great red hands plunged into his pocket, when Magnus approached him. He took not the slightest notice of his visitor until he was quite close to the inn door.

"Have you a conveyance of any kind?" asked Magnus, as he stopped with Elsie trembling on his arm.

"Nary one, nary one," said Joe.

"And do you know where I can get one?" asked Magnus politely.



"You won't get none in Portleigh to take you any distance. Where do you want to go?"

"To Haddon."

"Whew!" whistled Joe, still with his eyes on the horizon, still with his hands in his pockets, "that's a long way."

Magnus grew impatient.

"Have you any vehicle which is likely to be ready soon?" he repeated.

"Well, now," said Joe, "there you comes nearer the point. In two hours my open vehicle will be here, if that'll do, and as the coach starts at eight that'll be a saving of time."

"Very well," returned Magnus, as he handed Elsie in, "I will engage it."

The two hours soon glided away. Lunch had to be eaten, and the luggage seen to, and it was half-past two o'clock before they had imagined it to be one.

But the vehicle was not even then forthcoming, and Elsie sat looking out on the dreary, dirty town without uttering a word.

The dread which had oppressed her in the morning now settled in her heart—chilled her whole being—seemed, indeed, to stop the very beatings of her heart. And Magnus Hardcastle, too, was gloomy and silent. He had borne misfortune, but he could not bear to see his wife in sorrow.

At length, about half-past four in the afternoon, a tired horse dragged them slowly from the town, and took their way along a rugged, rutty road, which on any occasion would have been more than uncomfortable, and now seemed utterly impassable.

"Oh! Magnus, we shall never reach Haddon to-night," whispered Elsie sobbing, as she nestled to her husband's side.

"I trust we shall, dear one," he murmured.

But he did not feel what he said. Overcome at last—infected with some of the gloom which was crushing down his wife, he felt nervously, moodily, restlessly eager to reach their destination that night, and was yet sure that they could not.

No exertion could induce the wearied horse to go faster than a slow trot. He had been jaded when he started, and the uneven country road seemed to deprive him of the little particle of energy he had left.

And so in tears Elsie watched the shades of night closing over the country, and prayed that the dear mother she loved so well might be spared to her, if only that she might see her once more.

## CHAPTER II.

Here rustic statesmen talked with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.  
Goldsmith's.

It was far into the night when they reached Deep Dell, and put up at the tavern that fulfilled the manifold duties of country shop, post-office, smithy, and hotel, and was consequently a place of great bustle, if not business. Here our pair, by special favour, were accommodated with the landlady's own parlour, and promised a private supper. The tavern was full of people, and the post-boy from Haddon was expected every moment.

Magnus went out to take his luggage under cover, and to see it carefully stored.

And Elsie sat to employ his absence in writing a few lines to her mother, which she enclosed and directed to Mr. Wilson, the preacher.

She had scarcely concluded when supper was brought in and neatly arranged upon the table.

Magnus came in and Elsie, with a blush and a smile, took her seat at the head of the board, striving to overcome for his sake her grief.

Very early the next morning the horse was fed and put to the vehicle, while a substantial breakfast was prepared for our travellers.

But when Magnus went to the bar to pay his bill, the bar-keeper, with the slow nonchalance of a country postmaster, handed him a letter, which he said had been brought by the Haddon post-boy late the night previous. Magnus took the letter. It was superscribed in the handwriting of Mr. Wilson. He turned it to break it open, and found, to his dismay, that the seal was black. He tore it open. It was short, even abrupt in its announcement.

"Haddon, Dec. 18, 18—.

"Dr. Hardcastle—My Dear Friend:

"I keep the post-boy waiting while I write to announce the painful intelligence of the death of Mrs. Garnet. She expired suddenly about two o'clock this morning—some hours before you reached Portleigh, although we did not receive the sad news of her decease until seven o'clock. Come immediately, if you would be present to pay the last respects to the memory of the sainted dead. May Heaven grant that this season of awful and mutual bereavement may be sanctified to the hearts and souls of the father and daughter, of the father-in-law and the son-in-law, and that you may be all reconciled—each to the other, and all to God—I the prayer of your brother in Christian love,  
"BRENEKER WILSON."

"Why, why was not this letter given me last night?"

exclaimed Dr. Hardcastle, in strong excitement.

"Because, sir, the mail did not get in until an hour after you had gone to bed."

"Have you any description of carriage here? We must set off instantly towards Haddon."

"I hope there's no ill news, sir?"

"Yes—my wife's mother died yesterday."

"Gude guide us, sir; has the poor lady been ill long?"

"No, no—it was unexpected—quite suddenly; we left her in perfect health. Is there any vehicle I can procure?"

"Eh, sir, this is very shocking; I am just grieved to hear it. Yes, there's Luckie Barber's old chaise."

"Have the horse put to it on the instant," said Magnus; and, pale with trouble, he went into the little breakfast parlour where Elsie sat at the head of the breakfast table awaiting his return. His grave demeanour, his troubled face, and the open letter with the broken black seal, alarmed her. Starting up in haste, she rushed to his side. He threw his arms around her, and placed the letter in her hand.

Elsie read the first lines. She was too strong, and full of blood, to faint, but the strength and sanguinity that kept her from falling under the sudden, tremendous blow, gave greater energy and passion to her grief. Breaking from her husband's arms, with a wild shriek, she gave herself up to passionate lamentations and bitter self-reproaches:

"I should not have left her—I should not have left her! Oh, I see now, it was thoughtless—it was selfish—it was cruel to leave her! If I could scarcely bear my father's tyranny, how could she? How could she—so delicate, so sensitive! Died suddenly!—oh, yes. And to keep it secret for four or five hours—oh!"

"Elsie—dear, darling Elsie—hush! do not say bitter and sinful things, which you will repent."

"Oh, don't put your arms around me, Magnus! It would be heinous for me to the loved, or comforted by your sympathy, now. I who left my gentle, fragile mother alone, my dove-like mother, in the claws of the vulture. I, who was so much stronger, and who, having your protection also, should have remained to protect her. I to leave her, defenceless, and in peril for my sake, and to go haunting off, so happy and thoughtless. Oh, Magnus—Magnus, a hundred serpents are gnawing at my heart! Oh, Magnus, I can never be happy—never make you happy in this world again. Oh, Magnus, I am sorry—so sorry for you, too! You did not deserve a sorrow-stricken, remorseful wife. Oh, mother, dear, gentle mother, what harm did your innocent life do to any one, that it should have been trampled out?"

And then she burst into tears—such copious tears, such floods of tears, as only one of her strong and sanguine temperament could have shed.

Tears and lamentations are the natural vent of a heartfelt sorrow. It is only the sorrow unto death that is mute and dry.

And while she was drowned in tears, and wringing her hands, and wailing, and talking, Magnus walked up and down the room, waiting as patiently as he would have waited for a storm of thunder, lightning, and rain to subside, except when some unfilial expression of bitter indignation against her father would escape her lips, when he would go up to her, and gently seek to stop her:

"Dear Elsie, you must not speak so. Nothing that your father can do or say to me, or to others, can affect your duty towards him. Elsie, you must speak of your father with respect, or not speak of him at all. That is what your mother would have advised, and gentle as she was, enforced. There was nothing more admirable in Alice Garnet's blameless character and conduct than the delicate reserve with which she concealed her own sufferings, and the gentle dignity with which she constrained the respect of all her friends for General Garnet. I often compared her to the dove, folding her wing over her mortal wound, to hide it from all eyes."

"Blessed mother—oh, angel mother!" said Elsie, bursting into fresh floods.

"She respected the husband in General Garnet—will you not respect the father?" at last said Magnus.

"Oh, yes—yes, I will, indeed! I will never say another word about him. If I do, stop me—don't let me, please, Magnus. I don't wish to do wrong; but, oh, Magnus, is it not enough to try one's faith—to kill one's faith—when one so good as my mother is permitted to suffer and to die?" exclaimed Elsie, giving way to another extravagant burst of sorrow.

Magnus knelt by her side, and took her hands, and stroked her hair, and wiped her tears, until the fresh gush of grief had spent itself, and then he said,

"Dear Elsie, it is the great strengthener and supporter of faith—the sufferings and premature death of the good. It makes immortality, heaven, certain, because necessary; and necessary, because just. Dear Elsie, what is the life and death of Christ intended to teach? What is the resurrection and ascension intended to insure?"

"I know—oh, I know she is an angel in Heaven; but Heaven itself needs 'familiarising' to our feelings, before it can console us for the lost."

At this moment the bar-keeper came in, and said that the chaise was ready. Doctor Hardcastle re-arranged the cloak around his almost helpless companion, tied her head, and leading her out, placed her in the back seat of the chaise.

The journey was commenced—oh, under far different auspices, and with what a different feeling to the hope which blessed the drive of yesterday!

Elsie sat in the back of the chaise, with her head bowed upon her hands, pale and silent, with that heavy, dull, deadening heart-ache, that marks an abiding sorrow; or else breaking out into passionate bewailings, as some sharp, sudden realisation of her bereavement pierced her heart.

So was the first part of the journey performed. But Elsie was too right-minded to give way to hopeless sorrow long after the first shock was over. Before they had got half-way to Haddon, her fine temperament had reacted healthfully, and came up to the aid of the moral strength that would have controlled these extravagant manifestations of grief. Her tears and lamentations were silenced. Her muffled and sullen despair was conquered, and she lifted up a pale, but fearless face, and entered into conversation with her husband. And though her sorrow was as deep—yes, deeper than before, because it had subsided from expression into her silent heart—she did not again either rave, or sink under it, during that mournful drive home.

She reminded her husband how it was, that in the very last of the parting scene with her poor mother, her suspicions of her father's tyranny and her mother's silent sufferings had been first aroused; that she had banished the idea as one too unfilial, too heinous to be entertained for an instant; that it had occurred again, to be driven away again; and so until her mother's painful letters had confirmed her worst misgivings.

"Dearest Elsie, I know every pang these severe trials have given you. I know the terrible struggle between old respect, affection, and confidence, and the new set of feelings these revelations tend to arouse. But, dearest Elsie, your duties to your father remain precisely the same—I repeat—to you must speak of him without disrespect, or resentment, or you must never speak of him; you must think of him without disrespect or resentment, or you must never think of him."

"But my mother! Oh, my mother! can I forget her wrongs and sufferings?"

"Yes, Elsie, yes; forget her sufferings, if you cannot remember them without remembering your father's wrong doings. Yes, forget them. Your mother, your mother herself, would entreat you to forget."

Oh, mother! oh, mother!" she cried, about to break out again into loud lamentations, but checking the impulse by a great moral effort.

She silently covered her face with her hands, and her bosom heaved convulsively for a while, and then grew still; and presently she took the hand of her husband, and resting her head upon his breast, looked up into his face, saying, slowly:

Oh, Magnus! I value you more and more every day. Sorrowful as I am, I am very blessed in being your wife, Magnus. You are always good and great; and I, though I have my moments of high and fervid moral and religious elevation and enthusiasm, in which I think I could accomplish great things for earth and heaven; yet they pass away—they pass away—barren!—except in words and protestations; while my sinful fits of passion are not so fruitless of evil as the better moods were of good. Oh, Magnus! my strength, my light, my patient, faithful mentor! take strong side with my good, against my evil; be patient with my faults, and faithful to rebuke them; and, sorrow-stricken as I am, I will love you to adoration."

"Your better moods are not so barren, dear Elsie. Wait; the opportunity has not been presented—in due time the harvest will come."

But the countenance of Magnus began to show anxiety; and he urged his horse to his greatest speed. He took his watch out from time to time, anxiously. The prospect of their reaching Haddon in time for the funeral was each moment more remote. It was two o'clock, and they were not half-way. The obscurity of the cloudy day, and the sameness of the long, long forest road, and her own absorption in one subject, had deceived Elsie in regard to time and distance, and he did not wish to affect her with his own anxiety. Still he urged his horse to his utmost speed over the dreadful road. Three o'clock came, and they had still fifteen miles to go. The horse went in a fast trot. Four o'clock came, and ten miles lay before them. Five o'clock came; it was nearly dark, and they were still several miles from town. At length, at a little before six, when it was quite dark and piercing cold, they entered Haddon.

Elsie had long in silence given up the hope of getting even to the church in time for the funeral service to-morrow; and now she whispered, in a low, solemn, sorrow-fraught tone,



"Drive to the church. We must see her again, if only in the vault."

"It will be too much for you, oh, my Elsie!"

"No, no; I entreat, I implore you, take me to the vault."

The New Kirk, as it was commonly called, from its very recent erection upon the site of the old one, lay about a quarter of a mile out of the village of Haddow, on the up-country road. It was pitch dark, and biting cold, as they drove slowly and sadly through the village. The darkness protected them from the eyes of the stragglers, whom the cold had not been able to banish from street corners and shop doors. As they drove slowly, and, and silently past these groups, their ears were pained by the one general subject of gossiping conversation—the sudden decease of the lady of Mount Calm, and the harshness and severity of her husband as the indirect cause of her death. And high was the love and honour manifested for the victim, and deep was the regret expressed for her untimely death, and great was the indignation and hatred declared against the living tyrant.

Elsie shuddered, and covered near her husband. He encircled her with his arm, and drove faster. She whispered, falteringly.

"You hear, Magnus. Oh, Magnus, you hear. There is but one voice—all agree in one thing. But oh, Magnus, I will heed your lesson; and when all men condemn him, Magnus, I will pray for him. But, oh, Magnus, how could the secrets of that house have escaped?"

"By the gossip of the servants; if not by that, by instinct, intuition. The truth is often better known, or guessed, than we think."

They drove rapidly through the village, and turned off into the up-country road, and entered the thick forest.

## CHAPTER III.

Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power as yet upon thy beauty;  
Thou art not conquered! beauty's sign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And Death's pale flag, has not advanced there.

Shakespeare.

A SILENT drive of about half an hour's length brought them to the deep and sheltered forest dell in which the New Kirk stood. A side wall separated the churchyard from the road. A rude gate gave admittance to such vehicles as entered there. A stile farther up the way accommodated foot-passengers. Instead of driving through the gate into the churchyard, a feeling of profound reverence, induced by the awful solemnity of their purpose, caused them to pause at the main entrance, alight from their carriage, and pass humbly on foot into the sacred precincts of the dead. It was pitch dark; not a star shone in the heavens; the heavy sky seemed let down, and hung low and black over the earth. Scarcely by the fitful gleam of the snow-clad graves, and white spectral tombstones, could their dreary pathway be discerned. From the midst of the darkness loomed the Gothic building of the New Kirk, its steeple seeming lost in the low clouds. Surrounding the dell was the thick wood, whose nearer trees stood up, stark, and black, in strong contrast with the snow.

Within the circle of these grim trees gleamed a single ray of red light, shooting in a line of crimson across the graveyard. This came from the window of the old sexton's cottage, that stood just within the shelter of the wood. Taking this ghostly light as their guide, and picking their way cautiously and reverently among the tombs, they approached the lone dwelling. As they drew near, they saw the light sitting backwards and forwards in the house, and then perceived an old man with a saddled mule at the gate.

Before Dr. Hardcastle could speak to ask a question, the door of the house was opened, and the old sexton came forth, carrying a lantern in his hand.

Seeing two strangers, he made an exclamation of surly surprise, and asked their business. Dr. Hardcastle drew him apart, explained to him who they were, and what they wanted. The old man then changed his tone, invited them into his house, and, lantern in hand, slowly led the way.

"Elsie, my dear, dear girl, pause, think; do not insist upon going into the vault!"

"Oh, yes! yes, I entreat you; something in my heart urges me beyond the possibility of keeping back; haste! haste! I implore you. I am sick with impatience while you hesitate. I feel as if something momentous—something tremendous hung upon this instant of time; haste, haste!" she said.

"My darling, my poor darling, strong as you are, this has been too much for you; you are nervous, excited, flighty; but, come along, I can take care of you."

Elsie arose and took his arm, and solemnly and silently they passed out of the old sexton's house, and took their mournful way towards the church. Solemnly and silently they entered its portals, and, dimly lighted by the lantern, passed up its shadowy aisles—silently, but for the mournful echo of their footsteps.

The door of the vault was situated at the side of the altar. Opening this door with reverential care, and still bearing the lantern, Magnus Hardcastle descended, followed by Elsie, pale with grief and awe, into its shadows. There is a depth of solemnity about the last resting-place of the dead which overwhelms the wildest sorrow with awe, and subdues it into death-like stillness.

Magnus and Elsie entered the vault with profound calmness. But here was only the darkness and repose of death. The vault, like the church, was new. Only two mortals—an aged man and an infant—had been placed there to rest, just before Alice Garnet was laid by their side. As the two mourning pilgrims entered, the light of the lantern partially revealed the new, grey stone walls, the white ground floor, and the three coffins. That of Alice was, of course, easily recognised. Reverently, mournfully, they approached and knelt by its side. With reverent hands Magnus raised the top of the outer case.

A glass-plate set in the lid of the coffin, gave the features of the quiet face once more to the view of the mourning son and daughter. There was the face, even as Elsie had seen it often in its natural sleep; only more serene than in slumber, for in her life the very sleep of Alice had seemed troubled or too death-like.

Was this death?

Beautiful, strangely beautiful, was that heavenly face, in its deep repose, in its *repose*, for there was a look of ecstasy in the countenance, in the elastic fullness of the muscles, in the faint colour on the rounded cheeks, and the full and pouting lips.

Was this death?

Some one's reverence for the beautiful had left the amber ringlets straying from the close border of the cap, and now so life-like looked the lovely face, that these ringlets seemed to tremble as with a trembling breath.

Was this death?

Was the suddenness with which life had left the clay, the cause of this life-like look? There are moments when the most rational have wild hopes, moments when the most habitually self-collected, doubt the evidence of their own senses; it was thus in amazement that they gazed upon her countenance, seemingly instinct with life; with the freshness, and fullness, and bloom of life; the colour seemed brightening upon her cheeks and lips with life; the eyelashes and amber ringlets seemed quivering with life; and even as they gazed with amazement, the view was obscured by a mist on the glass, and the beautiful countenance veiled from their eyes. Elsie spoke with a voice full of tears:

"Oh, Magnus! dear Magnus! wipe the glass. Our breath, as we looked too close, has dulled it. I cannot see her angel face any longer for the mist upon the glass."

Magnus drew out his silk pocket-handkerchief and wiped the glass carefully.

"I cannot see her yet, Magnus. I cannot see her yet. Oh, I want to see her again, that that divine countenance may be indelibly fixed in my memory—oh-h-h!"

Magnus wiped the glass again very carefully, looked, wiped it a third time most carefully, and taking up the lantern, threw its whole light upon the plate, rubbing it assiduously as he did so. Why did Dr. Hardcastle start—

As if the Archangel's trump he heard?

The new mist upon the glass was from within the coffin.

He snatched a hunting-knife from his belt, wrenched open the coffin-lid with one effort of his strong hand, threw it off, and gave her fresh air; caught her from the coffin to the warmth and shelter of his living arms and bosom; and turning to the thunder-stricken Elsie, exclaimed—

"Elsie, don't faint! Be strong, I command you! Your mother lives! She lives! She has been placed here in apparent death only; she must not recover to find herself in this dreadful place; to see these grave-clothes; to know what horrors have befallen her, lest reason be shocked for ever from its seat. Give me your cloak, Elsie! Quick! quick! My God, don't faint, I adjure you! Your cloak, I say; your cloak, quick! to throw around this shroud, which she must not see."

Elsie, with pallid lips and dilated eyes—too amazed, and doubtful of her own senses and sanity, to receive the joyful truth—with mechanical promptitude threw off her cloak and handed it to Magnus.

"That's my brave girl!" receiving the cloak, and folding it hastily yet carefully around the form he held in his arms, and pressing it closer to his bosom. "Elsie, shade the lantern; quick, lest she open her eyes and see the place we bear her from. Quick! she is moving restlessly in my arms now, and her form is getting warm. There, now follow me close behind, Elsie, and you may let the lantern shine as soon as we get out of the church."

And so folding the form of Alice closer in his sustaining arms, closer to his sheltering bosom, and followed by Elsie, bearing the darkened lantern, he hurried up the stairs of the vault, down the aisle of the church, out

of the great door, never pausing until he reached the cottage of the sexton.

He bore her in, followed by Elsie with the lantern. The fire they had left there was still burning brightly, warming and lighting the whole room. In the upper end of the apartment stood a poor but neat and cleanly bed.

Towards this he hastened with the form of Alice. He turned down the cover, and hastily divesting her of the heavy cloak, laid her in the bed, and covered her warmly up. He stooped and looked at her with intense interest, then took her arm and felt her pulse. It was moderately full and quick. He gazed upon her face, the colour was still brightening in her cheeks and lips; her eyelids were quivering as if about to fly open; her full fresh lips were slightly apart, as if about to speak; she was moving gently, breathing softly, murmuring melodiously. He bent his ear to catch that low musical murmur: low and musical as the faintest breath of the solian harp. The words of that strange melody were:

"Oh, angels, let me go! I—only I of all the earth love him well."

"Wandering, flighty, delicious," said Dr. Magnus, quietly dropping the wrist he had held, and rising and going towards Elsie.

"Elsie, I dare not leave your mother for an instant. Take your cloak, wrap yourself well in it, take the lantern and haste to the gate, where we left the carriage; take my medicine chest from the box, and bring it hither; haste, Elsie, haste! every second counts a year of life."

Mechanically as an automaton, Elsie had obeyed his every direction. She looked unnatural with her pale face and great dilated eyes. And she performed her part with the abstracted air and literal and mathematical precision of a sleep-walker. With this strange, absent air, she went out, and, after an absence of about fifteen minutes, returned with the medicine chest.

Magnus heard her coming, and left his patient for an instant to open the door and relieve her of her burden. But here another subject unexpectedly arrested his attention and claimed his care. As she gave the chest into his hands, she stared straight at him—straight through him and past him with such unconscious eyes that he grew alarmed at her. Setting down the medicine chest upon a bench, he took her hands and drew her up to the fire, and laying his hand upon her shoulder, and, looking straight in her eyes, he said, cheerfully:

"Wake up, Elsie! Rouse yourself, my child! This is very awful, but not unnatural."

"Oh-h-h!" sighed Elsie, dropping into the arm-chair. "Oh-h-h!" I know it is not unnatural, or uncommon either, for loved ones to die, and hearts to be bereaved and broken; but, dear Magnus, I am afraid I am going crazy; I am afraid to tell you what I wildly imagined just now: what an extravagant fancy I took into my head."

"What was it, then?"

"Now, don't be too much astounded, Magnus, for I have been so grievously tried."

"What was it, then? Quick! I have no time for idle talk."

"Well, then, I fancied—Oh-h-h! such a mad, frenzied fancy—that my beloved mother was alive again. Am I not going mad? I thought my dear mother was alive again!"

"And you know she is!" he exclaimed, dropping his hand upon her shoulder, with hearty, kindly roughness—"you know she is! Rouse yourself, this moment, Elsie, I command you; collect your thoughts; remember where you are, and what has occurred. Weakness is meanness. Be strong; strength is grandeur. Be heroic; strength is heroism."

Elsie placed the back of her hands against her brow, while she slowly arose to her feet, and then slowly throwing off her hands, as if to dispel an illusion.

Magnus caught her to his bosom with an ardent clasp and fervent kiss, that inspired from his own rich and strong vitality all the life, and warmth, and energy, and activity, that her weaker nature needed at this trying moment. Then he led her to the bedside of her mother, whispering as he did so—

"Now, my own heroic wife, no relapse into weakness."

"No, no, indeed, my strength; I will be worthy of you. Oh, Magnus, I think you have life enough to raise me from the dead, if I were to die. Oh, Magnus, I begin to realise now that she lives, and that I am blessed: blessed to the fulness of content," said Elsie, sinking upon her knees, and raising her clasped hands and streaming eyes to Heaven.

"Calmly, calmly, my Elsie," said Magnus, laying his hand gently on her head. "There, rise, now, and sit beside your mother and watch her, and listen for her words, that we may know the nature of her illusion, and not rudely shock it. She seems in a happy trance, now—and her pulse is good, yet her state is so critical, that her waking must be watched for."

"Hush-h-h! her lips move! she speaks!" said Elsie, bending over her. "Oh, mother! mother! darling mother! warm and living, and restored to me! What shall I render Heaven in exchange for thee? Hush-h-h!

she is saying something! Oh, Magnus, that look of quiet ecstasy has left her countenance, and the troubled farthing look she used to wear has come again! What is the reason of it?—oh, what is the reason of it? Oh! see how her brow contracts! how her lips quiver! Oh, see her hands fly together, and clasp like vices! Oh, Magnus, Magnus, do something! She is going into a spasm."

"No, no, child, she is not—natural life is coming again. Her mind is taking up the train of thoughts at the place where it was lost. Nothing can be done as yet, but to listen—yes, listen—she speaks again—hear!"

"Forgive Elsie—only forgive Elsie, and I will forget that I have been betrayed, and scorned, and trampled under foot. At least I will never, never speak of it," murmured Alice, in a heart-broken tone; and then her hands flew up, her eyes flew open, and she looked around in the full possession of all her faculties, which was evident from the surprise with which she glanced upon the strange scene.

Magnus and Elsie had drawn back, not to shock her with their sudden appearance.

Yes, epilepsy, catalepsy, apparent death—whatever the medical faculty in their wisdom might have pronounced the fit to be that had held her life spell-bound for two days—was over, quite over, and she rose up in the full possession of all her senses.

"Where am I?" she asked, rising upon her elbow, and looking around. "Has he turned me out of doors, really, and has one of the tenants taken me into their cottage during a fainting fit? Let me recollect. What happened after he threw me down? I remember nothing after that. 'Now die of rage,' he said, and spurned me from him. Yes, that is the last link in memory's chain. I must have fainted after that; he must have thrust me out, and one of the woman must have picked me up, and brought me to her home, and here I have recovered. Oh, I wonder how long I have lain in this swoon—not long. It was near daylight when I lost recollection. It is not quite daylight. Oh, I have not lain here long, perhaps not ten minutes. I wish some one would come. I want to warn them not to speak of this. It must not be talked of. It must not get out among the neighbours. And never, never must Elsie hear of it. Oh, Heaven! save Elsie from this knowledge. Let her still respect her father. Let her still be happy in thinking of me in my home—home—my home. Alas! it is not my home any longer! I do not own an interest there—not even a wife's interest which I should have had, even had the estate come by General Garnet, for I have signed every that away—all right, title, and interest." Yet it is my home, for it is my husband's place of permanent residence, and therefore my home. And I must go back to it. I must beg him to let me in. I must, no matter how I may be received. I must, no matter how I may be afterwards treated. I must, even if his daughter is there to insult me. I must, to spare Elsie the knowledge of this. Elsie must never know—must never suspect this."

And Alice arose, and sitting up straight in bed, prepared to throw the cover off and arise, when Elsie sprang forward, and threw herself upon the bed, exclaiming, in heart-broken tones—

"Elsie does know it, darling mother. Elsie knows it all. God nor angels would suffer her to be kept in ignorance of it—of all the sufferings—of all the sacrifice that has made it her duty never to leave you nor forsake you again. And may Heaven forsake me, mother, the hour that ever I leave you again!"

"Oh, Elsie! good, but rash child, have you ventured to come back here? Oh, Elsie!"

And Alice threw her arms around the neck of her daughter, and clasped her to her bosom, and both wept copiously at last.

"Tell me what has happened, dearest child. I have no recollection of anything since my swoon," said Alice, in a faint voice, slipping from the embrace of Elsie.

"Mother, darling mother, won't you please to rest now, without asking any questions? You must be so weak," replied Elsie, laying her gently down, and arranging the cover over her.

"I feel weak, yet well, light, renewed; but I won't ask questions that will pain you to answer, dear child. I am almost certain of what has occurred. I swooned, and was picked up by one of the women and brought to this cottage, and she sent for you. Dear Elsie, I am afraid she alarmed you. Did Magnus come, too?"

"Yes, dearest Mrs. Garnet, I am here," said Dr. Hardcastle, advancing to the bedside with a cordial in his hand. "We came straight from the vessel, only stopping one night at Deep Dell."

Elsie raised her mother once more, and taking the restorative draught, placed it to her lips. Alice drank it, and then said—

"Magnus, Elsie, I am afraid they have told you a dreadful tale of what occurred to me after you left the house. Dearest, you must not believe all that you may have heard, and you must excuse the rest. You know our women will exaggerate. They do not intentionally transcend the truth, but their quick fancies and warm

sympathies lead them into extravagance. General Garnet, in the temporary insanity of rage, has done something violent, no doubt; but not so violent as has appeared to you, and no doubt he regrets his anger now. Elsie, do not think too hardly of your father. Give him time. All will come right at last. In the meanwhile, darling, I must return to the house. I must not seem inclined to make the most of his anger by absenting myself. Dearest Elsie, this morning we must part again. We will take breakfast together in this humble quarter, and then we must part, dear child. You must stay with your husband, Elsie, and I must return to mine," said Alice, lifting up her arms, and embracing her child.

Elsie looked at Magnus in despair. He stooped, and said—

"Dear Mrs. Garnet, you must sleep now. I am your physician as well as your son. You must be silent, close your eyes, and lie still."

"I cannot, Magnus. I do not feel the least inclined to sleep. I feel as though I had had a very long sleep. I feel quite fresh and renewed, though a little weak, as from want of nourishment. Besides, day is breaking. It is time to rise. This is the day you were to depart for Perthshire, and you intended to have made an early start. I cannot hinder you. I must rise, and then we will depart to our several duties." Alice spoke in a low, calm tone, but covered her face to conceal the quivering features.

Magnus seized the chance to draw Elsie aside, to whisper hurriedly in her ear:

"Elsie, she must know all about it. She is strong enough to bear the knowledge, and so it is perfectly safe to break it to her gently. In fact, to tell her the truth is the only safe plan. Her providential recovery from apparent death must not be made known to any one for the present, or until General Garnet's secret disposition is ascertained and can be safely trusted. She has nothing to hope from him; she shall have nothing to fear. She must be perfectly secure from his persecutions. This I think the safety of her life and of her reason demands. I consider that she is providentially dead to General Garnet and living to us. She must accompany us to our home. We must be en route within an hour. Listen, I will go back to the church and restore everything there to such complete order, that no suspicion shall be excited. And while I am gone, do you assist her to arise, if she wishes it. When she gets up and looks about her, she will see where she is, and that will greatly prepare her for my explanation. Get your warm wrapper out, and slip it on her, before the window-shutter is opened. I would not have her see that garb suddenly."

And having given these hasty directions, Magnus hurried out to the chapel, and having restored everything there to primal order, returned to the cottage. He found Alice sitting up by the fire with her hands clasped, and her head bowed with a look of deep thoughtfulness.

As Dr. Hardcastle entered, Alice, without raising her head, held out her hand to him saying,

"Magnus, come here. Where am I?"

And Dr. Hardcastle went and drew a chair to her side, and took her hand, and slowly, and gently, and cautiously, made known to her the events of the last two days. Alice made no comment.

The awful solemnity of the facts disclosed—the apparent death, the burial, veiled, softened as they were in the telling—overwhelmed her soul. She dropped her head upon her open hands, and neither moved nor spoke for a long time, or until Elsie came to her side, passed one arm earnestly over her shoulder, placed a cup of coffee at her lips with the other hand, bending her bright, loving face smilingly upon her while. Then Alice lifted up her head, took the cup, and kissed the gentle hand that gave it.

While Alice drank the coffee, Dr. Hardcastle went out and attended to his horses. When he returned, they all gathered around the breakfast table. It was during that meal that he proposed to Alice the plan of accompanying them, urging upon her the strong necessity of her doing so.

Alice combated all his arguments as well as her instincts taught her.

Dr. Hardcastle avowed his intention of accompanying her back to Mount Calm, and remaining in the neighbourhood, in case of her perseverance in her present intention of returning. Alice sought to dissuade him from that plan.

Finally, after much talk, Alice agreed to accompany them, and ascertain the disposition of General Garnet, and, if possible and prudent, break gradually to him the fact of his wife's unexpected restoration to life.

(To be continued.)

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—An ordinary meeting of the members of this institute was held last week, in their rooms in Suffolk Street; the Rev. Dr. Bock in the chair. The first paper was a communication to Mr. Way, reporting the state of progress of the excavations at Wroxeter, from Dr. Johnson, one of the excavation committee. In some few diggings that had been made,

the site of the town-hall was found, and the cemetery, the extent of which was traced. Among the articles found was some blown glass, so well manufactured that it might be mistaken for the work of recent times. Mr. Baker then read a paper describing the results of some researches among the ruins of Beaujeu Abbey, and the discovery of the supposed tomb of Isabella, the first wife of Richard, Duke of Cornwall, the King of the Romans. Dr. Bock mentioned some curious facts, relating to the silver crown with which the King of the Romans was crowned. It is now at Aix-la-Chapelle; and it appears from the researches of a Dr. Boch, a German, whom the Emperor of Austria has commissioned to examine the Imperial archives, that the crown was made in England by English workmen, and was carried to Germany by the Duke of Cornwall to be used in his coronation. The same silver crown was afterwards used in crowning the Emperors of Germany, who were crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, first with the iron crown, then with the silver crown, and afterwards at Rome with the golden crown by the Pope. Dr. Bock cited instances to prove that English workmen were generally employed for the execution of the choicest works in the Medieval period.

#### THE DEATH OF A POPE.

THE ceremonies which take place on the death of a pope are somewhat curious, and deserve mention. As soon as he has breathed his last, the cardinal camerlingo, in his *paonazzo* robes, with the *chierici* of the reverend chamber, clothed in black without lace, enter the room, and cover the face of the dead pope with a white handkerchief. The cardinal, after making a brief prayer, rises, the face of the pope is uncovered, and approaching the bed, he strikes three times with a silver hammer on the forehead of the corpse, calling him as many times by name to answer. As the corpse remains speechless, he turns to his companions, and formally announces that "*Il papa è realmente morto.*" The Psalm *De Profundis* is then chanted, and the corpse is sprinkled with blessed water. The *Monsignore Maestro di Camera* then consigns to the cardinal camerlingo the fisherman's ring (*anillo piscatorio*) and immediately the notary of the pontifical chamber reads an instrument setting forth the death of the pope, and the transference of the ring. The cardinal, before leaving the chamber, also informs, by writing, the Roman Senate of the death of the pope, and orders the great bell of the Campidoglio to toll. When the boom of this deep sound is heard over Rome the world knows that the pope is no more; and as it tells its sad news, all the other bells in Rome take up the strain. The *penitenzieri Vaticani* now wash the body with warm perfumed water; and after twenty-four hours have passed the operation of embalming takes place. This is done under the superintendence of the surgeon of the pope, and of one of the apostolic chamber, in presence of a physician of the same chamber, of the *archiatro*, and of the *peziale palatino*. The *precordi* are separately embalmed, and placed in a sealed vase to be carried to the Church of S. Vincenzo and S. Anastasio, in case the pope die at the Quirinal; and to the Basilica of St. Peter's if he die at the Vatican. Sixtus V. was the first pope who died in the Quirinal, on the 37th August, 1590; and his *precordi* were the first to be placed in the Church of S. Anastasio. Before the time of Julius II. the bodies of the dead popes were not opened and embalmed. It was then the usage first to wash the body with water and sweet herbs, and to shave the beard and head; then all the apertures were closed up with cotton wool saturated with myrrh, incense, and aloes. The body was then again washed in white wine, heated up with odorous herbs, the throat filled with aromatic spices, and the nostrils with musk. Finally, the face and hands were rubbed and anointed with balsam.

The washing and embalming being over, the body is dressed in its usual robes of a white cassock, sash with golden tassels, surplice, bishop's gown, red papal cap and stole, and exposed to public view on a funeral couch, under a *baldacchino*, covered with a red coverlet brocaded in gold, and stationed in one of the pontifical ante-chambers, generally in that where the consistory meet. Four wax-candles are lighted around it, and there, guarded by the Swiss and the *penitenzieri Vaticani*, it remains until the third day after the death, when it is carried to the Sistine Chapel. The procession which bears it to this second resting-place is very imposing. It is led off by six dragons, two *mazzieri* with torches, two *battistrade*, four trumpeters, and a company of dragons. Then follow two trumpeters of the *guardia nobile*, with a cadet and four mounted guards, and then the company of the Swiss guards and their captain, with the banner folded. After these follows a master of ceremonies, also mounted, preceding the *lettiga* with the corpse, on the head of which a cap is placed as it issues from the hall. The *lettiga* is borne by two white mules, surrounded by numerous *parafueneri* and *sedari*, with lighted torches of white wax, and followed by twelve *penitenzieri* of St. Peter's, clothed in white, with torches, who constantly recite prayers, and are



accompanied on either side by the *guardia nobilia*, on foot, and two lines of Swiss. Then comes the commandant of the *guardia nobile*, with a portion of his guards, on horseback, the chief officers, and the master of the pontifical stables. A train of artillery closes the funeral procession with seven pieces of cannon, and a company of carabineers with trumpeters. The corpse is then conveyed up the Scala Regia, where it is removed from the *lettiga* to a costly bier, on which it is carried into the Capella Sistina. Here it is undressed and invested with the full pontifical robes of red, with shoes, sandals, amitto, camise, cincture, girdle, cross, stole, fanone, under tunic, dalmatica, gloves, cape, mantle, mitre of silver plates, and ring. Red is the colour of mourning in the Greek Church, and this has been supposed to be the reason why the dead pope is dressed in this colour; but as the Latin Church prescribes *paonazzo* for this object, the custom, says Moroni, is rather to be considered as a memorial of the many popes who have suffered martyrdom. Here prayers are recited until the following morning, when the sacred college of surgeons assembles, in violet robes and *cappa*, accompanied by the chapter of the Vatican and the pontifical choir, who chant the *Subvenite Sancti Dei*.

The canon deacon of the chapter, in black *piviale*, then gives absolution to the corpse with the usual genuflections, and the body is placed on a *feretro* and carried by eight *mansionari* through the Scala Regia into the Basilica of St. Peter's, surrounded by the noble and Swiss guard, the canons holding up the hem of the coverlet. The chapter itself precedes the train, with lighted torches and the cardinals follow, reciting the *Miserere* and *De Profundis*. When it has arrived in the centre of the great nave, the *feretro* is placed on a high bed, absolution is again given, and it is then transported into the chapel of the holy sacrament, where the cardinals leave it and return home. For three days the corpse, in its full pontificals, with a crucifix on its breast and two papal hats at its feet, is exposed with its feet reaching beyond the grating, so that the faithful may kiss them; and on the evening of the third day the burial takes place. The cardinals created by the deceased pope then meet in the *sagristia*, dressed in violet, with the *caudatari* in purple surplice and black cloak, the cardinal *camerlingo*, and the *prelati chierici* of the chamber. The chapter of the *basilica*, with the cardinal *arciprete* (who is the sole cardinal who goes in the *cappa*), preceded by a cross on a staff, then proceed to the chapel of the holy sacrament, with the choir singing the *Miserere*. The *cappellani* or *mansionari*, assisted by the *confrati* of the holy sacrament, then place the body on a *feretro*, and, accompanied by the noble and Swiss guard, bear it to the chapel of the choir. In this chapel then come the cardinals, with the *maggiordomo*, the *maestro di camera*, the persons attached to the private chamber of the pope in *paonazzo*, and the *ceremonieri pontificii* in *mantellone*. The *responsorium* "In paradisum" is then chanted, and the highest canon bishop of the *basilica* gives absolution and blessing, incenses the corpse and the cyprus coffin with special prayers, while the choir sings the *antifony* "Ingrediar," and the Psalm "Quemadmodum desiderat." The body is then lifted into the coffin, the face is covered with a white veil by the cardinal *nepote* or some near relation, or, in default of them, by the *maggiordomo*; and the hands are likewise covered by the *maestro di camera*. Three velvet bags, worked in gold, are then placed in the coffin, containing specimens of the gold, silver, and bronze coins struck by the pope. The highest cardinal of his creation then covers the whole body with a red veil, and after placing beside it a tin tube, containing a parchment, on which all the acts of the pope are registered, the coffin-lid is screwed down and sealed by the *camerlingo*, the notaries of the chapter and the apostolic palace, and the coffin is formally consigned by the cardinals to the chapter. This is then inclosed in a coffin of lead, bearing the pontifical arms, and properly inscribed and sealed; and this second coffin is inclosed in a third of wood, also sealed with seven seals, and the ceremony is over. On the preceding evening the coffin, containing the body of his predecessor, is taken down from the niche near the chapel of the choir, and after being identified is carried into the "Grotte Vaticane," or to its appointed place, and in the empty niche the new coffin is placed, there to remain until the death of the succeeding Pope. Formerly the ceremonies of the death of the pope only occupied one day; but Gregory X., in 1274, ordered that the obsequies should be celebrated for nine days, and on the tenth the conclave should meet to elect a new Pontiff. For nine days, therefore, the obsequies are performed in the chapel of the choir, unless an important festival intervene, in which case they are interrupted for the day, and the wax is given to the poor. During all these days there are a number of ceremonies too long to describe here; the architrave of the great door, and that of the *atrium*, is draped with black; a magnificent *tumulo* is placed in the choir of the *canonici*, which remains until the sixth day, when a great and richly ornamented *catafalque* is erected in the middle of the church. Twenty torches of white wax surround it, and other torches are lighted in all the chapels, and before the bronze statue of St. Peter. The *catafalque* and *tumulo* are guarded by the

noble guard, in mourning. On the fourth day after the death commence what are called *novendiali*, when masses are performed by the cardinal deacon and the cardinal bishops for nine consecutive days; and on the last day a funeral oration in Latin is delivered in praise of the dead pope by a prelate chosen by the sacred college. This ends the ceremonies. During this time a thousand impressions of the arms of the pope, with death's-heads and skeletons, printed on black, are plastered over the walls of all the patriarchal *basiliche*, and are not removed until the election of the new pope. This same usage takes place also when any one of a distinguished rank or office dies, only the placards are confined to one church. The expenses attending the funeral of a pope are very great, and Moroni states that the *novendiali* of Pius VIII. cost about 20,000 scudi.—*Roba di Roma*. By W. W. Story.

## THE CROWN JEWELS.

OR,

## THE MAGICIAN OF MADRID.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE LOST PICTURE.

THE palace of the Marquis of Segovia, one of the most princely in the royal city of Madrid, was brilliantly illuminated, and crowds of the *elite* thronged its courtly halls, which even royalty itself condescended to visit.

The Minister of State, for such was the official position of the marquis, was exchanging parting salutations with the most distinguished of his guests. The young Count of Caena stood near him, looking gloomy and dispirited. He glanced occasionally at the inner doors of the great hall, and nothing but disappointment brooded on his handsome brow.

The marquis observed him. A smile curled his lip, as he saw the discomfiture of the count.

"Donna Isabel?" said he to a page near his person.

"She has retired, your excellency," replied the page.

"Retired, while the Count of Caena is still here?" added the marquis, with a frown. "Summon Donna Isabel."

The page bowed low and retired.

"Cheer up, count," continued the marquis. "If the lady is obstinate, she shall be tutored."

"Far from it; she is troubled to-night."

"What should trouble a maiden of seventeen?" laughed the marquis.

"Youth hath its sorrows and its trials as well as age, my lord marquis."

"Donna Isabel bids me inform your excellency that she is in deep distress," said the page, on his return. "She has met with a serious loss."

"How? Has she gamed too deep?"

"Nay, your excellency; but half an hour since, she discovered that she had lost the portrait of the late marchioness, her mother, which she values so highly."

"Lost it!" exclaimed the marquis, with a start of surprise, and a frown of displeasure.

The page bowed.

"How could she lose it?"

"She knows not; she observed that it was gone from her neck half an hour since. She could not have dropped it, for it was carefully secured to her person. Some adroit rogue must have taken it from her."

"How! Is not the palace gate a protection against the banditti that infest the city and the plain?" exclaimed the marquis, vexed and astonished. "Do the rogues enter my palace?"

"They are bold ruffians," added the count.

"Donna Isabel bade me conduct the Count of Caena to her reception-room," said the page; and as he led the way, the noble lover followed, leaving the marquis to be as civil as he could to his departing guests.

"From his majesty the king," said a page, handing him a slip of paper.

The marquis took the paper, and glanced at the hasty words which were scrawled upon it, requiring him to appear at the palace an hour hence.

"The banditti again," muttered the marquis. "Evil the day that gave our city of Madrid up to the prowling thieves! Must the king and his counsellors deal with dirty ruffians?"

The Minister of State crumpled up the paper, and strode forward to where a bevy of noble ladies were evidently waiting his coming, and endeavoured in their company to banish the load of care that brooded on his soul.

In her chamber his daughter was weeping bitterly over what to her was no ordinary loss. The picture of her mother, which she valued more than all the wealth of her father's palace, was gone. It was not the diamonds that encircled the sainted face, not the precious gems and gold that made it more tempting to the ruffian, that she valued; but it was the true image of her mother. Though pictures without number of the marchioness hung upon the palace walls, none were like this; none smiled upon her like an angel from

heaven, as this little portrait. It was her mother, indeed; the others were only faint semblances. The loss was very severe.

"I could have lost everything but that, Alonzo," she said to the count, who had taken her hand, and was endeavouring to comfort her.

"But it must be found again, lady. Such a treasure cannot long be hidden."

"I fear not. If I can get the picture, the thief may have the gems."

"It will be restored to you."

"Alas, I fear not."

"Do not despond."

"You know the city has not power to protect itself from the banditti that throng its streets, and that waylay its citizens on the plain and in the mountains outside the city."

"True, Isabel; but something assures me your picture will be restored to you. The saints will not let you be robbed of it."

"Alonzo, may not Don Leo be able to restore it to me?"

The count frowned. The name mentioned was evidently an unpleasant one to him.

"Don Leo is a knave."

"But you know his power."

"His power! If he has any power, it is derived from the devil!"

"But he has power. You know he can give safe-conduct to those who go beyond the gates of the city."

"I question his power."

"I wish he were here."

"I come at your summons, lady," said a tall, richly dressed gentleman, at that moment entering the room.

"Who are you that have the presumption to intrude upon a lady at this unseemly hour?" demanded the count, placing his hand upon his sword.

"Don Leo," replied the stranger, proudly, as he cast a look of contempt at the count.

"How dare you enter here?"

"I came at this noble lady's wish," and Don Leo bowed low before Isabel.

The fair maiden was startled by the sudden appearance of the magician, and retreated a few paces as he advanced.

"Did you hear my summons, Don Leo?" she asked, timidly.

"Powers invisible, unknown to all but me, sent me hither. I come to do your bidding. But first let me do the behests of the watchful spirit that leads and guides the Marquis of Segovia. Lady, your father is in peril."

"My father!"

"Aye, the sword of the assassin menaces him."

The Count of Caena uttered an exclamation of contempt.

"You wear a sword, Count Caena?" said the magician, turning fiercely to him.

"I do, and I know how to use it."

"Think you it will avail against the invisible powers that haunt the air?"

"Against man or devil."

"Draw it, and see."

The count grasped his sword-handle, and to his utter astonishment, found that it was detached from the blade, which was not in the sheath.

"What jugglery hath done this?" he exclaimed, as he held up the jewelled handle.

"The spirits of the air," replied Don Leo, with a smile of contempt.

"You said my father was in peril, Don Leo?" interposed Isabel.

"I did; he hath been summoned to attend the king an hour hence."

"It is false," said Count Caena.

"He hath been summoned to attend the king an hour hence," repeated the magician, with deliberate emphasis.

"He will obey the summons."

"Heed him not, Isabel," added the count. "He is an impostor."

"Nay, Alonzo, hear what he says; and condemn him when his words prove to be false."

"Thanks, lady, for your gentle words," said Don Leo, bowing and smiling to her. "As the marquis passes over the Calle de Alcalá, three ruffians will set upon him; but in being warned, he will not be harmed."

"Send for your father, Isabel, and prove his words false. I left him ten minutes since, and he had no summons to join the council."

"Send, lady," added Don Leo.

A page was immediately despatched to the marquis, who had just dismissed the last of the guests, as the great bell on the cathedral tolled the hour of midnight.

"What would my daughter, and whom has she present at this unseasonable hour?" said the grandee, as he glanced at Don Leo, who bowed low as he entered.

"Prove the magician of Madrid to be an impostor," added Count Caena, gaily. "He says your excellency has been summoned to the palace."

The marquis started, for the message had been brought by a confidential person, and the sitting of the council was to be in secret.

"Don Leo is a knave, as I said; the marquis has had no summons," added Count Caena.

"His excellency will confirm my words," said Don Leo. "I came to save his life."

"How, sir?"

The magician repeated what he had before stated.

"How know you this, Don Leo?" inquired the minister of state.

"My art reveals it to me."

"Your excellency knows that I am a philosopher; that I have pried deep into the mysteries of knowledge; that I read the stars."

"Read this, Count of Caena," said the marquis, handing him his summons to the palace.

"I am amazed!"

"You may truly be so; this man has subtle knowledge."

The magician bowed in affected humiliation.

"Don Leo," interposed Isabel, "can you discover the portrait of my mother, which I have lost, by your art?"

"Assuredly, fair lady; but I must first consult the oracles. At my studio, to-morrow, you shall find the portrait; and without waiting for an answer, the magician withdrew.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE PALACE OF THE MAGICIAN

For some months the city of Madrid, and the country surrounding it, had been infested by robbers, so numerous, adroit and powerful, as to carry on the most extensive and successful system of plunder, and at the same time to baffle the cunning of the police, and overmaster the soldiers. It was of no avail that the citizens attempted to guard against them, to secrete their property, or stand in defence of it. Plate, jewels, and money, however carefully concealed, were lost, disappeared without the slightest clue to the thieves being left behind them.

On the plains and in the mountains, the banditti were powerful and cunning. They seemed always to know whom to plunder. The richest man in Madrid, who had taken the precaution to leave every article of value behind, was sure not to be molested; while beggars, who were employed to be the bearers of treasure, were equally sure to be plundered. As a general thing, no violence was done; the robbers were singularly forbearing, using only force enough to defend their own lives.

A remarkable intelligence pervaded the operations of this band of robbers. The best efforts which the city could make had been unavailing, and the king had deemed the matter not unworthy the exercise of his imperial power; though, as yet, not a robber had been captured, nor any clue to the system of plunder which had worked so marvellously, been obtained.

The only safety which the inhabitants now sought, was in the protection of the stars, as Don Leo termed it. If a grandee was to make a journey to Valladolid, or to the South, he could purchase the favour of the stars by paying a round price to Don Leo, who claimed to be their only authorised agent, and generally people accredited him as such, and paid his fee. In scarcely a single instance had he been known to fail in affording travellers the protection for which they paid him; and in these solitary cases he willingly refunded the money, declaring that his incantations had been wrongly performed.

With the majority, of course, Don Leo was even a greater man than Philip the Third, King of Spain. He certainly seemed to be omnipotent. He told what had happened, and what would happen. He could save a nation, or restore a traitor lover. He could recover a lost bauble, or preserve a whole caravan from the marauders. What wonder that Don Leo was powerful, that he was as much courted as the king himself?

Don Leo dwelt in the Palacio del Incarnacion. He had purchased it for his own use, and could outvie in splendour the most elegant and luxurious palaces in Madrid. It was situated on the banks of the Manzanares, adjoining the palace of the Minister of State. Proud grandees frequented its lofty halls, and even Philip the Third had received audience in the mystic studio of the magician.

There were sceptics in Madrid; some who even dared to doubt the power of the philosopher. His marvellous revelations could not be gainsayed, but they were attributed to human agency, to skillful jugglery, and to the credulity of the people. Among these were Alonso, Count of Caena, the betrothed of Donna Isabel.

The king's council had discussed the subject of the depredations in secret, but the result of their deliberations, their most carefully laid schemes to ferret out the thieves, seemed to be known to them almost as soon as completed. On the night of the opening of our story, a new plan had been devised. It was supposed that the alguazil and other officers of the city of Madrid had been bribed, that a deep-laid conspiracy pervaded the ranks of the soldiery; and the Marquis of Segovia had proposed to introduce a new set of police from Vall-

adolid, and other cities of the kingdom. The king was delighted with the suggestion, and it was immediately adopted.

The difficulty of introducing the new police was not to be lightly overcome. That remarkable intelligence which directed the banditti could not fail to perceive the object of the council; but the marquis decided to employ a trusty messenger, one of the nobility, and one who could not be bribed, to execute the mission, and the Count of Caena was fixed upon as a suitable person.

"Count, let no precaution be neglected," said the marquis, "nor a day be idly wasted."

Your excellency may repose entire confidence in my discretion and promptness."

"You are a sceptic, count, but Don Leo may give you safe-conduct beyond the mountains."

"My own good sword is all the safe-conduct I require."

"Nay, the emergency demands that all prejudice be laid aside. Consult the magician before you go."

The count's lip curled with contempt.

"My lord marquis, I feel that through my agency the banditti are to be banished from the city," he added, with a smile; "so I may even resort to a juggler."

At the time appointed on the following day, the equipage of Donna Isabel drew up before the gates of the Palacio del Incarnacion, and the count and his bride elect alighted and entered. They were conducted to the studio of the philosopher by richly-dressed pages, and received with all the consideration due to their exalted rank.

At the entrance of Don Leo, he bowed low to Donna Isabel, but scarcely noticed the count, except by a frown.

"Don Leo, the picture of my mother?" said Isabel.

"It is safe, lady."

"Thanks!"

The philosopher then took it from one of the folds of his long robe, and with profound deference passed it to her.

"This is a most potent conjuror," said the count, not able wholly able to conceal the contempt he felt for the magician. "Can Don Leo explain the mystery of its disappearance?"

"Don Leo can," replied he, sternly.

"Perhaps you would be willing to explain it for the benefit of the king's majesty, who seeks to rid the city of Madrid of the robbers that infest it?"

"To the king's majesty I should be willing, not to the Count Caena."

"But see, Alonso, not a gem has been disturbed," interposed Isabel, overjoyed to recover possession of the priceless treasure.

"It was considerable of the thieves. But, Don Leo, I am indebted to you for the loss of my sword-blade, a trusty Damascus I valued very highly."

"Have you drawn your blade this morning, count?"

"No."

"Do so."

The count grasped his sword-handle, and to his confusion found the lost blade had been mysteriously restored to the scabbard. But even this wonderful exhibition of power did not convince the sceptic. He was more disposed to regard it as a piece of clever trickery than the agency of the supernatural. He could have supposed a dozen ways in which the feat of taking off and restoring the blade had been effected.

"Don Leo, you would be a useful person to the State department, which just now busies itself in regard to the banditti," added the count, with a laugh. "If you can make and unmake swords, perhaps you would be willing to render useless the blades of the robbers."

"What I can do matters not to the Count of Caena."

"Nay, it does."

"You go to Valladolid to-day, count?"

"How!" exclaimed the Count, startled at this revelation of the secrets of the council.

"You have been in Valladolid before, Count of Caena."

"Perdition seize him! What traitor hath dogged my steps?" said the count, in a low tone.

"Thy Zulie is still a captive there," added the philosopher, with a subtle glance at the other.

The count grasped his sword. He felt then, for the first time, that he was dealing with the devil.

"Zulie?" said Isabel, with a pale cheek.

"Hush! Don Leo, be silent," added the count, in a whisper.

The magician had conquered, and he said no more.

"Who is Zulie?" repeated Isabel.

"Another time you shall know," replied the count, uneasily. "Don Leo, will the stars protect me in my journey to Valladolid?"

"Assuredly."

The count could not banish his feeling of contempt, even now that he felt himself to be in the power of the magician. He accepted the protection of Don Leo with a smile of incredulity, and then conducted Donna Isabel to her carriage. In another hour he was on the road to Valladolid.

## CHAPTER III.

### KING SOLOMON'S CLOTH OF GOLD.

Who was Zulie? Vainly did Donna Isabel attempt to discover the mystery connected with this name. Yet why should she doubt her lover? He was all devotion, and at the moment of leaving her to enter upon his dangerous journey, he had assured her of his fidelity.

Zulie was a Moorish name, and she knew how beautiful were Moorish maidens. She was troubled, and after three weeks of anxiety and doubt, she resolved to apply to the magician for a solution of the mystery.

The studio of Don Leo was crowded with visitors at her arrival, but it was instantly cleared when her name was handed to the man of power.

"Are we entirely alone, Don Leo?" asked she, timidly, from beneath the thick veil which concealed her features.

"We are, beautiful lady," replied the magician, tenderly.

Isabel started at these enthusiastic words. She had before observed the warmth of admiration in the looks and tones of Don Leo; and the readiness with which he had cleared his studio at her coming, had a tendency to alarm her. But she had come with a purpose, and whatever the nature of the strange man's power, he certainly had a key to the secrets of her lover. He had caused him to start at the name of Zulie, and whether he was man, devil or angel, he could solve the mystery of that potent name.

Don Leo led her to a costly divan, and tenderly asked her to be seated. She trembled at his keen look, at his fascinating smile. There was nothing repulsive about him. He was neither old nor ugly. His age was not more than thirty, and his dress was fit for a grandee.

"You tremble, lady," said Don Leo.

"I am terrified. I wonder that I could come here alone."

"Fear nothing, Donna Isabel. Ten legions of angels hover near to guard you. No danger is near you. None can come near you, save—"

He paused, and looked earnestly at her.

"Save what, Don Leo?"

"The danger of a false friend. One who smiles while there is treachery in his heart, is too often by your side."

"The saints defend me!"

"But one is ever near who loves you; who will not even permit you to be deceived, much less wronged."

"Who is he?"

"Don Leo," replied the magician, dropping upon his knee at her feet. "Remove that envious veil that would hide thy charms from him who adores them."

"Don Leo, is it for this I have come here?"

"Frown not, lady, the stars are propitious. I love you, and the stars smile upon my passion."

"Would you insult me?"

"Can Don Leo insult a lady?"

"I came to consult you, not to hear idle words from you."

"I know your errand, lady; but consider the passion that consumes me. Long have I loved you, long have I watched over you, and long have I forborne to speak what now I have spoken."

"Don Leo, cease, or I must leave you."

"My passion is irresistible. I would not exercise my power upon you. Let me be your slave, and through me you shall be more powerful than the King of Spain. The wealth of the Indies shall be poured out at your feet; the luxury of the Orient shall await you wherever you turn, for to be the bride of the Magician of Madrid is more than to be a princess."

"Cease; know you not that I am betrothed to another?"

"To another? To whom?"

"To Count Caena."

"Ha! to a traitor."

"Alonso is no traitor."

"To you he is. Did not his looks confess as much when he stood in my presence? You come to know of Zulie?"

"I do; tell me of her."

"She is a beautiful Moorish lady, a captive in Valladolid. The Count loves her; but she has neither name nor wealth to reward his love, and she belongs to the proscribed race. The daughter of the proud Marquis of Segovia was a more fitting bride, the fair Zulie a more welcome companion for his embraces."

"Is this true, Don Leo?" asked Isabel, trembling, and turning pale.

"Did you not see him start, when I spoke the name of Zulie? Did he not whisper me to be silent when you asked who Zulie was?"

"He did! He did!" replied she, in an agony of jealousy.

"Can you love the Count of Caena while he is treacherous to you?"

"No, no!"

"Will you not love one who has watched over you, who has more than once saved you from injury?"

The fair lady was bewildered with grief at the infidelity of her lover. Could Alonso be thus false to her? Could he who had so often sworn eternal constancy,



the proud and haughty young grandee, thus falsify his word? Don Leo, whose knowledge knew no limit, had said it. She had seen her lover tremble at the mention of another maiden's name.

"Where is Alonzo now?"  
"In Valladolid, sunning himself beneath the smile of the fair Zulie."

"I cannot believe it."  
"You shall see for yourself."  
"How see for myself?"

"With your own bright eyes, fair lady."  
"Is not Valladolid thirty leagues from Madrid?"

"It matters not if it were a hundred. Occult science enables me to penetrate the secrets of distance, or to lay open the scenes of another city to the eye in this."

Isabel trembled. She could not doubt the power of the magician, and she was burning to be assured of the infidelity of her lover—if, indeed, he was unfaithful.

"You shall visit Valladolid, lady."

"How?" asked she, with a smile, in spite of her terror.

"Do you doubt my power?"

"No, Don Leo."

"The magic cloth of gold of King Solomon was bequeathed to me by my ancestors. By its aid, we can be transported in an instant to any part of the world."

"Wonderful!"

The magician took from his shelf the wonderfully endowed cloth of King Solomon. Its colour had faded, and the gold was tarnished, and it had every appearance of being of great age. Spreading it on the floor of the studio, he drew the divan on which Isabel was seated upon it. Then placing a large screen and canopy round and over the cloth, which shut them out from the view of objects around them, he seated himself by her side.

"Gently, lady; do not speak a word," said the magician, as he proceeded to mumble over the appropriate incantation, with all of which Isabel was deeply impressed with awe.

For a moment she felt a sensation as though she was sinking down into the earth, and she imagined herself to be whirling along over plain, river, and mountain to the old city of Valladolid.

Don Leo rose, and muttered more of his incantations, and declared they were in Valladolid. Isabel was incredulous for an instant.

"In Valladolid?"

"We are; in the very palace which contains the Count of Caena and the Moorish lady."

"Impossible, Don Leo!"

"You shall see."

The philosopher removed the screen and the canopy, and Isabel found herself in a lofty apartment, magnificently furnished. It certainly was not the studio of the philosopher, and she could no longer doubt the virtues of King Solomon's cloth of gold. With only a slight sensation of motion, then, she permitted herself to believe she had been transported over thirty leagues of space.

"In the adjoining apartment are your lover and the fair Zulie," continued the magician. "We must not disturb them. Let them not be aware of your presence. Hark!"

"It is a lute;" and the sweet strains of the instrument were wafted to their ears, followed immediately by a Moorish song.

The magician raised the rich drapery which hung on one side of the room, beneath which an aperture revealed to them the inmates of the adjoining apartment. With beating heart she saw Alonzo seated on a divan. At his feet reclined a beautiful maiden, from whom the music proceeded. As she sang she gazed fondly upon the young cavalier, and her glances fired Isabel with jealousy. It is true the count hardly heeded her, but there they were together, and alone. It was enough, and she begged Don Leo to lead her away. They returned to the cloth of gold, and after everything was arranged as before, they were transported back to the studio of the philosopher, in Madrid.

"The Marquis of Segovia," said a page, at the door.

"Admit him," replied the magician; and Isabel's father confronted her.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE CAPTIVE COUNT.

"Donna Isabel here?" said the Marquis, as he glanced with surprise and displeasure at his daughter. "She could not choose but come," interposed the philosopher, eager to save the lady from her father's anger.

"She hath a will of her own."

"Nay, the stars took possession of her will," added the magician, blandly.

Whether the Marquis believed or not in the philosopher, he was too courtly to exhibit anything like incredulity in his words or looks.

"What would the Count of Caena say to see his betrothed here?"

"I care not, father."

"How, daughter?"

"He is a traitor; false to me—false to you."

"Count Caena?"

"I have seen him listening to the soft lute and the melodious voice of a Moorish lady."

"Seen him! He has been in Valladolid these three weeks."

"True, father; but I have seen him."

"Impossible!"

Donna Isabel proceeded to explain in what manner she had observed the treachery of her lover.

"Don Leo, can you favour me with a sight of Count Caena?"

"Assuredly, your excellency, if you will submit to the reasonable restrictions which the process requires."

"What are they?"

"That you preserve entire silence, or that you speak only to me, and that you move only under my direction."

"I submit to them."

"It is well."

"Donna Isabel, your carriage is at the door, and you can retire," added the marquis.

Isabel was glad to depart, as much to escape the importunity of the magician as to avoid her father's anger.

"Are you ready, your excellency?" asked the magician, who had busied himself in arranging the screen and canopy.

"Before we enter upon the experiment, Don Leo, a word upon another matter. You seem to possess a marvellous power. But a few days since you restored to my daughter the portrait which had been stolen; you give safe-conduct to travellers, when a regiment of the king's guard is hardly sufficient to protect them."

The magician bowed, with a bland smile, as the minister of state rehearsed the achievements which had astonished the city.

"Last night," continued the marquis, "the crown jewels were stolen in a most unaccountable manner."

"So I observed," quietly remarked the philosopher.

"Where did you observe it?"

"Here, in my microscope of the day, which reveals to me each event that has occurred within the preceding twenty-four hours."

"Did you observe who stole them?" asked the marquis, with a slightly satirical severity in his tones.

"I can see only the record of the fact," replied Don Leo, wincing a little under the sharp query of the other.

"They must be recovered, Don Leo, or the Marquis of Segovia, the proudest name in Spain, is for ever disgraced. I confess the whole power of the government is set at naught by this bold banditti."

"They may be reclaimed, your excellency, upon conditions."

"What conditions? Name them, and were they half my marquise, I would comply with them."

"What if the whole were required?"

"Poverty before disgrace; I would comply even then," replied the marquis, desperately. "The loss as yet is a secret to the city."

"Neither the half nor the whole is required, your excellency. But listen to me. I am the son of an Italian prince. I am nobly born. With my wealth I could buy the crown jewels of Spain, which no grandee could do. This palace hath more treasure than any in Madrid, or in Spain."

"No doubt, Don Leo; I question not your nobility or your wealth; but let us return to the crown jewels," said the polite marquis, a little impatiently.

"Of them I would speak, and your excellency will pardon me if I seem presumptuous."

"Speak, Don Leo."

"The peerless Donna Isabel has won my heart."

"How!" exclaimed the marquis, starting up from the divan.

"Pardon me."

"Dare you think of wedding my daughter?"

"Did I not say I was an Italian prince? Did I not say that none in Spain could match my wealth? What can any grandee in Castile offer more?"

"True," added the diplomatic marquis, "but she is betrothed to the Count of Caena."

"The count is false to her."

The marquis frowned. For a moment he bit his lip in silence. He was a courtier. He had always lived in the sunlight of a monarch's smile.

"Prove me that the count is treacherous."

"I am ready to do so."

"Then restore me the crown jewels, and if Isabel consent she shall be yours."

"I can ask no more of your excellency," replied the philosopher, bowing obsequiously to the Minister of State.

Don Leo then placed the marquis on King Solomon's cloth of gold, and proceeded with the same ceremony we have before described. But while the marquis and the magician are making their magic passage to Valladolid, we will return to the Count of Caena.

By hard riding the count and his few followers reached the ancient city, on the night following that of his departure. But he had scarcely passed the gates, to which the safe conduct of Don Leo had borne him, before he was surrounded by a small band of armed ruffians. His retinue seemed to have no courage or no skill, for they yielded at once, and in a moment more the count himself lay stunned upon the ground. Carefully placing the body in a litter, the ruffians bore him off before an alarm could be sounded by the guardians of the city's peace.

Outside of the gates, he was placed in a hovel, where a person in the habit of a monk thrust a white powder into his mouth, and then poured wine down his throat for the evident purpose of carrying the powder into the stomach of the wounded man.

When the count recovered his senses, he found himself reclining upon a luxurious couch in the apartment where Donna Isabel had observed him. How long he had been insensible, or where he was, he could form no idea. He gazed about him at the oriental splendours of the suite of rooms in which he was placed. He had never visited the palace before.

He attempted to rise, but his weakened frame refused to bear him up, and he lay upon the couch bewildered at the change which had come upon him. In a little while he heard the soft breathings of a lute in an ante-chamber, in the melody of which a sweet voice soon joined.

"That voice!" he exclaimed; "I have heard it before."

He listened, but the song was soon ended, and a beautiful female form, habited in Moorish costume, glided into the room, and approached his couch.

"Zulie!" said he, as he recognised her.

"Ah, my beloved!" cried Zulie, bending over him and kissing his pale cheek.

"Nay, Zulie, your kisses must no more be for me."

"For you alone, my noble cavalier!" she replied, with a glow of rapture. "It was you who saved me from dishonour and death, and you alone can I love."

"Nay, but I am betrothed to another."

"Cruel fate!" sighed the maiden.

"Tell me where I am, Zulie."

"I know not, my lord count. I was placed here to take care of you, to restore you to health, and for two days have I watched by your side."

"Can you not tell where I am?"

"I cannot; like yourself, I am a prisoner. But my captivity has been rendered sweet by your company."

"Cease, Zulie. When the Inquisition doomed you to death, with your kindred, I saved your life."

"You did, count; and I have loved you ever since."

"But your love has not been reciprocated."

"I could but love; I can watch by your side; I can be your slave, if you do not love me."

"You pain me, Zulie."

"I would not pain you."

"Then speak not again of love."

"I will not; but I must love you."

For nearly three weeks the count had been a prisoner. Either the beautiful Moor did not know, or she was in league with the enemies, for she did not inform him where he was. After the first ebullition, her passion seemed to subside, and for one whose affection was so powerful as she professed, she became quite tame.

The count had recovered his strength again, and began to be very impatient under his captivity. He saw no one but Zulie. She brought him his food, though she was so cunning he could not ascertain how she procured it. As time wore along, he was more fully persuaded that she was his jailer, instead of being a prisoner, and until he overpowered her, escape would be impossible.

At night he often heard the sound of revelry in the adjoining apartment. Long and patiently he listened, and, to his astonishment, he recognised several of the voices, and among them that of Salazar, his own valet, and confidential servant. He was indignant, and determined to effect his escape or die in the attempt.

When the night came, with his resolution thus formed, he carefully examined the door by which Zulie had departed. It was securely fastened, and his utmost strength would produce no effect upon it. But on one side of the room he found an aperture beneath the drapery—the same which Isabel had glanced through. It was not large enough to permit the passage of his body, but by diligent labour he succeeded in widening it so that he could pass through.

He found himself, after his escape, in another apartment similar to his own. Leaving this, he wandered through several others until the sounds of revelry attracted his attention. He paused to listen. The voice of his faithless valet was prominent, and in that of another he recognised the secretary of the Marquis of Segovia.

He listened patiently to the conversation, and so deeply was he interested that he soon forgot his personal safety in considerations of greater moment. The persons were speaking of the crown jewels, and he soon discovered that they had been stolen—by whom he had no difficulty in deciding. They were there, and he heard them arrange for their concealment.

"They are dangerous treasures," said one.

"Ay, but Don Leo will redeem them," said the valet.

The count was eager to get into the room, but, after careful scrutiny, he found a crack by which he could observe the disposition of the plunder. He was confounded. Was he in Valladolid? Had the crown jewels been brought there?

After the disposal of the valuable treasure, the parties left the chamber, and the count succeeded in effecting an entrance to it. But he was satisfied now; and after finding a way to escape, he returned to the chamber he had before occupied.

He had heard the name of Don Leo, and at once perceived that he was the chief of the banditti, both within and without the city of Madrid. He saw now what influence the stars had upon his safe conduct. He saw also that his own valet was a creature of the magician, and he could explain the mysterious feat performed upon his sword-blade. Salazar was the star that assisted him, aided by the marquis's secretary, and, he doubted not, hundreds of others who had access to all the principal families in the city. The mystery was beginning to be solved.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE FALL OF DON LEO.

The day following the discoveries of Count Caena, was that upon which Donna Isabel had made her enchanted passage to Valladolid. Zulie attended him as usual, without a suspicion that the prisoner had exceeded his prescribed limits. He reclined upon the couch listening to the soft music of the maiden's lute, but, as Isabel had surmised, with no interest in the fair musician. He was pondering upon the stupendous discovery he had made.

At the second visit of the magician, attended this time by the marquis, the lady appeared not to be present, for the count, impatient of further delay, had turned the tables upon his jailer, and she was now a prisoner in her turn in the ante-room.

"The lady is not with him at this moment," exclaimed Don Leo to his guest, "but she cannot be far distant. Wait a moment, and you shall see them in loving communication."

"Must I wait long?"

"No."

The Count of Caena was just prepared to make a further exploration of his prison, and especially to examine the place wherein the crown jewels had been deposited. Approaching the aperture, he drew aside the drapery and leaped into the room in which Don Leo and the marquis were waiting.

"My lord marquis!" exclaimed the count, starting back with unaffected surprise.

"Count of Caena!" returned the marquis.

"The spell is broken!" added Don Leo, as much astonished and confounded as any of the party, for evidently this was a scene which was not laid down in the programme.

"Don Leo—" began the count.

"Hasten to your seat again, your excellency, for we shall be overwhelmed by the consequences of your indiscretion."

"What indiscretion?"

"You spoke to the count. The spell is broken. To your chair."

"Heed him not, marquis. He is a knave."

Don Leo drew a dagger and sprang upon the count, who, however, was too good a master of fence to be taken unawares, and defended himself with a skill and decision which kept his assailant at bay until the marquis had drawn his sword and wounded him on the arm. The count then wrested the dagger from his grasp.

"Let us secure him, marquis, before his myrmidons approach," said the count.

The philosopher was faint from the pain of his wound, so that the others had no difficulty in binding him with a scarf he wore.

"Now, where are we, count?"

"I know not."

"In Valladolid?"

"Perhaps we are."

"Where is the lady who solaces your leisure hours, Count of Caena?" demanded the marquis, sternly.

"My jailer, you mean. I have made her my prisoner. I see how it is. Don Leo has poisoned your ear and that of Isabel; but we have no time for explanations now. Trust to my honour, as usual, and you shall be satisfied. How came you here?"

In a few words the marquis informed the count of what had happened, and explained the properties of the wonderful cloth of gold, which the magician had inherited in a direct line from King Solomon.

"Then we are in Madrid, as I have before suspected," added the count, with a sneering laugh at the seeming credulity of the marquis.

"I cannot explain this jugglery; but here is the cloth of gold."

The count examined it, and very soon penetrated the cheat. The cloth had been placed on a large trap-door, and when they had seated themselves upon it, the marquis stamped with his foot, as he remembered to have seen Don Leo do. To their surprise and gratification,

the trap ascended, and they found themselves in the studio of the philosopher.

"Now, marquis, order every soldier in Madrid to this palace. Arrest your secretary, and Salazar, my valet. Surround the square in which the palace is, and let no person whatever pass in or out. The crown jewels are concealed here. The banditti are routed if we are prompt."

The wondering marquis executed these orders with as much promptness as though he had been the inferior of him who gave them, and in half an hour the palace of the magician was completely invested. A few hours were sufficient to lay bare its secrets. Hundreds of inmates who were reposing in quiet in its various retreats, waiting for the active duties of the night, were arrested.

Don Leo, heavily ironed, was borne to a place of security, but even then he attempted to keep up the imposture, and threatened his persecutors with the vengeance of all the powers of light and darkness. No one heeded him. The crown jewels were discovered in the place the count had noted, and borne in safety to the palace.

After the complete sacking of the palace of the magician had been accomplished, and all its inmates, including the beautiful Moorish lady, made prisoners, the Count of Caena received the thanks of the king for the service he had rendered. It was a proud moment for him, and with a heart bounding with emotion, he hastened to the palace of the Minister of State to receive the congratulations of her who was more to him than king and counsellors.

To his surprise she turned coldly away from him. She could not but remember the scene at Valladolid, or even at Madrid, if it were there.

"How, Isabel, is it thus I am welcomed after my absence?" said he, sternly.

"Dare you come to me with your lips yet warm with another's kisses?" demanded she indignantly.

"You wrong me, Isabel."

"What I saw with my own eyes admits of no contradiction. Return to thy Zulie."

"She was my jailer; the creature of Don Leo, and, as I have just learned, the wife of a bandit chief who is now in confinement."

She wished to believe it, and by the aid of her father, who soon joined them, she was convinced. He explained how he had saved her when the Moors were banished, how she had loved him, had pursued him for a year; but that he had never returned her love. She was an ingrate too, for at the call of her husband, she had been his jailer, and had no doubt been chosen for that office for the express purpose of deceiving her.

Isabel's smile spoke the forgiveness which was a welcome relief to her aching heart. The lover kissed her fair brow, and was happy again.

It required many hours to discuss the tricks of the *soi-disant* magician. He was a clever rogue. Instead of employing ruffians to do his work, he had chosen his followers from the families of Madrid; from the valets, secretaries, and servants of the nobility, and thus enabled himself to possess their secrets, which were turned to good account in the practice of his imposture. Even some of the officers of the government, lured by the profits of the villany, had been led to join Don Leo's band, so that not only the secrets, but the purposes of the king and council were known to him.

Don Leo had formerly been a bandit chief—he was still, though he did not resort to the road himself. He knew who travelled with money, who without, and therefore his subordinates never wasted their time upon empty pilgrims. His safe-conducts were generally given for money, which was cheaper than to watch for the traveller.

Imperial justice fell heavily upon the offenders, and Don Leo was the first to lose his head. His magnificent cheat was at an end, and all Madrid breathed easier when his gory features hung at the gate of the city.

For many weeks nothing was talked of but Don Leo and his impostures. It was a fruitful theme, and people never tired of explaining how his clever tricks were accomplished.

But Madrid soon had another topic for gossip in the splendid nuptials of the Count of Caena and Donna Isabel; and one of the first acts of the bride was to redeem Zulie from the confinement to which she had been sentenced—so far had jealousy changed into compassion.

J. B.

ADMIRAL KEPPEL.—At ten years of age he was a midshipman. He had sailed all around the world with Anson; and when he became a commodore, it was in his ship that Sir Joshua Reynolds went out to Italy. Keppel then being bound (at twenty-four years of age) to demand satisfaction of the States of Barbary, for acts of piracy committed in the trade of the Mediterranean. By this mission Keppel nearly lost his head. The Dey of Algiers declared that it was strange that so great a power as England should send out as envoy to him, the great Mussulman, "a small beardless boy." "Had the King of Great Britain," retorted Keppel, "supposed that wisdom was measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent your dervish a he-goat." The Dey

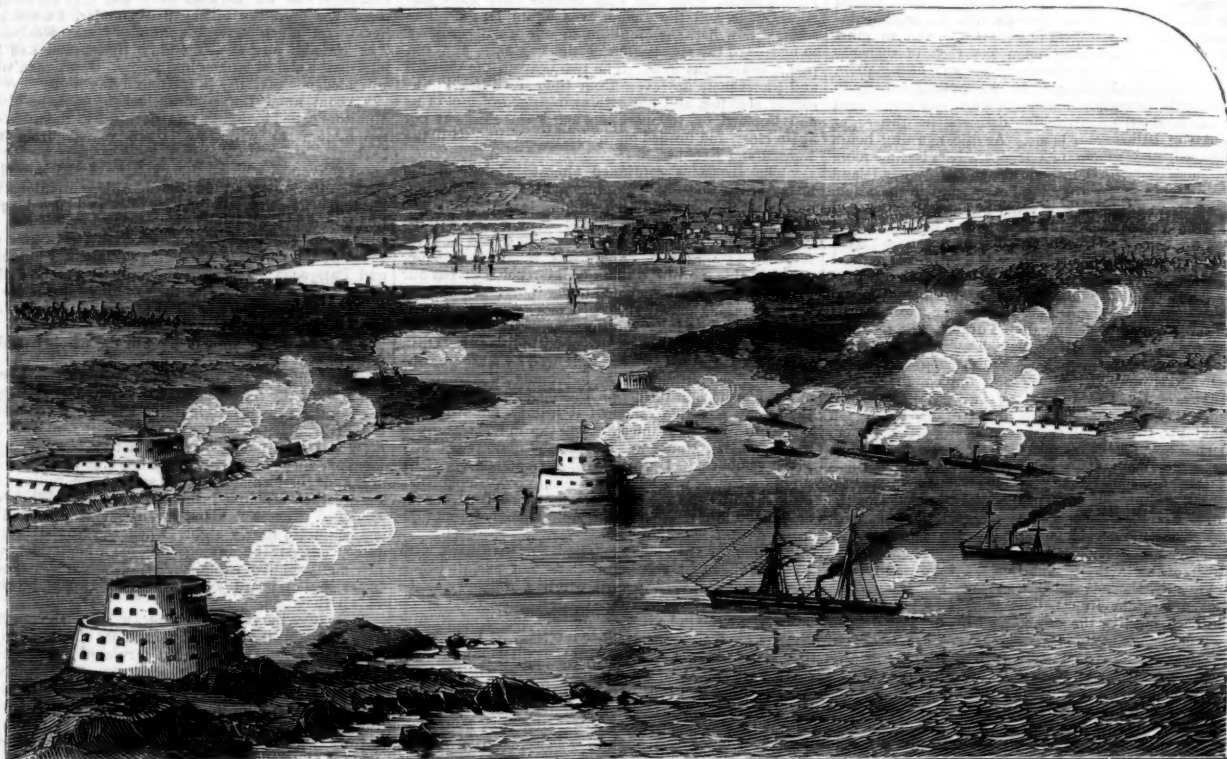
called for his mutes. Keppel pointed to the English squadron anchored in the bay, and said, "Put me to death, and you will find Englishmen enough out there to make me a glorious funeral pile."—*Heroes, Philosophers, and Courtiers of the time of Louis XVI. By the Author of the Secret History of the Court of France under Louis XV.*

QUIETNESS.—The more quietly and peaceably we get on, the better—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbours. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is if a man cheats you, to cease dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him.

POLISH WOMEN.—Many of the Polish women are very like our English women of the slender, delicate type, but with paler complexions, and brighter, and generally darker, eyes. I thought it was impossible to see finer and more varied expression than their faces exhibited; for I saw them at a time when their enthusiasm, their indignation, their sorrow, and all their religious feeling were awakened. I had read, in some book, that they were frivolous and changeable; but they have been constant enough to Poland, and dull persons will always mistake animation, quickness of perception, and a light manner of treating light subjects, for frivolity. In every civilised country, women give the tone to society, and this is particularly the case in Poland, where social gatherings are far more frequent than with us, and where there are no entertainments, no pleasure parties of any kind, at which women are not present. If, however, the Polish ladies cared only for pleasure, instead of placing patriotism above all other considerations; if the balls and bribes offered to them and to their husbands, could make them forget their suffering country; then the Russians would certainly by this time have made some progress in the way of gaining adherents among the Polish families of the kingdom, whereas, as it is, they have not advanced a step. The Polish mothers bring up the young Poles as patriots, and the Polish wives exclude from society all whose patriotism is even doubtful. A year and half ago the women of Poland made a tacit agreement not to dance, and they have kept their word, painful as the trial must have been; for the Poles are essentially a dancing people; and it was only because a great calamity had befallen them that they gave up their amusements and surrendered themselves to mourning.—*The Polish Captivity; an Account of the Present Position of the Poles in the Kingdom of Poland, and in the Polish Provinces of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. By Sutherland Edwards.*

DISCOVERY OF AN OIL WELL IN WALES.—A few days since a man in the employ of Mr. Lewis, contractor, Blaenau, Monmouthshire, noticed that a quantity of oil was floating on the surface of some water which he was pumping from a well. The oil continued to flow with the water, and ultimately about four gallons were obtained. Some excavations were immediately made in the vicinity; and the soil found to be of that boggy nature which is usual where oils are found. The spring is to be thoroughly explored. Many wild and visionary theories have been advanced to account for the origin or formation of mineral oil within the bowels of the earth; and with the view of throwing light upon this subject, and to give what we conceive to be the true explanation of the phenomenon, we will lay down a few acknowledged principles:—Coal and bitumen are of vegetable origin; but bitumen is not confined to the vegetable kingdom; it may be found also in the animal. The vegetable matter may be either land-plants or water-plants. That, by chemical chemistry (by this term we understand those chemical operations which take place spontaneously within the bowels of the earth), vegetable matter may be converted into bitumen, bituminous coal, cannel coal, semi-anthracite and anthracite; in a word all the varieties of coal known to scientific and practical men. Vegetable fibre is composed of carbon, 36 parts; hydrogen, 22; and oxygen, 22. Now, if from this formula we extract 3 equivalents of carbon, 3 of hydrogen and 9 of carbonic acid, there will remain the precise formula of many of the coals. In this way vegetable fibre may be converted into carbon. Carburetted hydrogen (commonly called *marsh gas*) is composed of carbon, 2 parts; hydrogen 4. This gas is constantly escaping from bog lands and pools of stagnant water having vegetable matter in the bottom; showing that there is decomposition of vegetable fibre going on, the proceeds of which are bicarburetted hydrogen, instead of carbonic oxide, as in the ordinary process of decomposition by combustion. Having shown how coal and bitumen may be derived from ligneous matter by the power of nature's chemistry, it is fair to infer that the same power is capable of forming mineral oil or petroleum. According to Dumas, petroleum is composed of carbon, 3 parts; hydrogen, 5. These elements may all be derived from the decomposition of ligneous fibre. This inference is quite a certain conclusion, when we consider that all the rocks from which flows mineral oil—are rich in bitumen—constituting what geologists call *bituminous shale*.





[THE PORTS AND HARBOUR OF CHARLESTON.]

## THE CITY OF CHARLESTON.

THIS beautiful city, upon which at the present moment the attention of Europe is painfully directed, is the capital of a district of its own name, a port of entry, and the largest and most wealthy of the cities of South Carolina. Situated on a tongue of land between the rivers Ashley and Cooper, the junction of those streams, a short distance from the town, forms a spacious harbour, which communicates with the ocean at Sullivan's Island, seven miles below. Its local distances and bearings are 118 miles N.E. of Savannah, 580 S.W. of Baltimore, and 540 from Washington, the seat of the Federal Government. The ground on which the city is built is elevated eight or nine feet above the level of the harbour, at high tide, which rises about six feet, flowing by the city with a strong current, and thus contributing to its salubrity. Both the Cooper and Ashley rivers are from thirty to forty feet deep, the former 1,400, and the latter 2,100 yards wide. A sand-bar, named after the city, at the entrance of the harbour, extends across its whole width, and large vessels can only enter by three openings in it, known as the Main Ship, the Swash, and the North channels. The first, running to the south of the bar, is almost parallel to Morris Island; the third, to the north of the bar, passes Sullivan's Island, and the Swash channel is between the two. The main defences of Charleston Harbour consists of the Forts Pinkney and Sumter, each on an island, the one two, and the other four miles below the city, and also by Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island. The Main Ship channel is commanded by the forts and batteries on Morris Island, and the Swash and North channels by those on Sullivan's. The three channels converging into one, directly in front of and at short range from Fort Sumter, whose guns, with those of the equidistant Fort Moultrie and Cumming's Point battery, defend the entrance to the harbour proper by a concentric fire, the effect of which has recently been tested in the repulse of a strong fleet of Federal ironclads.

The city is regularly built, and extends about two miles in length and nearly one and a quarter in breadth. The streets, many of which are seventy feet broad, and are bordered with a profusion of beautiful shade trees, are laid out for the most part in parallel lines from the Cooper to the Ashley river, and are intersected by others nearly at right angles. Many of the houses are of brick, and have been raised in a style of elegance. Others of humbler pretensions are of wood, neatly painted, and embowered during the summer season with foliage and flowers of exquisite beauty. The dwellings are frequently furnished with piazzas extending to the roof, and ornamented with vines or

creeping plants, while the gardens attached to them are filled with the choicest productions of the vegetable and floral world.

Bancroft, the American historian, referring to the origin of the city in 1672, says:—"Upon the spot where opulence has for years crowded the wharves, and elegance embellished the noble streets of the most prosperous emporium of commerce and of fashion on the Southern seaboard of the United States; among ancient groves that swept down to the river's banks, covered with the yellow jasmine whose perfume burdened the air, the humble cabins of a few adventurous men began the cradle of the future city. Long afterwards, the splendid vegetation which envious Charleston—the pine, the cedar, and the cypress skirting the broad forest track, now bounded by stately mansions and known as Meeting-house Street, delighted the settlers by its perpetual verdure. The settlement, though for some years it had to struggle against an unhealthy climate, steadily increased, and to its influence is in a great degree to be attributed that love of letters and desire for educational institutions which has since distinguished the old State of South Carolina."

The defences of Charleston on the land side consist of a chain of forts, which effectually protect it against any attempt of an enemy in that direction; and, as may be conjectured, its defences seaward are yet more formidable. The city contains above thirty churches, a theatre, several first-class hotels, one of which "The City House," cost 100,000 dollars; a cotton factory, several engine manufactories, five ship-yards, and a spacious dry dock, at which the largest vessels, with their freights, can be drawn up in about three hours. There are also nine banks, under the direction of companies, with an aggregate capital of nearly twelve millions of dollars, besides six individual incorporated banks, having an aggregate capital of upwards of eight millions, with several insurance and other important incorporated companies. The educational and literary institutions of the city are numerous, and prominent among them may be mentioned the Medical College of the State of South Carolina, founded in 1833; Charleston College, founded in 1785; the Literary and Philosophical Institution; the Apprentices' Association, which possesses a library of 18,000 volumes and maintains annual courses of lectures upon scientific subjects. The public schools of the city are numerous and flourishing. The Orphan Asylum is richly endowed, and about 150 children are maintained by it. The building is one of the most remarkable in the city. A noble pile of buildings has been erected for a new custom-house, the base of which is of granite—the superstructure of marble. The public buildings generally, as well as many of the private residences of the inhabitants, are designed upon

a scale of magnificence that is rarely paralleled out of the capital city of a great Empire. The citizens of this noble emporium of commerce and elevated taste are distinguished for their hospitality and refinement, and it is conceded that no place in the United States could afford more agreeable society than is met with at Charleston; and yet, attractive as is this city, and estimable as may be the character of its population, the reckless fury of vindictive passion has doomed it to probable destruction. It is true the first attempt of its enemies has been repulsed, but their craving for its ruin is yet unabated.

Some interesting incidents connected with the recent attempt to destroy Charleston by the Federal Government are detailed in the report of a gentleman who was on board the Ironsides, the flagship of the Federal squadron, from which the following passages are extracted:—

"The course of the iron-clads was up the main ship channel. It was expected that before coming under the fire of Sumter and Moultrie they would have to run, in a distance of three miles from the bar, the gauntlet of four works on the beach of Morris Island—one at Lighthouse Inlet, another near Lawford Beacon, a third at Morris Lighthouse, and a fourth at Cumming's Point. The general belief was that the first mentioned would interfere with the passage of the bar, and hence all hands were ordered below. But the eyes of the commanders and pilots were vainly strained in trying to discover its outlines, and the opinion became general that it had no existence. The walls and parapets of the forts further up, could be distinctly made out.

"From the spar deck of the Ironsides a unique panoramic scene was now in range of vision. The apprehensions of the closeness of rebel batteries having been allayed, the hatches of all the iron-clads were opened, and their decks crowded with swarms of men from stern to bow, that made the quaint forms of the Monitors and Whitney battery appear like so many small islands with low mounds and teeming population. Through the mist the walls of Fort Sumter rose dimly to the north-west. Seaward the Powhatan, Canandaigua, Huron, Husatic, Wisahickon, Unadilla, Flambeau, Ladona, Flag, Bibb, Ben Deford, and others, ranged in a long semicircle around the horizon. Upon Morris Island beach crowds of curious rebels watched the strange sights before them with evident amazement. At intervals guns from the forts and batteries spoke of the enemy's readiness for the combat to which we were challenging them.

"At sunrise (April 7) a veil of mist hung over the horizon, but towards the middle of the forenoon it cleared rapidly away, and at ten o'clock the pilot announced that at last our work would commence. The

admiral, Commodore Turner, and all are anxious to get under weigh as soon as the mist had disappeared. But Pilot Godfrey again prevails with his argumentation in favour of going in upon low tide, and we must put up with continuing upon the rock of suspense until afternoon. The opportune arrival of a mail on the supply steamer *Massachusetts* assisted greatly in passing the dragging hours. Officers and men forgot for a while the approaching dangers in the eager perusal of letters from home. As the morning hours advanced, the sphere of our operations became more and more defined. On the lower end of Morris Island rebels could be seen dragging heavy guns to the beach. The men and guns on the walls of Fort Sumter and Moultrie could be readily counted. The spires, and even the houses of Charleston seemed not more than a mile or two off. At noon there is a call for a general muster on the gun-deck. From the admiral down to the powder boys, all humbly kneel and listen to and seek strength for the coming trial from a short, touching prayer, read by Commodore Turner. The recollection of the sight of those four hundred determined, battle-eager men, bowing in picturesque groups before their Maker, around the grimmest implements of war, will never be effaced from my memory. There was some delay with the Monitors ahead of us, but at ten minutes to two o'clock the whole line was in motion. General Seymour telegraphs a "God bless you," when our screw made its first revolution. Now comes the stirring general call to quarters. There was a great bustle for a few seconds, but the apparent chaos on the gun and powder-decks quickly changed into the most perfect order and quietude, and in a few minutes after the order was given every breathing body, Lieutenant Town, of the Army Signal Corps, his two assistants, and myself, alone excepted, was ready to do his part in the action. The iron bulkheads fore and aft on the gun-deck, forming the casemates with the plated sides, were next closed, and ingress to the captain's cabin shut off. Streams of water were then again let upon the hides and sand-bags above and below. The pilot-house received another liberal dressing of slush. These last measures of protection being taken, Lieutenant-Commanding Belknap's command, "Close port-holes," rang through his trumpet over the gun-deck. In a second the ponderous shutters fell, and the hatchways were the only source of daylight to those below. A "Look out for fore-and-aft shot," and the trumpet next brought the gunners down behind their pieces.

"Six bells had just struck, when a dull sound, like that of a sledge-hammer upon an anvil, was heard on the bowport side. It was the hostile greeting of Fort Sumter now within 1,200 yards of us. A second and a third, more violently than the first, shook the sides of the ship. Soon came the whizzing and humming of rifled and round shot and shell over head. Still the successive discharges could be distinguished. The several reports had not yet been drowned, so to speak, in a continuous roar.

"But, hark! There is a reverberation as though of numerous simultaneous thunder-claps. Now a fierce, unceasing roar vibrating the air with a violence that causes even the solid mass of our ship to tremble. A look through the open port on the port side discloses the cause of the furious outburst. The first four Monitors had reached the converging point of the fire of Cumming's Point Battery, Forts Sumter and Moultrie and Battery Bee. One after the other had steadily steamed, without firing a shot, to the verge of the concentrating ranges. The enemy evidently reserved their main fire for work at close quarters; but, when the *Weehawken* had reached within 600 yards of Fort Sumter, a long, broad, brilliant flame suddenly leaped from its side, with all but simultaneous intense glares from Cumming's Point and Moultrie, followed instantaneously by immense volumes of smoke and a rain of projectiles that fairly hid the turrets of our craft with countless spouts of water thrown up by striking shot and shell.

"Again and again this appalling scene was enacted in all its dire sublimity. As the forts and batteries, like so many vomiting craters of volcanoes, sent forth one torrent of destruction after another, my heart failed and panged with the fear of seeing the little Monitors shivered into atoms. But when, in response to a signal from the flag-ship, they commenced replying to the enemy with the thunder of their huge batteries, and the combat was no longer one-sided, my confidences revived.

"Meantime, the Ironsides had vainly tried to keep up with the Monitors ahead. At 3.35 we were startled by the command, "Stand by the starboard anchor," followed soon by, "Let go the starboard anchor." The ship had again been disobeying the rudder, and threatening to swing on the shoals on our port side. The enemy at once noticed our embarrassed position, and, improving the fixed mark afforded by the stoppage, directed their long range guns for a while from the Monitors upon us. Bang, bang their shot went against the sides, almost faster than we could count. Happily the anchor straightened the course of the ship, and in a few minutes we were again under weigh.

"We had hardly gained a hundred or so yards upon Fort Sumter, when the ship became once more unmanageable, and the anchor was again let go. The admiral now had the Monitors in our wake signalled to disregard the movements of the flag-ship, and run past it toward the forts. The two nearest, the *Catskill* and *Nantucket*, however, from their own heavy, unsteady steering, and our own swinging, got foul of us and brushed on the port and starboard side, but got again clear, and headed on in disordered line with the *Nahant* and *Keokuk*.

"The Ironsides continued almost helpless at the mercy of the tide—now gaining a little, now backing, now striking bottom, now swinging to right and left. Officers and crew grow restive. The enemy's guns were continually playing upon us. We had not yet returned a single shot. There was, indeed, something grand in this scornful disdain of the rebel fire; but our gunners, nevertheless, chafed under it. At last, at 4.30, while swinging on the starboard side, our port broadside came to bear fully on Fort Moultrie, and Commodore Turner would not let this opportunity slip. "Open port-holes! 'Aim!' 'Fire!' followed by a severe concussion of the air, and the first and only offensive effort of the Ironsides in the action was made. Shortly after, the strong ebb tide rendered it utterly impossible to make headway with the ship, and the order was given to drop back. Never was a command more reluctantly given or obeyed. Deep chagrin settled upon all. Still, no other course was left, and we slowly steamed back, after signalling to the Monitors to withdraw from the action and follow the flag-ship, and anchored under the guns of Fort Wagoner.

"While the Ironsides struggled, a passive mark, with the tide, the other eight iron-clads had one after another become engaged in what will live in history as the most desperate—despite its brief duration—naval action known to mankind. I have already made an attempt to describe the raking, roaring intensity of the consecutive fire of the rebel works. I might fill page after page with descriptive phrases without reflecting anything like the reality of its fury.

"Under it the captains of the *Weehawken*, *Passaic*, *Montauk*, and *Patapsco* were working with might and main to come abreast, with their badly-steering vessels, of the north-west face of the fort, as directed in the order of battle, firing all the while their guns, now at Sumter then at Moultrie. But they were still under the fire of the north-east face, when they discovered three lines of floating obstructions, with another consisting of a row of piles across the whole harbour a short distance beyond. They endeavoured to gain the narrow passage left open through the first, but found themselves unable to exercise sufficient control over their vessels to do so. While making this attempt the turret of the *Passaic* was so bent in by a single shot as to make the working of the 11-inch gun impracticable. A short while after the turret refused altogether to turn, depriving her of all offensive power. The 200-pounder Parrott of the *Patapsco* also became early disabled.

"About fifteen minutes before five o'clock a signal was made from the flag-ship to cease firing, and withdraw from the enemy's fire.

"Upon coming out of range the hatchways of the Ironsides were opened, and we could once more have a full view of things around us. As I reached the spar-deck the *Keokuk* was just passing our starboard side, with Captain Rhind limping about the forward turret. A sorry sight she presented. Her sides and turrets showed innumerable holes. She was evidently used up. The *Nahant*, *Patapsco*, and *Nantucket*, also passed, and the commanders of each reported more or less damage. The pilot-house of the former was badly shattered. But the full extent of the injuries to the iron-clads was not known until their commanders personally reported them to the admiral in the course of the evening.

"The *Keokuk* had 90 shots in all—19 on the water-line (12 starboard, 7 port), 15 in the after-turret (five of them through, 1 Whitworth steel pointed shot remained sticking in the wall); 12 in the forward turret (3 of them through); 25 on the sloping sides (15 starboard, 10 port); 8 through sheeting on after-turret; 10 through smoke-stack (7 through, 3 glanced); 4 through the boats, 2 glanced off the deck; 1 cut signal staff; 3 or 4 went through the flag. The New Ironsides was hit between sixty and seventy times, but sustained no material damage. One of the shutters of port five, port side, was knocked off; an eleven-inch shell lodged in the bow between the sides and the sand-bags. A shot passed through the smoke-stack, and her bulwarks were much shattered. The *Weehawken* was struck fifty-nine times. The turret was badly dented and worked with difficulty. Many bolts in the pilot-house had been loosened and driven through. The *Montauk* was hit twenty times; the *Passaic* fifty-eight times. In addition to the damage already stated her pilot-house was much weakened by the loosening and driving through of the bolts. The *Nantucket* was struck fifty-one times, and had her turret stopped twice by shot. The *Catskill* received about the same number of shots. Both the latter

had their decks almost torn open by rifled bolts. The *Patapsco* was hit between forty and fifty times, and, beside the disabling of her 200-pounder, Parrott had her turret much dented and pilot-house weakened. The *Nahant* was struck eighty times, and had her pilot-house almost broken into pieces. Four men were wounded, one mortally in it, from flying bolts.

"About noon the admiral had the captains of the Monitors called together, and declared to them his determination to withdraw their vessels from this harbour.

"I conversed with all the captains of the iron-clads during their meeting on board. Their opinions had but one drift—that it would be folly and sure destruction to renew the attack after to-day's experience, resulting in the total disabling of two (*Keokuk* and *Passaic*) and partial of three more (*Nahant*, *Nantucket*, and *Patapsco*). The Admiral quietly received their reports, but did not ask for their opinions nor make his decision of the question of the renewal or abandonment of the attack known.

"Late on the evening of the 8th the whole squadron dropped a mile further down the channel, and anchored close to the bar.

"Almost my first look from the spar-deck this morning fell upon a sad sight—the *Keokuk* was sinking. She had anchored on the bar during the night. Her crew had been busy ever since last evening trying to keep her afloat by plugging the holes at her water-line. But at daybreak a stiff breeze set the sea rolling, rendering their attempts futile. Captain Rhind hoisted a signal of distress at about seven, but it remained unnoticed until nearly eight, when the tug *Dandelion* came alongside the sinking craft. Through the strenuous efforts of her captain, Acting-master Barrymore, every soul on board was saved—with a loss, however, of all they had.

"To give the order to withdraw from the harbour was undoubtedly the most painful act of the admiral's long and faithful career in the service of his country.

"When the fire of the rebel forts and batteries he was to attack and destroy, in the short time of three-quarters of an hour disabled five and weakened all of the iron-clads, how could he feel justified in continuing a work requiring in all probability a trial of days of the powers of offence and defence that had failed in less than an hour? It is evidence of true courage of the highest order on his part to listen to the dictates of reason rather than to follow the impulses of rash daring."

## THE WILL AND THE WAY.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jewit," "The Pretate," "Minnigrey," &c.

### CHAPTER C.

Will you not see it, sir? the thing will be both rare and curious.

Old Play.

OUR readers, we feel assured, have not forgotten the elopement of Captain Elton from Bungalow Hall, with the only child and heiress of Sir Jasper Pepper—the sudden death of the bridegroom upon his wedding night—or how the indignation of the enraged little East India director, who had followed the fugitives to London, was suddenly appeased by the words which his old friend and companion, General Bouchier, whispered in his ear: which words were nothing less than an assurance to the angry father, that he would marry the widowed bride himself, and so accomplish the long cherished scheme of both their lives—of uniting their vast estates.

Had such a thing been possible, the selfish old bachelor would infinitely have preferred that the marriage of the broad acres, five per cents., exchequer bills, and India scrip, should have taken place by proxy; but his nephew's wretched match, as he termed it, with the portionless daughter of Lady Harebell, had deprived him of the only fitting representative on the occasion. In other words, he was compelled either to abandon his plan, or espouse the mourning widow himself.

When General Bouchier—who had never loved any human creature in the world, save himself—reflected upon his engagement, how grateful he would have felt for another nephew, provided, of course, that he was single, and more obedient than Captain Herbert had been. Still he evinced no disposition to retract; on the contrary, as soon as the first three months of widowhood—which is all that is required of those who have time to mourn—had expired, he started to visit the lady—we beg pardon—her acres, five per cents., and India scrip—at Bungalow Hall.

On his arrival he thought her plainer and more disagreeable than ever; yet his smile was as bland, and his manner as soft as ever. To do the old soldier justice, if his heart was as hard as the diamond, he displayed also the polish of the gem upon the surface.

Sir Jasper and the future son-in-law were at breakfast, *à la-tête*. The young lady, who was anything but in love with her elderly suitor, under ples of indig-



position, chose to keep her room. The servant had just placed the post-bag upon the table.

"For you, general," said the baronet, handing him several letters, which he had sorted from the contents of the bag.

His guest threw the first one that he opened impatiently into the fire: it was from his now repentant nephew, and dated from a cottage near Richmond, where he was residing with his bride. The passion which had induced him to brave his uncle's wrath had yielded to the satiety of possession and the chill of poverty; the lean goddess, after all, is the only test of love.

"The idiot!" muttered the old soldier; "Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, was a sage in comparison with him! to renounce such a fortune for a woman!"

"From your nephew?" said Sir Jasper, looking up from the *Times*, where he had been reading the quotations of the Stock Exchange.

General Bouchier nodded in the affirmative.

"All comes of not bringing young men up to business," continued the speaker; if, instead of buying him a commission, you had placed him in my counting-house, we should never have been pestered with such folly—he would have learnt the value of money: city men seldom forget that cash is power—everything."

The soldier winced: he had a profound contempt for trade.

"I must do something for the fellow!" he said; "get him handsomely out of the country."

Sir Jasper suggested a commercial appointment in India—which was declined. The heartless uncle recollected the rank he had held there—the figure he had made. The idea of any relative of his going out in any other than a high civil or military capacity was humiliating to his pride.

"Thank you," he said; "but I have already decided on the silly fellow's future career."

"Indeed!"

"Yes! Liverpool promised me a vice-consulship for him at Timbuctoo, or one of the Friendly Islands: he will be out of the way there."

And with this cool observation the subject was dismissed from his mind: and yet for many years General Bouchier had considered Herbert as his heir—indulged him in every extravagance—encouraged him in his career of selfishness and vice.

A servant announced Colonel Butler.

"At home!" said the baronet. "What the deuce," he added, as the footman left the breakfast-room, "can bring Butler here at such an extraordinary hour?"

"Are you intimate with him?" inquired his guest.

"Not particularly."

The general shrugged his shoulders, merely observing, that people did such odd things in the country.

The object of Butler's visit was very soon explained; he called to request the presence of his brother magistrate, Sir Jasper Pepper, at the rectory, with the view of witnessing the operation which the Khan was about to perform on poor old Martin, and receiving and witnessing any deposition he might make, should his reason be restored, as they anticipated.

"Is it possible," exclaimed the little East India director, "that you can lend yourself to such a proceeding?"

"Quite possible!" gravely replied the colonel.

"Why, the man has been an idiot ever since the night of Sir William Mowbray's death!"

In reply to this objection, his visitor informed him that he had consulted both Martineau and Dalrymple on the subject; that both these eminent practitioners had admitted the possibility, although they doubted the probability of success.

"At any rate," he added, "the attempt is worth the trial. I consider it a reproach to the county that the head of one of our noblest families should have been murdered—as Sir William is proved to have been—his assassin still at large."

The East India director—the man of scrip and console—appeared undecided. He looked at General Bouchier, as if for advice; but the latter personage seemed plunged in a profound reverie—perhaps he was thinking of his bride.

"I really don't see," began Sir Jasper, "how my presence can facilitate the inquiry. Dr. Orme is himself a magistrate."

"It certainly is not indispensable!" replied Colonel Butler, with a smile, which he well knew would pique the vanity of the old man; "as an affair in which the honour of the county and the feelings of the oldest families are concerned, I thought you might naturally wish to be present; in fact, that your absence, being so near the spot, would be remarked upon: of course, you are the best judge. Good morning, Sir Jasper Pepper."

And the speaker rose to depart.

"Shall I be indiscreet in offering to accompany you, colonel?" demanded General Bouchier, waking up from his reverie.

The active magistrate assured him that his presence would afford them pleasure.

"I, too, of course, shall be there," said the baronet, addressing his visitor; "from my rank and position in the county—as Colonel Butler justly observes—my absence might be thought strange and unneighbourly."

In less than an hour the party started for the rectory.

About the same time that the general had been discussing his breakfast at Bungalow-hall, his nephew, and a friend well known in the clubs and sporting circles of the metropolis as the Major—but whose real name was Mottram—were strolling *en robe de chambre*, in the garden of a pretty cottage *ornée*, on the banks of the Thames, near Richmond. Isabel had not yet made her appearance. Once or twice in the course of their promenade Herbert paused—looked impatiently at his watch, and cast reproachful glances towards the windows of his wife's dressing-room.

"Too bad, by Jupiter!" he said, "I seldom take more than two hours to dress—say, I have done it in an hour and a half; and here is Isabel not down yet."

"So soon!" said his friend, with a smile.

Herbert shrugged his shoulders.

"Your wife is a very charming woman?"

"Humph! ye-es!" observed the bridegroom.

"And ladies have their privileges," added the major.

"So have husbands," replied the ex-captain of the Guards—for he had been compelled to sell out: "and you forget that I have been a husband these three months. In fact, major, I cannot conceal from myself that my susceptibilities have been played upon—the generosity of my nature taken advantage of—that I have sacrificed myself. I have lost a princely fortune for a caprice—a toy. Isabel," he added, with a gravity which made his companion smile, "has no mind—positively nothing intellectual about her. Now there is nothing I adore so much as the mind of a woman—beauty is insipid in comparison with it."

As the speaker uttered this, his thoughts reverted, most probably, to the fortune of his uncle, and the five per cents. and India scrip of Sir Jasper Pepper—all chance of which he had forfeited by his folly, as he termed it.

"Your uncle will relent," said the major, "We shall soon have you amongst us again."

"Never!" exclaimed Herbert, passionately. "You do not know what a vindictive, cold-blooded fellow he is. I have thwarted the dearest wish of the shrivelled, selfish thing he calls his heart. He will never forgive me."

"Pooh! pooh!" interrupted his friend.

"More," continued the speaker; "he is about to marry the daughter of old Pepper himself—he, with his bachelor habits, prejudices and vices, Judge, after that, what chance is there of his ever pardoning the man who mixed such a dose for him."

"Not much of his pardoning the man who mixed it, I confess," observed Mottram, fixing his eyes with a searching expression upon his companion; "but I think he would prove very grateful to the one who prevented his swallowing it."

"Prevented it! How?"

"By taking it for him."

With all his love of mind in woman, Herbert possessed but very little discernment of his own. He was perfectly aware, from the tone the conversation had taken, that his friend meant something—but what that something was, puzzled his imagination.

"I don't exactly see," he drawled, at the same time passing his delicate white fingers through his flaxen poodle curls—his usual resource when, to use a college phrase, he did not feel up in his subject—"how any other man's marriage with Miss Pepper—or rather Elton's widow, would to heaven the fellow had lived!—should call forth the general's gratitude; it's the estates he wants to marry!"

"Suppose you were to marry her?" whispered the major.

"I! you jest!" exclaimed Herbert; the law would call that burglary or bigamy—I don't exactly remember what, but something decidedly unpleasant."

"Suppose," continued the tempter—"of course I only put it by way of supposition—that it were possible to restore you your liberty—place you in a position legally to become the husband of the heiress of Sir Jasper Pepper—do you think such an event would reconcile you to your uncle?"

"My dear fellow," replied the ex-captain, with a sickly smile, "it would enable me to make my own terms with him. He would pay my debts as readily as his laundress's bill—and add at least fifty thousand as a *cadeau* upon the wedding morning."

The speaker felt so interested in the conversation, that he ceased to look at his watch, or cast reproachful glances towards the window of his wife's dressing-room. Taking his friend by the arm, he drew him into a retired walk, still further from the house, observing that they would find it cooler there.

"I am quite cool," said the major.

For some time they continued to walk in silence: neither liked to throw aside the mask, and expose the ulcerous thing he called his heart to the other. Herbert was the first to speak.

"What do you mean, Mottram?" he said; "to hear how you rattle out, one would imagine it possible to dissolve my marriage with Isabel."

"It is possible," was the reply; and again there was a pause.

"How?"

"In a hundred ways," replied the tempter! "but pardon me, my dear fellow," he added; "my pity for the blight of your hopes has outrun my discretion. I had not the slightest intention to offend."

"I am not offended," answered Herbert; "indeed it is scarcely possible you could offend me. I could bear much from you—we are such old friends."

The two gentlemen shook each other by the hand.

"Of course," continued the speaker, "you would not suggest anything improper?"

The major made no reply.

"That is very improper," added the ex-captain; "but you have roused my curiosity, and I confess I should like to hear one of those hundred ways which you alluded to explained."

"I have observed that your wife," whispered Mottram, "is proud?"

"Very."

"And vain?"

"As most women."

"And a little capricious?"

"True."

"And very resentful—to say nothing of a slight dash of jealousy in her composition. Such a temper," added the major, with diabolical calculation, "might be easily worked upon to make her forget her marriage vow."

The husband of Isabel had listened with deep attention to the scheme so artfully concocted. He saw not only its feasibility, but the advantage to be derived from it. The character of his friend left no doubt upon his mind but that the major was himself the Lothario he alluded to.

"There is no hope—fear, I mean," he replied, "that Isabel will ever play me false."

"How so?"

"She is too fond of me."

The major smiled at what he deemed the conceit of Herbert.

"I would bet you twenty thousand pounds," he said, "that you could not find a man to rival me with Isabel."

Mottram quietly took out his pocket-book, and began to write.

"Good gracious! what are you doing?"

"Booking our bet!" answered the major, without moving a muscle.

"No names—the thing is really so ridiculous," observed the ex-captain of the Guards.

"Of course not," said the cool-blooded villain. "But, Herbert, recollect there must be no jealousy between us. Give me fair play."

"You," observed his friend, with real or pretended surprise. "Why, you can't be serious?"

"Can't I?"

"What, you!—rival me! Oh, come, come, Mottram, the jest has been carried quite far enough. I am not a vain man; but the idea of your rivaling me is really too ridiculous."

"It may appear so; and, under ordinary circumstances, would really be so," said the major, willing to soothe the mortified vanity of the speaker. "But, as you yourself confessed, Mrs. Herbert is a woman possessed of much beauty, but very little mind."

"That's true; and I adore mind."

"Like most husbands," continued the tempter, "you are careless?"

"Humph!—a little."

"At times, perhaps, harsh—at least, what wives consider harsh. On these failings I build my hopes. The awakening from the intoxication of the honeymoon to the activity of married life, is, perhaps, the most trying moment of a woman's life. She fancies that she is no longer loved; pouts at being treated like a mortal, instead of being worshipped as a goddess. In short, at such a moment let anyone skilled in the heart of the sex step in—grant him a tolerable person, a persuasive tongue—and ten to one but she falls."

Whilst the speaker was thus artfully dictating to Herbert the line of conduct he should pursue, Isabel, who at length had completed her toilette, not finding the gentlemen in the breakfast-room, sought them in the garden. Despite the utter worthlessness of his nature, her unworthy husband could not avoid a blush as she approached.

"Good morning," said the unsuspecting girl—for in years she was little more—extending a hand to each.

Herbert pretended not to see the action, but looked at his watch. The major raised the hand to his lips.

"I fear I have detained you?" she said.

"Not longer than usual," drily observed her husband. "But punctuality is such a vulgar virtue."

Isabel might have retorted for Herbert was one of the most irregular persons in the world. On the contrary, she took his arm, and, looking into his face, with a smile, sought to woo him into better humour.

"Don't be angry, George," she said. "I promise

you that I will not keep you waiting again. I'll be down at the very first dinner-bell."

"I don't dine at home," repeated his wife, with a look of disappointment. "Where do you dine?"

"At my club, madam," was the churlish reply. "And very soon I expect I shall be forced breakfast there, for the irregularity of this house is intolerable."

With these words, which sounded doubly harsh in the ears of Mrs. Herbert, from being uttered in the presence of a visitor, her husband dropped the arm which still rested upon his, and proceeded, with rapid strides, towards the house.

A deep sigh broke from the heart of Isabel. "Take my arm, dear Mrs. Herbert," said the major, in one of his softest tones; "George is terribly out of humour this morning. I never saw him so capricious—so unjust before. Nay, I could almost call him cruel—so soon after his marriage, too. You must show a little spirit," he added, insidiously; "or he will positively tyrannise over you."

The insulted wife dashed aside a tear, and, taking the arm of her disinterested adviser, followed the steps of her husband to the house. During the breakfast, she did nothing but coquette with her visitor. Poor Isabel! she was like a child playing with a rattle-snake.

Directly after breakfast Herbert went to town, without a word of excuse for his unkindness. As his wife, who really loved him, saw him about to depart, she started from her seat, and would have followed him. It would have been, she felt, so consoling to have received one kiss, or even a pressure of the hand. Her visitor, unhappily, restrained the natural impulse of her heart, by observing "that she really spoiled her husband."

"How?" she inquired, with a look of surprise.

"By showing him the hold he has upon your affections. I need not remind a woman of your discernment, my dear Mrs. Herbert, that my friend George, who is one of the best fellows in the world, is a little vain."

Isabel could not avoid mentally admitting that he was vain.

"If he saw that you cared for him less, he would be more attentive."

"True."

"Less capricious; it is the perfect security he feels, which leads him to indulge in these little ebullitions of temper."

"What can I do?" said the inexperienced wife, who, for the first time since her marriage, began to feel very unhappy. "What would you advise?"

"I," replied the major, laughing. "Oh, I am one of the very worst counsellors in the world you can consult. Stay, I have it—suppose you make him jealous?"

Isabel started at the proposition, and was about to repel it, when the recollection that it was by working upon his jealousy she had secured his hand, reconciled her to the idea.

"You are right," she said; "quite right. Vanity and pride are the keys to his affections: I will make him jealous!"

Major Mottram smiled.

When a woman once decides upon making her husband jealous, she has taken the first step towards the ruin of her domestic peace; and yet how often do we see them fall into the snare, reckless or misjudging of the consequences. Could she have seen the sinister smile of the tempter, as she uttered the imprudent words, the same breath would have recalled them.

"I have been thinking, Mrs. Herbert," said her visitor, "that until you can find a better cicabao, you had better put up with me."

Isabel looked at him doubtfully; but there was such an air of frankness in his manner, that her suspicions gradually vanished.

"When you have alarmed George a little," he continued, "taught him to feel that to retain the heart he has won a little more attention is necessary, we can confess our plot."

"That is true," replied the deluded woman, charmed at the idea of bringing her husband, as she had done her lover, to her feet.

An hour afterwards Mrs. Herbert and Major Mottram left the cottage for a stroll in Richmond Park. Guided by her resentment, she weakly permitted her companion to detain her till the hour of dinner; anticipating the mortification which her husband would manifest on her return—an idea which the major encouraged by every means. He was an accomplished man of the world, and knew how to offer that delicate flattery so acceptable to the female heart.

On their return the servant presented a note to the gentleman. He read it, and appeared both hurt and surprised.

"Has anything occurred?" anxiously inquired Isabel, who had recognised the handwriting.

"Nothing, I assure you—nothing!"

"Is it from my husband?"

"Yes," replied the major; "George merely writes to apologise for not dining, at home. He has met a pleasant party at his club, and—"

"Club!" interrupted the indignant wife; "is there no message? Not one word for me?"

Mottram handed her the note. As soon as she had read it the unhappy woman burst into tears, and let it fall from her hand.

One trace of Eden lingered in that weak heart yet.

(To be continued.)

#### MY HOME.

My home is not in a rose-wreathed cot,  
Where bees with the blossoms play,  
Such as poets and novelists rave about,

In their most delectable way;  
It has never a woodbine 'gainst the roof,  
Or jessamine over the door;

No flickering sunbeams through the vines  
Make pictures upon the floor.  
My home is only a suite of rooms

Up a pair of unpainted stairs,  
Where some of life's blessings find their way,  
And some of its carking cares.

And yet, good sooth, I know to-day  
Of many a beautiful home  
That is like, in illusive loveliness,  
To breakers hidden by foam!

And I turn with a smile to my humble home,  
And bear with a sweet content  
Its daily burden of toil and care,  
Which the Master hath wisely sent.

I have books and paintings, a modest share;  
I have simple treasures, good store;  
And the honest love of one manly heart—  
Then why should I sigh for more?

MRS. R. B. NOBLE.

#### THE CLOUD AND THE CORONET.

##### CHAPTER XL.

I list with a start to the gasping of gladness  
Oh! how it grates on a bosom all sadness!  
So I turn from a world where I never was known  
To sit in my sorrow—and all alone;

T. K. HERVEY.

THEY buried the Baronet in his ancestral vault, since there was a question whether his death had been the result of suicide or of accident. The title descended to that infant whose life he had attempted, and there was time enough before it attained maturity to soften away the red blot upon the Radleigh escutcheon. After the funeral, which none attended except the hirelings of the undertaker, the Captain of the Shadow bade adieu to Fairfax.

"I return," he said, "to Portugal. I have no wife or child, and my society could only be oppressive to you, my only friend. I shall watch her from a distance. I shall learn how she bears her cross. In company with that shadow of my old life, I shall walk to the grave. We shall never meet; but the past was too sweet in its dreams and delusions to be forgotten."

"Farewell," replied Fairfax. "Go, and when you are told that Laura is dying find it in your heart to mingle with her last prayer a word of pardon from your own lips."

"In her hearing?" exclaimed the Captain of the Shadow, as if recoiling from the thought.

"Upon her dying pillow," responded Fairfax. "Mind you, never till then. Mercy to her will be balm to yourself. Farewell, then! But stay. When you tell your wife that her husband forgives, tell her that a brother, who has no forgiveness to send, sends a blessing."

The friends parted to set forth again upon their different ways in the world—the one to remain near the being he had loved, yet shrouded from her sight—the other to forget, in the pardonable selfishness of an ardent and generous love, the sorrows of him who had been his commander and companion beneath many a changing sky. There was no farewell between Ethelred Merrowby and the Captain of the Shadow. Once she implored him to grant her a last glimpse of her child—her beautiful girl; but he stood inexorably upon his first resolve.

"Think what I have sacrificed for her!" she pleaded.

"She herself was the sacrifice!" he answered.

"You forget I am her mother," urged Ethelred!

"Since when have you remembered it?" he retorted, and with this taunt he turned upon his heel.

"He who was my master once, saved Pearl—Pearl, the paltry doll, who has ruined all! Shall she escape me now? No! Where my darling has sat, no other shall sit. I will do it now!—and when it has been done, what are the consequences to me?"

With this ferocity festering in her heart, she com-

menced her journey to town. It was, however, with no slight motive in view that, instead of travelling by the direct route, she made her way by cross-roads into Kent, and halted at the ancient ramshackle town of Sandwich. There Mr. Weevil, the notary, was, of course, immediately very much at her service; and there she noted how Mr. Micah Binks, the notary's right-hand man, had withered into a mummy since last—upon an occasion not recorded by history—she had seen him. When she arrived, this gentleman was to all appearance engaged in a mild altercation with his employer.

"I cannot, I will not, and I shall not do it, sir," she heard him say.

"Very well, Mr. Binks," was Weevil's oily answer, "let us change the subject. You are familiar, I believe, with the Four Cross Roads of Radleigh."

This was said in a very peculiar tone, as if designed to produce a peculiar effect. At all events, the effect actually produced was very peculiar, indeed. Micah made answer, humbly and stammeringly—

"I will comply with all your wishes, sir, indeed I will. Pardon me—I forgot myself."

"That I can excuse, resumed the lawyer, drily. "There are some topics upon your memory needs no refreshing. Madam, Mrs. Merrowby, delighted to see you. What can I do for you. Say what I can do for you, if you please."

"Send him away," replied Ethelred, abruptly, pointing to Micah, who left the room.

"You know Gabriel, called the King of the Gipsies?" inquired Ethelred, fiercely, fixing a stern glance upon the notary, whose features turned to an ashen grey as he stuttered.

"Indeed! No, I am not acquainted with any kings whatever. What may your ladyship mean?"

"Lady me no ladyship!" answered Ethelred, "you and I are not strangers; you know Gabriel, and you know Zingro. Micah knows them too. There are some topics, you see, upon which his memory needs no refreshing. The Four Cross Roads of Radleigh, for instance!"

The result of this speech confirmed a suspicion which had long been latent in her mind. She pushed the advantage thus gained.

"You knew Major Sterndale, who was murdered on the highway?"

Major Sterndale, Madam?" answered the lawyer, quivering upon his stool. "I never saw him in my life!"

"Micah did, though, once," she rejoined. "So did Gabriel and Zingro. You sent them. Never start at me, man. Don't deny or confess anything. I have your secret. Major Sterndale might have spoiled the plan which you concocted in your Ebony Room."

Like a ship bombarded at sea, the notary was gradually sinking. He had struck his sails long ago; but his enemy gave no quarter, nor asked any. The shot poured in, rapidly and mercilessly.

"Why have you come?" he asked, feebly and deprecatingly.

"To join you," she said "while I can keep myself safe. Now are you aware what fools you and Temple have been?"

"Fools?" he echoed, bewildered by her manner.

"Scoundrels also, of course," she answered, carelessly. "But you removed the body of the Countess Ada Clifton from the disused old chapel of Devonmore, and laid it in the family vault."

"The Countess Clifton!" ejaculated Weevil, staggering to his feet, "why the inscription—"

"Was part of the artifice. In the locked crypt of Devonmore she now lies, and, with her full proof of all that is necessary to destroy your pretty card-house of forgeries, false seals, false marks, deeds, registers, and attestations. Sit down, man, and be reasonable."

"You offer me grand things, madam," said Weevil, after she had talked to him for half an hour, "but you require, naturally, some service in return?"

"Where is Gabriel?" she asked, and he started again.

"How do I know?"

"And Zingro?"

"How can I tell; possibly with Gabriel."

"Send for them both. Tush! Why play the hypocrite with me? You can trust Micah?"

"He is like a brute beast that never reveals a secret," was the notary's response.

"Then I want them all three. Write to me, at this address, when they are ready. If Micah is nervous, talk to him about the Four Cross Roads of Radleigh. Good day, my dear Mr. Weevil."

After this little adventure Ethelred Merrowby continued her journey to London, whither she had been preceded, however, by Fairfax and Markham Leigh. The lieutenant entertained, no doubt, a certain degree of contempt for his companion on account of the questionable transactions in which he had been engaged; but, after all, he pitied rather than despised him, and discovered not a few meritorious qualities in his character. Fairfax, indeed, had been dragged at a distance, in the track of his miserable brother; never leaguely with him in the great crimes of his career, but, as a



dependent, often associating with him in his shabby schemes, and in plans for concealing his numerous offences upon society.

"Where do you stay, when in London?" inquired Markham Leigh.

With somewhat of a blush upon his countenance Fairfax mentioned an old, dilapidated lodging-house near Drury Lane.

"It was there you purchased the antidote?"

"Close by."

"Did the poison come from the same hands?"

"I suspect it; I do not know, however."

"How was it that the antidote failed at last?"

"Her heart-strings were broken by the excitement of recovering her baby."

"I doubt it," thought the lieutenant, but he kept his suspicions to himself. "Watch well," he added aloud, "the abode of the man who sold the antidote."

Fairfax went to the old lodging-house near Drury Lane, and Markham Leigh betook himself to the residence of the Countess Inez.

"The title is yours, my child," replied her father, when she objected to disguising herself any longer in a false nobility, "I obtained it for you by grant and license from the Brazilian Government. Retain it, at all events, until the last of these mysteries have been cleared up."

Inez received Markham Leigh with joy, and listened with the utmost agitation to his account of Sir Egerton Radleigh's fate; the reappearance of Laura's husband, and her self-condemnation to perpetual captivity in a foreign land. She was entering into particulars relating to the Devonmore family, when Lord Devonmore himself was announced, and immediately afterwards a messenger from Fairfax.

"So soon!" ejaculated the lieutenant to himself, as he opened the letter. It contained only a few words—

"She—the dark woman—your sister's mother—has been at the druggist's shop you know of."

Two hours later another messenger arrived, and the missive contained only a single word.

"Again!"

Without waiting to learn from Inez the purport of Lord Devonmore's visit, Markham Leigh hurried to the ancient lodging-house near Drury Lane. Fairfax was not in his room. But, as the lieutenant was slowly descending the staircase, he passed him in violent haste.

"Don't stop me," he cried—"wait!"

In a few moments he came down again, and, seizing his friend's arm, hastened into the street.

"See," he said, pulling out a paper; "this is what she told me when her mind was clear and calm. I made her repeat it a hundred times. Dark faces—black hair—piercing eyes—white teeth—middle height—one with a scarred mouth, the other has lost a finger."

"What on earth are you raving about," said the lieutenant, jerking his arm to point out how the passers-by were staring. "What is all this rigmorole?"

"Names—Gabriel and Zingro," continued Fairfax, without heeding him. "How to find out that? Through dress—but no matter. They would not wear their own in London, of course. I tell you the assassins of Major Sterndale met Ethelred Merrowby outside of yonder druggist's door not a quarter of an hour ago. Watch! Here, under the archway. She is coming this way again!"

It was dusk. Ethelred, plainly dressed, and wearing a thick veil, which could not, however, disguise her from Fairfax, was walking quietly down Drury Lane. She passed the archway without remarking the two men ensconced beneath it.

"Boy!" said Fairfax, addressing a young urchin on the pavement, "I will give you a shilling to overtake that woman and call out, 'Gabriel! Gabriel!' to her."

The lad demanded a repetition of the spell he was to pronounce, bounded off like a deer, outstripped the woman, danced back towards her, and shouted the magic name. She tottered upon hearing it. Immediately after another young vagrant, similarly instructed, called, "Zingro!" after her, and her manner completely satisfied Fairfax. It was evident, he thought, that she knew the murderers of Major Sterndale, that they were Gabriel and Zingro, that Gabriel and Zingro were the men who had been whispering to her on the doorstep of the druggist's house.

"What do you make out of it all?" inquired Markham Leigh, when Fairfax had explained his meaning. "Poor Lady Radleigh is dead, and her statement was not made upon oath."

"Be easy," answered Fairfax. "Now, return to Albany House, and ascertain what was said and done by my Lord Devonmore."

There had not been much for my Lord Devonmore to say or do. He had been to the castle, and had ascertained that the body of the Countess Ernest Clifton, disguised in death, had been mysteriously removed from the secret vault of the old disused chapel in the park, and more mysteriously still, deposited in the vaults of Devonmore.

"The long excruciated dead," he concluded, "have

found admittance. It is time that I opened my door to the living."

"And the evening of your life, grandfather," responded the beautiful Inez, "will thus be hallowed. But where can Percy Temple be? He saw the great red coffin removed. He saw who removed it."

"Not your father?"

"No."

"Nor Lorraine?"

"No."

"Then whom did he see?"

"One who, for awhile, called him son. And a notary of Sandwich. And a sexton."

"The cloud is melting away," murmured the venerable peer. "There will be no stain upon the coronet that sits upon the brow of my child!"

## CHAPTER XLII

They say that none visit him—except wicked men;  
Perhaps wicked women, too, if such there be—  
But surely there are none?

### The Lady's Revenge.

LONG after Markham Leigh had left him, Fairfax remained standing on the pavement in Drury Lane. He was gradually disentangling the threads of the new plot. That there was a plot, and a deadly one, he felt assured. He saw that Ethelred was treading in the steps of Sir Egerton Radleigh, and no omen could be more fatal; but to whom? To Inez, to Lord Devonmore, to Cecil, or Ernest Clifton, to Markham Leigh, or to himself? He could imagine no possible motive. Then, once more he asked himself, to whom? The question baffled him. He suggested another. What, judging from her character, would be Ethelred's most probable incentive? Revenge, certainly. And who had inflicted upon her the wrong most likely to exasperate her jealous and ambitious nature. Who but Pearl, now the Lady Margaret Clifton, who stood in the position which her child, her lovely and proud Laura, had occupied? Pearl, too, had been abducted, and was in danger.

Of one thing Fairfax was certain. Ethelred was preparing a double scheme for the fulfilment of her vengeance. She held poison in one hand and a dagger in the other; and the mysterious protection which had hitherto saved Pearl's life appeared to have been withdrawn. Another inference, too, amounted almost to a certainty. Ethelred had an object to gain, in connection with the druggist, which was not yet accomplished. They would return.

"I will wait all night, if necessary," muttered Fairfax, "but I will make sure whether anything is to be settled before morning."

He had not to wait all night, but it was long before anything occurred which rewarded his vigilance. The shops were closed, the lights in the windows were extinguished, the drinking dens were emptied of their human riff-raff; the oil-lamps faintly twinkled, at distant intervals down the long, tortuous thoroughfare of Drury Lane; and the footsteps of a solitary, feeble watchman died away in the direction of Holborn. The last straggler had gone home; the last human misery that haunted the place was out of sight within the dark doorways.

"Only a single window lighted up," said Fairfax to himself, "and that is the druggist's. Suppose I invented a reason for disturbing him, even at this hour? One of his potions administered by mistake? But here are some late wanderers."

He hid himself, and two men walked noiselessly down the street, on the opposite side of the way. They halted within a few yards of him, and peered about them.

"The gipsies," he said to himself, "by all that's wicked!"

They crossed the road, and were close to his hiding place, beneath the archway.

"Hist!" said one. "Whose step is that?"

"The watchman's."

"Step aside, and let him pass. Don't so much as breathe!"

Sheltering themselves within the shadow of the archway, they waited, soundless as death, until the watchman had wheezed and puffed himself by.

"Now then," said Gabriel.

"You lead on," responded Zingro.

"Gabriel!" was uttered by Fairfax, from the cavernous depths of the archway.

Accustomed to peril and surprise, the two men raised no cry, but sought the innermost darkness of the recesses in which they had stood; held their breath, and listened.

"I heard my name," said the King of the Gipsies—by no means so rural a character as his name imported.

"Zingro!" responded Fairfax.

Gabriel turned fiercely round and spoke: "Who are you?—who are you calling?"

"Gabriel and Zingro," he answered. "I was told to say Weevil, and Micah, and The Lady. I come from her."

"What is it?" they eagerly asked. "Come out into the light. What's your name?"

"Four Cross Roads," he replied, but in a tone so utterly unmeaning, that, though they momentarily started, it excited no alarm. "Four Cross Roads, I was told to say. But I must get back."

He came forth, and stood under a lamp, making not the least attempt at concealment. He had resumed his old Drury Lane attire—the greasy coat, out at elbows, battered but jaunty hat, the flashy scarf, even the boots that were bursting from his feet. Precisely such a man did he appear as the notary Weevil would trust.

"We have found her," he said, taking his companions by the arms. "Lonely house on the skirt of Hampstead Heath. Pilgrim Lodge it is called. The name is painted on the gate. Be sure to mark the right one! Then watch it. In four hours, come back and meet me here!"

"Where's our pay to come from?" they both inquired in a breath.

"Here!" he rejoined, producing a purse. "It's full. I might have meddled with it, but I left it to you. You'll share with me, of course!"

"Right!" said the master gipsy, allotting to Fairfax about a tenth of the sum, which he accepted with an affection of servility. There'll be more, I suppose," he remarked, "where this came from?"

The gipsies, with the light and swift step peculiar to their race, glided away. Fairfax resumed his station, and again waited. Would Ethelred return? Had she an appointment with these men? Would she keep it? Would she visit the druggist—obviously on the watch for some one—or had she been alarmed by the terrible names which the very outcasts of the kennel had shouted in her ears?

The question was speedily answered, for the woman came towards the archway, walking with hurried step, and glancing behind her every instant, as though fearing to be pursued. A sudden idea occurred to Fairfax. He fancied she would wait for the men. Therefore, creeping up the court, to the door of the druggist's house, he stood there, with his eyes fixed upon the narrow space of light produced by the lamp that swung out from the archway. Before long, a figure darkened the little illuminated crescent. Quick as thought, Fairfax touched a bell-handle close to the druggist's door, which was instantaneously opened by a mechanism acting from above. Shutting it softly after him, he took up a huge lantern which was burning on a great oaken table, mounted a few steps of the staircase, and held up the lantern before his face.

There was another rattle, as of a metallic pulley, at the door, and this time the mechanism from above was jerked as if impatiently. Clearly, the druggist was not in the habit of allowing his customers to ring a second time.

The door opened, and Ethelred Merrowby stepped forward as it gently closed again. She saw Fairfax, with the light shining full in his face, as he stood on the staircase, confronting her, with something like a smile upon his lips.

"You are late!" he said. "Has anything frightened you?"

He could scarcely see her, for the place was very dim; but he knew that her countenance must resemble that of the doomed wretch who hears the prison bell begin to toll.

"You are late, Ethelred Merrowby," he repeated.

"Early or late, what is that to you?" she answered, endeavouring to recover her old effrontery.

"It is *this* to me," he rejoined, advancing towards her, and quietly taking into his strong hand her unresisting wrist, "that you do not go up stairs to-night. You will come with me."

He uttered it so firmly that she only asked him "Where?"

"Not into the druggist's den. Hush, he is coming down to ascertain how his door-fittings have gone wrong. Out into the street, out into the darkness with me, Ethelred Merrowby!"

He almost dragged her out, and they turned into Drury Lane just as a bright radiance streamed across the court, and a long shadow was reflected on the opposite wall.

"Now," he resumed, "whom are you going to poison, my lady?"

She struggled against the strength of his arm, but he held her, remorselessly crushing her wrist within his hard grasp.

"You will not answer? Then I will tell you," he continued. "The Lady Margaret Clifton, or Pearl, as they call her. You were to divide the task with your gipsies."

"It is a lie," she replied in a low voice, but fiercely. "You have been taking into confidence, and bribing into perjury, a pair of miserable tramps. You are an idiot in your new profession, Mr. Fairfax. Take lessons in Bow Street!"

"By no means. I take my lessons from you and from your friends, the eminent firm of Weevil and Micah. You had employed them on a mission, and paid them so much. I have employed them on a

mission, and paid them so much more. They have gone about it to-night."

"What mission?" demanded Ethelred, roused out of her caution by this cool declaration on the part of Fairfax.

"A secret mission, my lady," he answered; "but now I have a use for you. Will you go with me whither I am going, or accompany me to the street close by—a street I need not mention."

"Go with you—where?"

"To Albany House. Not now; to-morrow." In the meantime, as you are fond of the night air, and I have no apartments fit for a lady, we will walk, for it is dawn, and at daylight I mean to introduce you in Park Lane, without the slightest ceremony. "Do that again," he added, as she suddenly tried to wrest her arm from his pitiless hold, "and I will drag you down Bow Street."

The threat sufficed, and she walked suddenly on—a prisoner.

"Your husband," said Fairfax, after a long pause, "would never let you ill treat Pearl, except by keeping her out of the way."

She, in her agony, would have flung herself upon the ground, but he forcibly restrained her.

"Will you be quiet?" he asked.

"What do you mean that talks to me in this style?" she retorted. "Where have you been? Who has duped you?"

"Oh!" he replied, very quietly, and as if compassionately, "the whole scheme has come to light. I am afraid, my lady, that your dreams will not be realised. The best-laid plans will fall through occasionally, and yours is among the failures. But here is Albany House, and you will be particularly welcome, even at five in the morning!"

(To be continued.)

#### THE VIRTUES OF PRECIOUS STONES.

We are accustomed to look at gems only in an artistic light: our forefathers have regarded them in other aspects. Precious stones were prized in old times for the medicinal value they were supposed to possess, as well as for their intrinsic worth and ornamental properties. Apothecaries of old rejoiced in their secret virtues. The amethyst was thought to prevent drunkenness. The diamond was considered a preservative against poison, as well as to possess the virtue of driving away distempers of the mind. The silver-coloured aspidochelone was also useful in cases of lunacy; and there was a sparkling Arabian gem of the same name, which was said to be found in birds' nests, that was considered good for the spleen. *Lapis Arsenicus* was prescribed by physicians to purge melancholic humours, an otherwise indefinable malady with which former generations appear to have been frequently afflicted. *Lapis hematites* was deemed effectual in stopping bleeding. *Lapis Judicus*, a small, olive-shaped, streaked stone, found in Judea, pounded in a mortar and taken inwardly, was thought a certain cure for the stone. *Lapis Nephriticus*, brought from New Spain, only required to be bound upon the arm to cure the same complaint.

The ancients were acquainted with two stones, possessing exactly opposite properties, either of which would be an invaluable adjunct in the hands of our sanitary reformers. The one was *Assius lapis*, brought from Assus, in Mysia, used for coffins because it was thought to consume the bodies inclosed in them; the other, *Cherites*, which had somewhat the appearance of ivory, used for the same purpose, was believed to preserve the remains deposited in them.

*Arabus lapis*, when powdered, was esteemed as a tooth-powder in the days of the early Georges. A black bituminous earth, called *Ampelitis*, was applied to vines to make them thrive. There were artificial stones in as good repute:—*Lapis admirabilis*, made of white vitriol, saltpetre, alum, and sal-ammoniac, was thought highly of as a cure for wounds, scorbutic ulcers, and cataracts of the eye. *Lapis medicamentatus*, made of calcined vitriol, litharge, alum, and "Bole-armenic," was considered invaluable for its property of cleansing the eyes in smallpox and for stopping bleeding. *Lapis prunella*, or saltpetre prepared in a peculiar mode, was accounted very beneficial in fevers and quinsy.

Precious stones were highly prized by alchemists as being of the first service in the transmutation of metals. The *ampelitis* was believed to attract gold as the loadstone attracts iron. *Calamarius lapis* was mixed with copper to turn it into yellow brass. They entertained great hopes of antimony; but when they found that it would not produce gold out of a baser metal they called it the *philosopher's wolf*.

Magicians appear to have been more successful in the uses to which they applied rare stones. *Chelonitis*, so called from its resemblance to the eye of the tortoise, was believed to be the instrument employed by enchanters in stilling tempests. The virtue claimed by Dr. Dee for his divining "beryl" is of a different order. This, he declared, presented to his seer, Kelly, an Irishman—who corroborated his master's assertions,—visions

of departed persons. These who wished to know whether their lamented friends were happy or not could ascertain their exact condition by applying to Dr. Dee, who then directed Kelly to look into the beryl. It was preserved by Horace Walpole. When it was sold with its companion curiosities at Strawberry Hill, it was found to be, simply, a ball of cannel coal. A blind credulity in the properties of magic crystals was one of the fashionable precursors of the present spirit-rapping movement. We allude to the crowded receptions of Zadkiel in 1850. His crystal, which had belonged to Lady Blessington, and had been purchased at the sale of her effects, is described as having the appearance of a turned mass of pure crystal. It was spherical in form, and about 4 inches in diameter. Its especial virtue consisted in its ability, to quote from Zadkiel's Almanack, to give "as most important information of the actual existence of the soul after death, and of the state in which it exists until the judgment." Like Dr. Dee's beryl and modern spirits it required a medium. The seer, a youth, looked into the crystal, and was then asked what he saw. As his reports corresponded with what he thought he was required to see, the owner of the magic mirror drove a prosperous trade.

Another stone, *brentia*, was supposed to fall from on high in thunderstorms. And as another instance of the exaggerations that obtained, the bloodstone, *saccharatus*, was declared to bleed when rubbed on the whetstone.

There was a stone in Padua that was doubtless very precious in its way to many people. It certainly possessed a marvellous virtue. It was called *Opprobrii lapis*, or the stone of reproach. People who owed money that they were unable to repay proceeded to this stone, which was set up in the most public part of the town, and acknowledged the amount of their debt, mentioning the person to whom it was due, and declared their inability to make satisfaction. Upon which they were freed from all prosecutions.

We moderns have not quite given up the idea of finding a jewel in the toad's head; that is to say, the accepted possibility affords a simile to poets when they would indicate hidden treasure. Our forefathers looked for precious stones in still more unlikely places. They found beautiful, white, oval stones in the heads of snails. Probably the finding of pearls in oysters is the origin of these fallacies.

We need scarcely allude to the great antiquity of the popular regard for gems. The jewels Abraham's steward gave to Rebekah at the well may have been but wrought gold and silver; but those on the ephod of Aaron we are told were precious stones; and among the presents the Queen of Sheba brought King Solomon were gold, spices, and precious stones. This appertains more to their genealogy than to their properties.

When we are examining the jewelled wedding presents of the Prince and Princess of Wales, it will not detract from their interest should we call to mind the secret virtues attributed to precious stones in former ages.

#### THE DAWN OF SPRING.

In Aries shines the sun, and lo!  
The flowers their earliest blossoms show;  
And feathered choirs their anthems sing,  
Whilst budding woods proclaim the Spring.

The daisy decks the mountain side,  
Sweet lilies bloom in all their pride;  
The lovely primrose lifts its head  
To tell us dreary winter's fled.

The flowers and lawns with joy behold,  
Nature her vernal robes unfold;  
Yet man forgets the bounteous hand  
That scatters blessings o'er the land.

L. R.

#### HATTON LEE'S MISFORTUNE.

"WHAT, another letter, Rosamond?"

"Yes, and this the third. Isn't it the very queerest thing! If it hadn't been for that letter of introduction from brother Harry, which he enclosed in his first note, I shouldn't have dared to write a word to him. But now—"

"Now the acquaintance is too pleasant to be broken off. Is it not so, my dear?" But she was too much occupied in the perusal of her closely written epistle to answer me.

Rosamond Child and her elder brother Harry were orphans. They had been left to my father's guardianship, and had grown up in our household. Harry was nearly ten years the oldest, however. At the time I have introduced Rosamond to the reader she was seventeen. She had just left school, and her fresh, riant beauty made the inner meaning of her sweet name—the rose of the world—singularly appropriate.

At this same time, her brother Harry was in France, where he had been travelling for nearly three years. He had finished his collegiate course with due honours, at twenty. At twenty-four he had been admitted to the bar, and now, at twenty-seven, was spending a

winter in Paris. He had always been Rosamond's idol. No one so good, or gifted, or handsome in her eyes as brother Harry. She had been even heard to say that she would never marry until she could find his counterpart. All this winter she had been restlessly impatient for his return, until, in the last two weeks, a new object of interest had grown into her maiden meditations.

One night, I think it was the 15th of February, we had been to the opera. On that night, in particular, I thought she had never been so beautiful. She wore a deep azure satin, of just the same shade of colour as her own starry eyes, cut low on the neck, and displaying almost the whole of her fair white arms, with the gold chains upon them. Her neck was bare, save a single string of pearls, and the shrouding curls of her long, sunny hair, now falling veil-like over her shoulders, as she bent eagerly forward, and then pushed together, at the back of her neck, into one shining, glittering mass, with her little impatient hand. Her opera-cloak, a garnet-coloured velvet trimmed with ermine, had fallen off unheeded, and she sat there absorbed, heart and soul, in one of Sontag's impassioned solos.

There could not have been a more perfect picture, I thought, as I watched her parted lips, her expression half-sad, half-smiling, and altogether unconscious; her cheeks with the crimson glow breaking through their whiteness, like the red in the heart of a blush-rose. I looked around with a half-jealous fear lest others should not see all her charms, should not admire her as much as I did, and, so looking, my eyes were caught by a stranger in a box opposite. He was a tall, handsome man, with melancholy, yet most expressive black eyes, a dark, clear complexion, and hair and whiskers cut and arranged after a French fashion. When I first saw him he was looking steadily at Rosamond through his opera glass. Presently, however, he put it down, and taking from his pocket a small velvet case, which looked as if it might contain a miniature, he gazed at it for a moment with an expression of eager interest, and then replaced it in his pocket.

I was always fond of studying character, or puzzling at pantomime, "making out," as the author of "Jane Eyre" would call it, and I had presently decided that the stranger must have discovered in Rosamond a likeness to some face well known and dearly loved. A gentleman sat at his right hand with whom I had a mere bowing acquaintance. I fancied he had accompanied the stranger to the evening's entertainment, for, presently, my dark-eyed hero, taking a pencil and paper from his pocket, wrote a few words rapidly, and handed them to him. The gentleman read them, raised his *lorgnette* and looked for a moment at Rosamond and then pencilled a few words in reply. Rose had seen none of this by-play. She loved music passionately and was a more than ordinary vocalist herself, and her attention was fully absorbed by the performance. I determined to keep what I had seen to myself, for I felt a singular impression, half a presentiment, that I should yet know more of the dark-eyed stranger, that in some way his destiny was linked with Rosamond's.

The next day, a letter was put into Rosamond's hands, directed in an unfamiliar though elegant chirography. As she opened it a note dropped to the floor, in the well-known hand of her brother Harry. This she picked up and read first, aloud.

"MY OWN ROSAMOND,—My friend, Mr. Hatton Lee, is about leaving for England. The few months in which we have been companions have made him almost my brother, and with all my heart I recommend him to your intimate friendship. I feel sure that his very misfortune will add to your interest in him. He has seen your miniature, and sometimes I have given him a peep into your letters, and he earnestly desires to make your acquaintance. When he comes to London he will seek you out, and for my sake, as well as his own, I have promised him a welcome."

"BROTHER HARRY."

She read this letter with a look of perplexity on her fair face.

"What do you suppose his misfortune is, Kate?"

"I'm sure I cannot guess, Rosamond. Perhaps the other letter will tell us. Read on and let us see."

"MISS ROSAMOND CHILDE—I trust the sealed letter which I have the honour to enclose to you from your brother will contain my apology for thus boldly addressing you. Will you let me write to you for a little while? I believe your brother has bespoken for me your friendship, and I am sure, when you know of my misfortune, you will not wonder that I have chosen this method of commencing an acquaintance. I so strongly desire to make. I went to the opera last night, not of course for the sake of the music; but I enjoyed the acting, and I had been told I should see you there. I recognised you at once from my remembrance of the admirable miniature of you in Mr. Child's possession. I have taken this method of communication to inquire if you are willing to ratify the promise of friendship, made in your behalf, by your brother and my esteemed friend.—I am, dear lady, most respectfully, your obedient servant, HATTON LEE."



"Well," I said, as she finished reading, "we are none the wiser, as yet, on the subject of Mr. Lee's misfortune. Shall you answer his letter?"

Of course, I knew well enough that she would. Rosamond was a sensitive and deep-feeling girl, with a pretty thorough sub-structure of romance underlying her character, and there could have been no more successful appeal to her feelings than this same mysterious, unexplained misfortune. There was a suspicious mistiness in her eyes as she answered me—

"Yes, Kate, I think I ought to reply to it. You see Harry wants me to be his friend, and then, poor fellow, he's evidently very unhappy."

"I don't understand him. I have it, Rose, he must be deaf and dumb!"

"Deaf and dumb, Kate? I did not think you could be so absurd."

It was a full hour before she came down—her face all sunshiny, now—holding in her hand a delicate, dainty, rose-coloured note.

"I shall have to show it to you, Kate, you bad, provoking old tease. I wouldn't send it off without, for anything."

I took it into my hand and read it through. There had been a little tremor in her fingers, which the dainty, Italian characters revealed; and there was, running all through it, just the sweetest touch of maiden coyness and timidity struggling with the earnestness with which she sought to assure him that whatever his misfortune was, it could make no difference in her reception of him, save this, if he needed her pity, for that, she should like him better—he was dear brother Harry's friend, he could not fail to be hers. I read it through very slowly, and then handed it back to her.

"But you don't say anything, Kate. Is it wrong? Is there any harm in it?"

"None, darling, not the least in the world; only, Rose, I was thinking how vulnerable your affections are through these quick-flowing sympathies. Already you are deeply interested in that man. See that you do not make Harry repent his introduction, by learning to love him."

She made no answer, but a deep blush overspread her face, as she left the room to seal her letter.

It was nearly ten days before we heard again from Mr. Hatton Lee. In the meantime, as girls will, we talked of him constantly. I had no doubt, in my own mind, that he and my dark-eyed stranger at the opera were one and the same person; but I had not yet revealed that incident to Rose. I determined to wait and see.

On the morning of the tenth day, as we sat in the parlour, a servant brought in another note to Rosamond. This time, as before, she read it out aloud. After expressing great gratitude for her kindness in writing to him, he said—

"You would have heard from me at once, but since your note came, I have been very ill. I am nearly recovered, however, and I desire very earnestly to continue our acquaintance. Thanks for your most kind invitation to visit you, but I dare not avail myself of it until you are fully cognisant of my misfortune. It is not pecuniary, as you seem to suppose. I am not poor; my income is sufficient for my wants, but will you find it possible—your wish with your keen sense of the beautiful of which Harry used to talk—to bear in an acquaintance, with personal deformity?"

The tears glittered brightly in Rosamond's eyes, as she finished reading. This time I did not see the answer to her letter.

The next morning, I noticed the suppressed impatience with which she listened for the postman's knock. She was not disappointed. Mr. Lee's third letter was put into her hands, and it was with the reception of that that our story opened. This time she did not read it out aloud.

"Kate," she said, trying to steady her voice, "Kate, it is too terrible. How I pity him. You were right in your random guess. He is a deaf mute. This is why he could not enjoy the music at the opera. Oh, Kate, isn't it dreadful? He was not always so. It was brought upon him by disease. He wants to come and see me, but he says he can only communicate with me by writing, unless I understand the alphabet of signs—*the dialect of his misfortune!*"

"Shall you ask him to come?"

"Shall I! How can you ask, Kate? Is he not Harry's friend? Do you think I'd wound him more by seeming not to want to see him? He has enough to bear now, poor fellow. You don't know how beautiful this letter is!"

She was gone a long time up stairs, to answer that letter, and when she came down, I noticed that her lashes were wet, but underneath them, her eyes shone with a clear, tender light.

That evening Hatton Lee made his first visit. I was in the parlour when he came, and my expectations were verified—my stranger of the opera was before me. There was something singularly graceful in his manner; something very winning in his sweet, yet melancholy smile. When he came in, he handed

his card to Rosamond, and, taking her pencil, she wrote rapidly a few words, I presume of welcome, on its back. I rose, at this juncture, and went out. I knew the interview must be embarrassing to them both.

After that, he came daily. Often he would take Rose out with him to drive. Once my father attempted to remonstrate against this growing intimacy, but what could we do? Rose, dear child, had always had her own way, and then Mr. Lee was Harry's especial friend, recommended to her by Harry. We could not forbid her to receive him. She did not take me into her confidence in this matter, but I knew that, night after night, her pillow was wet with tears, and I conjectured her interest in her brother's friend was deepening to a painful intensity. I did not, however, share my father's alarm, lest she should love him.

At last, one evening, I sat waiting for her in the room we occupied together. It was nearly midnight. I should think his visits had been continued, now, for about three weeks. As I sat, idly dreaming over an illustrated volume of Longfellow, I heard the street door close, and a moment after, Rosamond burst into the room and threw herself weeping into my arms.

"Oh, Kate, I have promised to marry him. I am my own no longer. I shall be his wife."

"To marry him! To marry Hatton Lee, that deaf and dumb man! Oh, Rose, you cannot, you shall not—you have not promised to do this?"

She sprang from my arms, and stood before me, drawing up her slight figure to its fullest height, lifting proudly her young, erect head, with all the glory of its sunny hair:

"Kate, do I understand you? Would you taunt him with his misfortune? Would you love him less because God's hand had been laid upon him heavily?"

"Not taunt him, Rose, never—but oh, to marry such a man! You will be wretched. You cannot bear it. You will blush with shame every moment of your life."

"You say that, because you don't know me or him. He is my pride, my glory. If I blush, it will be because I am not more worthy of him. What do I care for the world, when one syllable that his hand has traced is dearer to me than all the world put together? To-night when I told him I would be his wife, he took me in his arms and kissed me. Oh, I knew something then, what people mean when they talk about fullness of joy. I have but one sorrow. He loved another, once, but she wronged him, she betrayed his trust. She gave him up for a titled lover. I cannot bear, Kate, that he should have loved another ever; that he should have dreamed of a future passed at her side. But oh, I know he did not love her as he does me. He says he didn't, and she was false to him. Ah, I could never be that."

Sick as my heart was at the thought of the terrible sacrifice which it seemed to me she was making, I could not refuse her my sympathy. But oh, how angry I was with Hatton Lee! If he loved her, I thought, he would not let her sacrifice herself so; would not consent to darken her future with the gloom of his own fate. I had no faith in his professions.

The next morning my father received a letter from him, asking his consent to his marriage with Miss Childe. My father sent for Rose. He argued with her a long time, striving to move her from her purpose. I think she succeeded in convincing him that her whole life's happiness was involved. At length he said that he would neither take the responsibility of consenting or refusing. He would write to her brother, that morning, and by Harry's decision they would abide.

The letter was dispatched, and in the week that succeeded, before an answer came, the lovers were constantly together, and I realised more and more how deeply Rosamond's life was bound up in his. I do not think her delicate organization could have survived the shock of a separation.

It was a day of rapturous joy for her when Harry's answer came. It endorsed her choice entirely. He wrote emphatically—

"Despite his misfortune, there is not a man on earth to whom I would sooner trust my sister's happiness than to Hatton Lee."

Of course, my father could withhold his consent no longer. The marriage was settled for the first of June. This arrangement gave Rosamond only three weeks for her preparations, but Mr. Lee had set his heart upon it, and she could refuse him nothing. It was touching to see the exquisite tenderness and delicacy of her devotion—her constant care that he should be consulted about everything—that he should see that his opinion and his tastes were of as much importance as any gayer bridegroom's could have been.

Those three weeks were busy ones—filled up with constant hurrying to and fro, from milliners' to dress-makers, and then to the sempstresses who were sewing indefatigably. Rosamond's only regret was, that darling brother Harry couldn't be present at the wedding; but it had been settled that they should join him in Paris as soon as the ceremony was performed, and so she made up her mind to his absence quite contentedly.

I must confess, little as I liked this wedding, I had a woman's enjoyment in the splendour of the *trousseau*, and the excitement of its preparation. Nevertheless

I found time to note carefully every expression on Rose's face. I believe I was conscious of a certain desperate intention to tear her away from him at the very altar, if I detected a single shadow of discontent. But I saw nothing but happiness on her young, innocent face.

It was the very night before the wedding. So near had Rosamond Childe come with unshrinking footsteps to her destiny—to being the wife of a deaf and dumb husband. It was the soft June twilight. The house had not yet been lighted up. I lay on a sofa, in the shadow. Rose sat at the window. I don't think she was conscious of my presence. She sat there, her delicate profile turned toward me, her face leaning upon her hand, looking out of the window. I doubt if she saw anything there, however. I think her azure eyes were looking farther on, striving to read that future, so near now, she could not see a single thing.

At length the door open very stillly. The sound did not attract her attention. It was Mr. Lee, so frequent a visitor, now, that he came in without ceremony. I think he did not see me. He went up to her and laid his hand upon her hair. Then a deep, rich, manly voice said—

"You have borne this bravely, my Rose, Rose of the world."

I could not stir. I was struck dumb for the moment with astonishment. She turned toward him. She did not faint—there was no such weakness in her nature—but *what a look* was on her face—joy, doubt, terror, hope, wonder. She did not speak.

"Rose," he said, sitting down beside her, and drawing her towards him very tenderly, "Rose, I believe you have faith in me. Promise me, beforehand, that you will forgive me if you think I have done wrong?"

"I promise."

"Rose, I have told you of one who wronged me once. I did not love her as I love you, God knows I didn't, and yet when she deserted me, I felt as if all the joy was blotted out of life. I lost all my faith in women. A year had passed, and I had begun to get a little more reconciled to existence, when I met your brother. We soon became intimate. I told him my story, one night, and I remember adding that I believed all women were alike, faithless and treacherous. He defended the sex warmly; he told me of two true women whom he had left at home—you, dearest, and Kate. I soon discovered that Kate was the ideal lady of his dreams."

Oh, reader, with what a thrill I, the listener, of whose presence neither of them thought, heard this sentence. Harry loved me. Not in vain, then, had I carried his image night and day in my heart, scarcely daring to acknowledge, even to myself, that it filled the holy of holies of my being. Intent as I was on Mr. Lee's strange story, these words thrilled me through and through with a swift, electric current of joy, and for a moment I heard nothing. When I recovered, my presence of mind, he was saying—

"And so it went on, Rose, until, without ever having seen you, I had learned madly to love you. I think Harry was pleased—he had no objection to me for a brother—he knew you well, and thought I could win you. One night he was speaking of your disinterestedness. 'Why, Hatton,' he said, 'she would marry a deaf and dumb man if she loved him.' Out of that grew our wild plan—I think it was as much Harry's as mine—that I should so test your strength of love; that I should come to London, and strive to win you in the character of a deaf mute."

"And so you never were deaf and dumb, after all?"

"No; only by means of a most stoical resolution which I found it very hard to keep."

"Why did you, then? You must know that I'm not engaged to marry you, now that I know you're an impostor."

"Ah, but I've some one to plead for me now. I pledged my word to Harry that I wouldn't deceive you until he came, and now he's here, and he'll make you forgive me. Harry!" He uttered the last word in a raised voice.

Again the door opened, but as Harry came in I rushed out by him, as swift as light. I ran to my father and told the story. He was indignant, as I had expected. He growled a little savagely about humbug and imposition, but Harry was his favourite of all the world, and the news that he had come went a long way towards putting him in good humour. At length we went down stairs. I found Rose more angry than I had ever known her before, at the deception.

However, it was all made up. We had our wedding the next day, and Harry and I stood up with the happy pair.

Two years have passed since then, and yesterday I attended the christening of a little Rose Lee. She had a good, loud voice, as she made manifest for the edification of the company, though Rosamond insisted that she expected nothing but that the child would be deaf and dumb in good earnest, to pay her father for that shocking make-believe.

Next month there will be another wedding at our house. Harry is to settle down at home, at last; and I, I, Kate Ashley, am to wear the orange blossom in my hair.

L. O. M.

## THE LONDON READER.

LONDON, MONDAY, MAY 11, 1863.

## THE CAPTURED MAIL BAGS.

THERE are many who yet have a vivid recollection of the hornets' nest into which the late Sir James Graham, in a fit of official caprice, unfortunately thrust his hand when he ventured to violate the sacredness of the British postal service by ordering letters addressed to private individuals, to be opened and examined by his subordinates. The outburst of public indignation on that occasion echoed from one end of Great Britain to the other, and throughout the land there was but one opinion—that a flagrant wrong had been committed, which no explanation or subterfuge could be allowed to justify; and the consequence ensued that the practice, which had just crept into one department of the public service, was at once abandoned, and all claim of right to violate the integrity of the mail-bags was repudiated by the Government whose over-zealous servant received but scant thanks from his colleagues for so foolishly hazarding their position.

His thanks were small—but not so the opprobrium and disgrace which he brought upon himself personally by the unwarrantable system he had intended to introduce to the public service of the country. For a considerable time, it may be remembered, the epithets of "Spy" and "Letter-stealer" clung to the unlucky Secretary like the shirt of Nessus. It is true the honourable baronet was spared to live down the odium he had brought upon himself, and by his usefulness as a public man to obliterate much of the stain that had attached itself to his public character. Since his day, and with the recollection of his narrow escape before them, no British statesman or servant of the Crown, has ventured to try the experiment of tampering with the correspondence of the people.

But it appears that an act, which no official in this country, however high his position, can do with impunity, may be tolerated, if not connived at, when perpetrated by the agents of a foreign state. It will be well, perhaps, for the present Secretary of State—by whom the correspondence between the British Government and the Federal States of America is conducted—if he can be roused from the lethargy with which his cherished idea of neutrality has afflicted him, to act on this most sensitive point, as regards the English people, with a becoming spirit, and so convince the American Government that a wrong which would not be submitted to, if attempted in our own country and by our own public men, shall not be committed with impunity in any other.

We are, or rather we are told we are, at peace with America—that the relations of the two countries are perfectly amicable! Such is the language held night after night by Earl Russell before the peers, and intended to be believed by the people. This being the case, there can be no pretext for the officers of President Lincoln laying hands upon the mail-bags, closed with the official seal of the British Post-office, and addressed to the public and known representative of this country at a foreign port. That by a violation of international law the vessel carrying such mail may be captured and condemned as prize to the captors, in no wise affects the immunity that surrounds the officially-sealed correspondence of the subjects of a friendly Government, which, under the protection of such seal, has ever been recognised as inviolable.

To make the wrong more flagrant, and the insult more intolerable, it seems the British Consul at New York was invited to be present when the mail-bags and letters, seized in the Peterhoff, were proposed to be opened by the Federal officers, and to receive, from among such letters, those which, in the discretion of the American authorities, were not tainted by any expression of sympathy for the Southern Confederacy—this humiliation had an alternative yet more degrading, the Consul was, if he chose, to be at liberty himself to examine the letters of his countrymen, and to pick out from them all that might be of service to the Federal cause, by affording information connected with British sympathy for the South, and for the cause for which it is struggling—in other words, the British Consul at New York was invited to take upon himself the office of a spy, and denouncer of his countrymen. Happily for the honour of his country, the insult was indignantly repelled, and he demanded, as he was perfectly justified in doing, that the bags and letters should be delivered to him unopened and intact. His spirited conduct was backed by the demand of Lord Lyons, that the bags should be at once given up unopened.

The conduct of the American Government in this matter is directly opposed to its own version of the rights of neutrals. So recently as August last, Mr. Seward, in a letter to one of his subordinates, directed that instruction should be explicitly given to the naval officers of the United States upon this subject among

others connected with the service on which they were engaged. After instructions as to the limits within which they are not to seize foreign vessels—the injunction always to exhibit their flag before commencing hostilities, and the imperative duty of searching the ship before it is seized, the instructions proceed thus:—And, finally, "That official seals, or locks, or fastenings, of foreign authorities are in no case, nor on any pretext, to be broken, or parcels covered by them read by any naval authorities of the United States; but all bags or other things conveying such parcels, and duly sealed or fastened by foreign authorities, will be, in the discretion of the United States officer to whom they may come, delivered to the consul, commanding naval officer, or legation of the foreign Government, to be opened, upon the understanding that whatever is contraband or important as evidence concerning the character of a captured vessel will be remitted to the prize court or to the Secretary of State at Washington; or such sealed bags or parcels may be at once forwarded to this department, to the end that the proper authorities of the foreign Government may receive the same without delay."

Now here is a distinct and unequivocal recognition of the inviolability of the official seal by which the mail-bags of a friendly state are supposed to be hermetically closed until placed in the hands of the accredited authority of the nation to which such bags belong; and yet, on the face of it, upon no conceivable pretext whatever, except that of offering a gratuitous insult to the English nation, the bags are not only to be opened, and such of the contents abstracted as it may suit the will of the Federal officers to select, but the British consul himself is sneeringly asked to attend and witness his dishonour.

It is true that at the last moment, and under pressure from the British Minister, the mail-bags have been given up unopened; but the fact does not alter the animus that prompted their seizure, or palliate the offensive manner in which they were detained by the American officials.

THE IGNORANT.—He that is not aware of his ignorance, will be only misled by his knowledge.

ADVICE, like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

THE figure of justice is placed on the cupola of a court-house to indicate that she is above the reach of the multitude.

SONG OF THE LINNET.—The song of the linnet is sweet beyond the power of expression. Its melody falls on the ear most charmingly. Now, it is full of musical jerks and harmonious snatches; anon, deep and singularly expressive; then again, we hear him softly trilling his lay of love, and discoursing the most simple strains of suppressed rapture. His little soul is "all music" when he is happy. With such a companion, the world can never be a wilderness. And how affectionate he is! Hard must that heart be which can find no sympathy with so sweet a minstrel.

BEST MODE OF FASTENING DROP FLIES.—The mode of making a tail line, and the manner of fixing the droppers or jacks on, which will be found to meet the requirements of the knowing flyfisher. The line is put together in the ordinary slip-knot fashion, with this difference, that a loop about half an inch long is left at the place where the droppers are wanted, and is made by doubling the length of gut at the end when tying together, and so forming the loop. The dropper must have the end of the gut knotted once, and so fixed to the loop that by drawing in the way the strain comes it holds firmly, and to release it, to replace other flies, has only to be pushed the reverse way, when it is immediately at liberty; and will wear well, besides being a good method to keep the fly well from the line when in action.

A CIRCASSIAN DWARF.—I must tell you of a visit I paid to a Circassian lady, the wife of a Russian. On entering the room I found the lady sitting on a sofa with a table before it, as is customary in every Russian house; she was engaged with other visitors on our entrance. I approached and was formally introduced by Mr. Atkinson, with whom she was already acquainted; a seat was offered to me near her. The other visitors shortly departed, when we chatted for nearly an hour. She was a delightful woman, clever and very witty, also very beautiful, with a large well-formed head, thick luxuriant hair, stout, but not too stout for so tall a woman as she appeared to be. When we rose to depart I again shook hands with her, and, as she was an invalid, I begged her not to rise, as I saw it was her intention to do; but she insisted, and actually slid down from the sofa on which she was sitting, and there before me stood a dwarf! As I looked down at her, how I restrained my laughter is more than I can tell; sitting, she appeared a very tall woman; but the comical figure she presented when walking across the room with me was ludicrous in the extreme. Whether the husband, who was a very tall man, had been attracted by her singular appearance, or by her money

(for she was exceedingly rich), I cannot say. I presume my countenance must have betrayed something of what was passing through my mind, for the husband had a peculiar smile and droll look as I bade him adieu. Right glad did I feel when I was seated in my sledge, where I could indulge in a hearty laugh.—*Recollections of Tartar Steppes and their Inhabitants. By Mrs. Atkinson.*

POETRY.—By poetry we mean certain feelings expressed in certain language. Poetical feelings are merely, in other words, all the highest and purest feelings of our nature—feelings therefore, which, considering what we generally are, cannot but be of rare occurrence. It has been truly said that

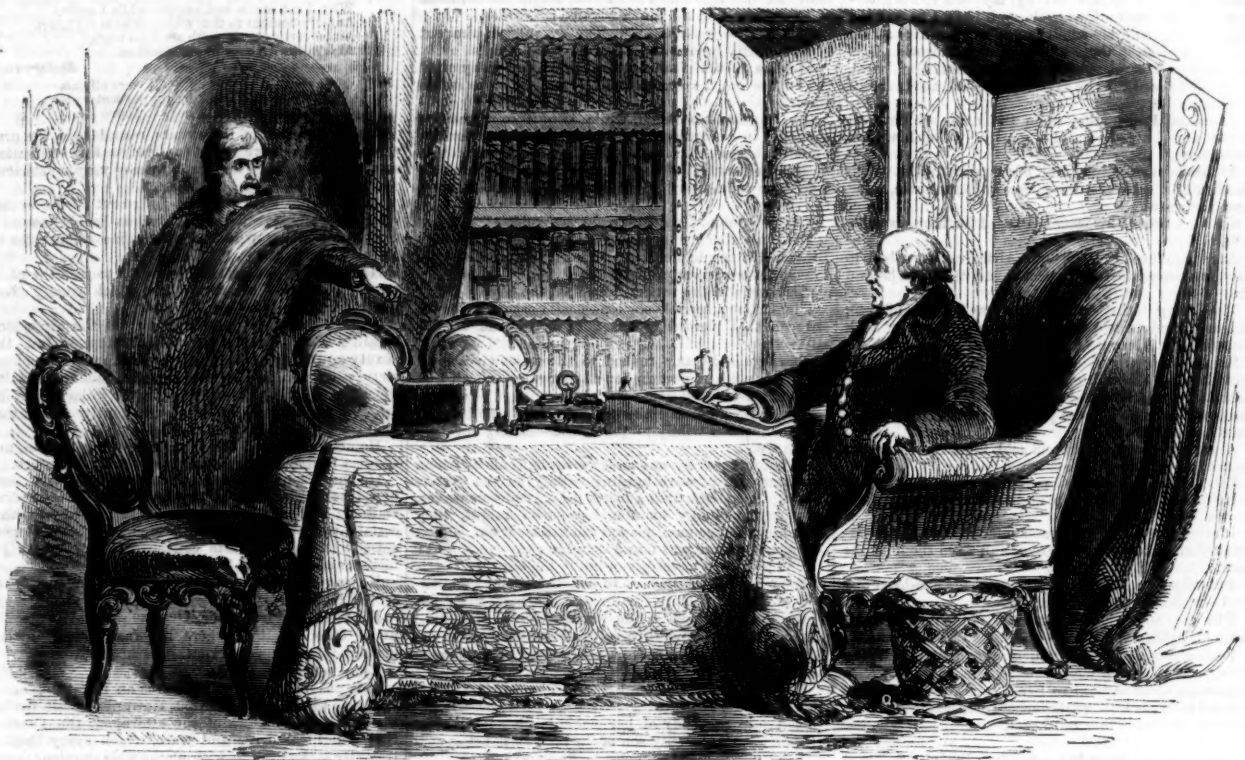
Our better mind  
Is, like a Sunday's garment, then put on  
When we have nought to do; but at our work  
We wear a worse for thrift.

Our common temper, therefore, which is but too generally cold, and selfish, and worldly, is altogether unpoetical; but let anything occur to put us above ourselves—anything to awaken our devotion, our admiration, or our love—any danger to call forth our courage, any distress to awaken our pity, any great emergency to demand the sacrifice of our own comfort, or interest, or credit for the sake of others—then we experience for the time a poetical temper and poetical feelings; for the very essence of poetry is, that it exalts and ennobles us, and puts us into a higher state of mind than that which we are commonly living in.—*Dr. Arnold.*

## COMING EVENTS.

Ranelagh Yacht Club; first match—Tuesday, May 12.  
Royal Thames Yacht Club; opening trip—Saturday, May 16.  
Hoare and Tagg, to scull from Putney to Mortlake for £50 a-side—Monday, May 18.  
Nemesis Rowing Club, Manchester; Fours (trial heats) Wednesday, May 20.  
Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club; opening trip—Thursday, May 21.  
Royal Northern Yacht Club; opening cruise—Thursday, May 21.  
Nemesis Rowing Club, Manchester; Fours (final heat) Friday, May 22.  
Royal Mersey Yacht Club; opening cruise—Saturday, May 23.  
Belfour Pair-oared Race—Saturday, May 23.  
Thames Rowing Club; Fours—Saturday, May 23.  
West London Rowing Club; Trial Fours—Monday, May 25.  
Ilex Rowing Club; Pair-oared Gigs—Monday, May 25.  
Royal London Yacht Club; first and second classes—Wednesday, May 27.  
Royal Thames Yacht Club; first and third classes—Thursday, May 28.  
Sons of the Thames Regatta—Wednesday, June 3.  
London Rowing Club; Layton Fours—Saturday, June 6.  
Royal London Yacht Club; third class and extra match—Wednesday, June 10.  
Prince of Wales Yacht Club; match for all yachts under 15 tons—Wednesday, June 10.  
Royal Thames Yacht Club; second and fourth classes—Thursday, June 11.  
Durham Regatta—Monday, June 15.  
Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club Regatta at Cantley—Thursday, June 18.  
Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland Regatta—Thursday, June 18.  
Thames Rowing Club; Pair-oared Gigs—Saturday, June 20.  
Ariel Rowing Club; Junior Sculls—Saturday, June 20.  
West London Rowing Club; Pair-oared Gigs—Monday, June 22.  
Ilex Rowing Club; Fours—Tuesday, June 23.  
Royal Mersey Yacht Club Regatta—Friday, June 26.  
Royal Thames Yacht Club; Schooner Races—Saturday, June 27.  
Royal Northern Yacht Club Regatta at Dunoon—Tuesday, July 7.  
Ranelagh Yacht Club; second match—Friday, July 10.  
Royal Irish Yacht Club Regatta—Wednesday and Thursday, July 15 and 16.  
Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club Regatta at Wroxham—Thursday, July 16.  
Thames Rowing Club; Four-oared Gigs—Saturday, July 18.  
Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta at Hull—Wednesday and Thursday, July 22 and 23.  
Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta—Wednesday and Thursday, July 22 and 23.  
Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club Regatta at Oulton—Thursday, August 6.  
Shepperton and Hallford Regatta—Friday, August 7.  
Thames Rowing Club; Pair-oared Gigs—Saturday, August 22.  
Thames Rowing Club; Pair-oared Gigs—Saturday, September 19.





## VIOLETTA.

By PERCY R. ST. JOHN,

Author of "Quadroona," "Blythe Hall," "Photographs of the Heart," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER I.

From thy false tears I did distill  
An essence which hath strength to kill;  
From thy own heart I then did wring  
The black blood in its blackest spring;  
From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,  
For there it coil'd as in a brake;  
From thy own lips I drew the charm  
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;  
In proving every poison known,  
I found the strongest was thine own.

It was the fourth of March, 183—

In one of the western counties of England, and on the banks of a wide river, some three miles before it falls into the sea, stands, in a frame of wood and shrubbery, the ancient mansion of the Percivals—upon an eminence whence a superb view of the country may be obtained.

It was an odd, uncertainly-built edifice, which came upon you like a vision of past days, as you waded through the foliage and dark avenues up to its broad porch.

The various owners had followed their own whims in repairing it. One had built up a window—one had added a wing—another had knocked down the ancient stack of chimneys and substituted a row of modern construction. Not one of them had thought of outward elegance, but had studied merely the convenience of the hour.

The glass of the casements was cut into queer diamond shapes—the turrets had no two windows alike. The fish pond had grown green with very disuse, and the tiny boat upon its surface seemed rivetted to its moorings.

Inside the mansion was as odd and as mysterious as could well be desired.

There were long corridors and passages, where you might wander for hours, ever stumbling upon new rooms and old galleries, but never returning to the same spot. In times gone by—in days when the ancestors of the present owner had worn armour and exercised a kind of lordship over the neighbouring hamlets—deeds had been accomplished in some of these chambers which would make the strongest heart quail when they were narrated.

Sir John Percival, its then owner, was a widower, with three children: a girl of seven, named Edith; a boy of four, called John after his father; and Maud,

## [THE MYSTERIOUS INTRUDER IN THE LIBRARY.]

the fairy of the house, who was but two years of age.

They had no mother. She had died in giving birth to the last little treasure.

Even with so young a family the widower had not thought of marrying again.

He was some years over fifty, and his heart was in the grave with her who, at a late period in life, had become the partner of his joys and sorrows.

Events of a melancholy nature had prevented his marrying when young.

His father had been severely afflicted, and for some years before his death had been kept under gentle restraint.

It was whispered that the misdeeds of a younger child had brought his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Rumours of an awful nature were in circulation with regard to the younger scion of the house of Percival, but they were wearing out under the corroding influence of time. People were beginning to forget his existence.

He had not been heard of in the neighbourhood for twenty years.

So many varied events had occurred in that space of time that even the "scandalous chronicle" of a county, we should have thought, would have been long forgotten.

But no! it only slumbered.

Sir John Percival had not been well for some months, and on the morning on which our narrative commences, he was, it was generally supposed, better, though the treacherous and insidious disease which undermined him—disease of the heart—was perhaps but lulling him into a fatal security.

He was in his library, to which his confidential steward, Abel Franks, had been summoned.

Sir John sat in his capacious arm-chair. He was a tall and rather portly English gentleman, with hair both thin and grey, and a countenance in which regret struggled with that native cheerfulness and good humour, which not even all his sorrows could wholly banish.

He looked the good, gentle, but just man he really was. By his side was a wine glass and two bottles.

They were medicines which were always kept at hand in case of a sudden paroxysm—one taken habitually, the other only in extreme cases.

The clock struck one.

The worthy Baronet suddenly closed his eyes in a half-sleeping, musing way.

He was soon breathing heavily.

As his head fell on his breast a singular circumstance occurred.

By his side was a screen which surrounded a fireplace. The screen was within reach of the table.

As the Baronet closed his eyes, a hand was protruded and the two bottles taken off the table. Next instant they were replaced, the whole so noiselessly, so cautiously, that not a sound could have been caught by the keenest ear.

A gentle knock came to the door and then Abel Franks entered.

He was a hale, thin man, about five and fifty, with a sallow complexion, small ferret eyes, and a constant smile, which, strange as it may appear, was the offspring of a good, devoted, and generous heart.

Your ever smiling men are generally treacherous.

Abel Franks was devoted to the house of Percival—to Sir John and his little son and heir in particular.

"Is that you, Abel?" said Sir John, rousing himself.

"Yes, Sir John."

"Shut the door and sit down," continued the baronet.

The steward obeyed, taking a chair at a respectful distance from his master, and placing his old-fashioned hat upon the ground beside him.

"It is a good many years ago, Abel," began the Baronet, in the apologetic tone of a man opening a subject in a way he knows his listener will not approve.

"It is," said Abel, very drily.

"It is our duty to forgive and forget," continued Sir John.

"So the parson always says," replied Franks; "now it may be possible to forgive, but never to forget."

"I, too, am unable to forget," said Sir John, sadly, "the memory steals over me, every now and then, of that younger brother, who, considering his youth, I loved once as my own boy. He was a handsome winning lad then—his fair curls, I can see them now, clustering around his little head—yes! yes! he was as my own child!"

"Every body knew you loved him."

"'Tis twenty years since we have met; Abel, I feel I am not long for this world, a secret monitor within bids me prepare for that bourne whence, in the flesh, we never return. I would die at peace with all mankind."

"My honoured master," said Abel Franks, in an agitated tone, "I am sure you alarm yourself unnecessarily."

"No, Abel! Heaven is kind, and gently hints to us, that our hour has come, lest we die in our sins. I have thought of you, Abel; this is a lease of your farm; it is for three lives."

"Sir John!" cried Abel, in a tone made up of genuine surprise and heartfelt gratitude.

"'Tis better so; you and yours will be near mine—we cannot say one hour from the other what may come. Take it with you; 'tis signed and sealed."

"May you live years, my dear Sir John!" began the steward.

"No, Abel! and now of my brother; this letter

summons him from Florence. I wish to see him before I die. My children are left by my will to his guardianship, and that of yourself and Lady Chator; his guardianship will be wholly nominal, however; I do this to raise him in the estimation of the world. His life has been exemplary these twenty years, Abel."

"I have heard that he says so," replied the incredulous steward.

"A scandal has fallen upon the name of Percival all that time," urged Sir John, gently. "Let him then come home."

At this moment a loud wail of anguish, amidst which the shrieks of children were clearly discernable, burst upon their ears.

Sir John rose to his feet and gasped forth one word—"Go!"

And he pointed to the door. Abel Franks rushed to obey, and from habitual respect closed the door behind him.

The dotting father's first dread was for the children, and as the shrieks continued a nameless terror took possession of his soul.

Sir John was livid as pressing his hand upon his heart he sank all but lifeless in his chair. Then rousing himself he reached out and clutched his medicine bottle, removed the stopper, and poured a portion of the contents into a glass.

A strong odour of prussic acid filled the room, but he noticed it not.

Diluted it was his usual medicine. He drained it every drop, and then closing his eyes, drew a long breath.

It seemed to give him momentary relief, for an instant after he re-opened his eyes and fixed them on the door.

But why does he start, gape, and his eye-balls distend—with fear and wonder.

The day was gloomy, and the old-fashioned room particularly dark.

Facing Sir John Percival, on the other side of the table, was a recess, where once had been a stove. In this recess stood motionless, in a fixed attitude, its finger pointed towards him, a tall dark figure, which Sir John knew to be that of his brother Reginald, but whether living or dead he could not say.

Appalled, he scarcely knew why, Sir John followed the direction of the finger, and his eyes fell upon an open letter which lay before him on his desk. It was written in a bold and clear hand:

"Twenty years have I waited for my revenge on an unnatural brother.

"My time has come.

"You die from poison administered with your own hand, but mixed by me.

"Your only son—the heir of the house—is now a corpse beneath the cold waters of the sea.

"I am avenged on the man who turned from me a father's love, who robbed me of my share of his inheritance, and in whose shoes I now stand, sole male representative of our house."

Sir John bowed his head, with a bitter groan, upon the table.

Then, as a thought struck him, he hastily raised his head.

Figure and paper had both vanished.

The Baronet was alone.

The whole scene had not taken up three minutes.

At this moment Abel Franks, with consternation depicted upon every feature, his hands clasped, and his face wet with tears, entered the room.

"My son!" gasped the Baronet.

The steward drew back as if struck dumb with astonishment.

"He is—not—drowned?"

"Alas!" began the steward.

"Tis his doing; the boy has been murdered! Reginald, come forth and own your bloody handiwork! I say he did it!"

"My master," said Abel Franks, clasping the other's hand.

"Franks," whispered the Baronet, "I have but a few moments to live; but as sure as I am Sir John Percival, my brother stood before me but now, and told me that my boy was drowned—he triumphed over it—yes, Franks, Reginald is—"

But he could say no more. The honest spirit of the good landlord, the loving father, the kind friend to the poor, had fled for ever.

Abel Franks stood aghast. He did not credit the words of the Baronet, which he naturally enough set down as the ravings of a dying man; but then, how could he have known that his son was drowned.

This shocking event had occurred in the following manner—

The children were usually taken out in charge of a Miss Baker, a governess, and of two female servants—one to watch over Master John, one over Maud, while Miss Baker had peculiar charge of Edith.

It was their custom after lunch to wander in the park, and as the river, or rather arm of the sea, was at no great distance, to enjoy the pleasure of a walk along its banks.

John was looking anxiously forward to the hour

when he should be allowed to bathe, and often made desperate efforts to immerse himself, despite the coldness of the weather, in the much-coveted sea-water.

But his governess and nurse had persuaded him out of this chiefly by the use of gentle violence.

Still he would often leave them, hiding away amid the bushes on the banks, and pretending to be in the water.

On the present occasion, while Miss Baker was discoursing in pedantic style with Edith, while the two nurse-maids were in whispered converse in relation to their sweethearts, John got a-head and his laughing voice was soon heard in the bushes which overhung the stream.

"John! John!" suddenly said the maid.

She was about nineteen, and her name was Mary Brown. Having had charge of the child since he began to walk, she was very fond of him.

"Johnny's in the water!" laughed the boy.

Then came a terrible shriek—a wild cry of infantine anguish that pierced to the very brain, and all was still.

The agonised group rushed to the water's edge—an eddy, a cap floating on the top of the water, was all that met their maddened gaze.

Miss Baker, leaving the girls to shriek and wring their hands, ran wildly to the house—calling for help as she went.

In ten minutes several male servants, some of whom were swimmers, were hunting wildly in the water, beating the bushes, diving below the treacherous waves, or shouting loudly for the boy—who might, they hoped, have once more played the girls a trick.

But not a trace was found save his cap.

The body was never given up by the deep.

Mary Brown was carried to bed insensible.

The agony of Lady Chator, the sister of Sir John Percival was intense. She was a widow, and since the death of Lady Percival had resided with the Baronet, to whom she had proved a comfort and consolation.

The children doated on her, and she returned their affection.

And now the body of her noble brother lay lifeless up stairs—and the only son of the house was being carried out into the deep—never to find a grave.

Such was the terrible agony which weighed upon her soul when Abel Franks humbly requested an interview.

The steward had communed with himself some time, after carefully examining the library and finding no trace of any visitor having been there during his absence. He had come to the conclusion then to hold his tongue, as even had the Baronet not been deceived by a phantasm of the brain, he had no evidence to produce.

His wisest plan was to be silent and watch. And even did he discover anything—what would it avail? His master was dead, and his only direct heir had preceded him.

Sir Reginald Percival was his master now.

"Franks! Franks!" cried good little Lady Chator, "is not this dreadful?"

"A fearful and mysterious dispensation," replied Abel Franks, earnestly; "but we must not be blinded by our grief. I come to you, Lady Chator, to ask—shall I, or will you, write to Sir Reginald?"

"Sir Reginald!" shrieked the widow; "already, Franks?"

"Madam," said the steward, handing her a sealed letter, "this is a summons from Sir John to his younger brother to come home. I always obeyed my master living—I wish to do so dead."

"As you please, Franks—I leave all to you—I am fit for nothing now but to watch over my children. God help them!"

And she hurried away to where Edith and Maud were with their nurse, glad to find in their dear presence a relief from the oppression of her sorrow.

Lady Chator had not certainly upheld the hereditary pride of the family, for she had married a banker. But then there had been some very mysterious transactions between the Percivals and the Chators, which, begun in anger, had ended in the younger partner becoming attached to Miss Percival.

They were married—Mr. Chator was somehow knighted—died, and left Lady Chator a childless widow, with a handsome income.

Many would have persuaded her to marry again, but she stoutly refused, and, on the death of Lady Percival, she rejoiced in her decision, for she had long learned to love her brother's children.

For him she had the most profound veneration, while nothing could vanquish her dislike to her younger brother, who had disgraced their name, and only avoided condign punishment by a timely escape.

Twenty years, however, had softened even the memory of evil, and Lady Chator, ere she retired to bed that night, had come to the conclusion—that for the sake of the little innocents left to her charge she would even temporise with the man who had driven her father mad, and made the world point with the finger of scorn at the house of Percival.

## CHAPTER II.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,  
And cry content to that which grieves my heart,  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
And frame my face to all occasions.

Shakespeare.

It were all one,  
That I should love a bright particular star,  
And think to wed it, he is so above me.

SOME years before the events recorded in the previous chapter, there came to live on that enchanted spot of earth called Florence, a man of very mysterious character.

At all events, such was the judgment of the world, which always regards as mysterious people—to use a mild word—those who strictly confine themselves to their own business.

He evidently had not been induced to seek the place for the sake of those attractions which usually affect the traveller.

The buoyant and soft flexibility of the air, which breathes like balmy odours from Araby or Ind, the beauty and transparency of the landscape, the grandeur, picturesqueness, and loveliness of the mountain peaks, the rounded hills, the rich verdure, the villages on hill-tops, or nestling in valleys, the gently undulating plains—delighted not him.

He neither sought solace in the society of man, nor comfort in the contemplation of nature's handiwork.

He was about thirty-five, handsome, tall, with dark hair, black eyes and moustache, a stern and commanding manner; and his personal appearance, combined with a certain profusion of money which he evidently possessed, served to create considerable interest in his fortunes and actions.

He gave his name at the subscription library as Alfred Howard.

His residence was a small, retired, but elegant villa, under Fiesole's Hill, where he was attended by one male and one female servant.

They were both Italians.

It is needless to say that he was an Englishman.

It was the habit of Alfred Howard to visit, during the fashionable hours of the afternoon, the Cascade, that delightful drive and walk, which every English traveller looks back to with pleasurable emotions;—not that he cared for the society he saw there, but from habit.

Solitary, unnoticed and unknown, he walked up and down, neither speaking to anyone nor being spoken to.

Yes, the flower girls would tease him at times, but as they neither obtained money, nor even an answer, they too, in time, abandoned all hope, and left him to himself.

Years thus passed away, until four summers and four winters had been added to the age of the stranger, and still he was alone.

He was not, however, to remain so long. Fortune had in store for him joys and sorrows he little suspected.

One afternoon, accidentally raising his eyes, he caught a glance of pity and admiration cast upon himself, which made him start, and excited within his bosom the first human sympathies he had felt for years.

A lovely girl of fifteen—a woman in Italy—had fixed her large, almond-shaped eyes upon him with a depth and fervour of admiration which pierced to his very soul.

She was a poor flower girl in the picturesque garb of a Florentine peasant, but the poverty of her dress in no way detracted from her superb loveliness.

Tall, elastic, and perfect in form as a Grecian Venus—her beauty combined every attraction which a woman can possess, softness without weakness, roundness without embonpoint, while her hair of jetty black gave a lustre to her eyes and her pale olive complexion.

Her mouth, small, ruddy, and pouting, exhibited promise of much future energy.

But now she was very young, and her whole soul was absorbed in the desire to read the thoughts of the handsome and mysterious stranger.

They were alone on the borders of one of those paths which lead into the woodland solitudes of the Cascade—whose velvety turf and winding walks invite so loudly the lover to woo his mistress, the mourner to yield to his undying grief, the poet to lofty and ennobling aspirations.

"You know me," said the man in a soft and thrilling tone, fixing his deeply-piercing eyes upon her face.

"I have watched you for a year," she replied, naively.

"Why?" asked Howard, a strange thrill of delight rushing to his heart.

"You seem to me, signor, to be sad and unhappy," she continued after some hesitation.

And the busy throng passed by unnoticed and unnoticing what was doomed to be the beginning of a wondrous romance of two lives.

Alas, poor girl, she had given her heart long ago to this mysterious stranger, and now that he spoke to her, a gush of joy, delicious, intoxicating, maddening, flooded her soul, which had been dark because he noticed her not, for many, many months.



"I am sad and I am unhappy," he replied, taking her hand; he had looked into her glorious eyes and there read his power; because I am alone and have none to love me."

"Nobody," cried the poor girl, with tears sparkling like dew upon her pale cheeks, "no sister—mother—brother—wife."

This last word was said timidly.

"Nobody," said the other in a husky tone. "My mother I never knew, my father is dead. I have a brother and a sister, but they hate me. Child, I am indeed alone in the world."

"Alone!" she murmured, rather to herself than to him.

"Ever since I was a boy my life has been one long episode of misery. In England, signora, the elder brother takes all the wealth of the house. I am a younger brother. Because, when approaching manhood, hating and abhorring this injustice, I would fain have asked to share my father's inheritance, my relatives poisoned my character to him, and bade him curse me. To avoid his malediction, I fled. I have neither name, nor fortune, nor family. I am alone."

"Alone!" again murmured the girl.

"Wife," he cried, raising his hands appealingly to heaven; "you said wife. I dare not marry. I have no name—I cannot, will not, wed until I can wed in honour. But the hour is coming—the seed is sown, and the harvest will not tarry long. Then, if in my poverty I had found some generous heart that loved me for myself, if in my loneliness I had discovered some courageous soul to share my desolation; if I could hope, at my age, and in my trouble and desolation, to awaken one heart to throb for me—if bright eyes did look into mine and bid me be happy—then indeed, would the day be bright, and the glorious, future should be her reward."

He paused, as if overwhelmed with excessive emotion.

"I have dreamed of such things, but have never realised them. I have never loved. My heart awaits its conqueror. But why waste my breath in words at best but worthy of a boy. How can I expect to be ever loved—am I not old, ugly, poor, and unhappy?"

"Old, ugly, poor, unhappy!" cried the girl passionately; "you are jesting; poor and unhappy, it is perhaps so; but never did Violetta see face so beautiful, eyes so bright. There is no man in Italy so handsome as thee."

This was said with all that artlessness and earnestness which is never the lot of any but the innocent to feel or show.

But he literally started back with surprise and joy. Yes! his pale cheek was suffused with crimson, and for a moment even he hesitated.

His hesitation, however, lasted only for a single instant.

"Violetta," he said, taking her hand tenderly in his. She trembled so violently she could not speak.

"Violetta."

"Signor Howard."

"Do you think you could learn to love me?" he whispered.

"Learn to love you, no."

"Why?"

"I have loved you this whole year past," she cried passionately.

Child of the sunny south! ignorant and innocent peasant girl! her soul was truth. It came to her lips unbidden, but it was so, and she must say it. Let her not be judged by the more prudential rules of colder climes, where chaste reserve and retiring modesty are part and parcel of all female education, a truth which raises our women in general so far above the ordinary run of their sex.

But Violetta knew no better. She was an orphan, gaining a precarious living by selling flowers—ignorant of the first principles of human life—guided only by her heart.

"Loved me!" cried Alfred Howard, rapturously.

Even to his heart the words came with a gush of joy.

"You do not despise the poor peasant girl," said Violetta, raising her eyes, brim full of tears, to his face, "because she frankly tells the secret of her soul?"

"Despise, Violet!—so will I call you—I worship—I adore you! It was night—and you have made it day. I was alone—I have found happiness; and you will love me—poor, nameless. You will trust me, and wait? You are mine?"

"I am yours," said Violetta, simply and unhesitatingly.

Alfred Howard fell at her feet, and kissed her hands. Before they parted, it was agreed that he should endeavour to expedite as much as possible the business in England, which compelled his residence in Florence, and then they were to be married.

In the joy of her heart—young, utterly inexperienced in the world's ways, and loving with all her soul—Violetta Faliero believed him implicitly.

A week later Mr. Alfred Howard departed from Rome, whence he returned in a month, and presented to his astonished domestics a blooming, blushing bride, whose beauty excited general admiration.

Howard was completely changed in manners and habits. To his great surprise, Violet improved daily in beauty and fascination.

Untaught and uneducated, there was yet about her a native tact and grace which made her glide with perfect ease and self-possession into the duties of her new station.

She did the honours of his house to admiration; for now that his villa owned a mistress, he made a few acquaintances, and received them at home.

But only in the evening.

Her mornings were wholly devoted to study. She had masters in the simplest and the most advanced stages of education.

She learned to read, to write, to sing, play, and dance, all at the same time.

Her voice was superb.

She would sing of an evening to please her husband's friends—a few men of various ages—but all belonging to the superior classes of society.

Violet was informed he never asked any ladies to join their little circle; but her unbounded love and devotion to the man of her choice stifled all desire to comment on his conduct.

She was too inexperienced to be aware of the character of the men who were introduced to her—men about town and *roués*, among whom the foremost was a Captain Freeman.

Captain Freeman was his junior by ten years. He was in the army, though rumours were afloat that he would never be allowed to rejoin his regiment.

He was and always had been very cautious, but enough had oozed out to let it be seen that he was very fortunate at cards, at dice, at any game of chance or skill.

He had tried his hand with Howard, but in him he found more than his match.

This man, too, was a gambler, but he had steadily kept away from the temptation for several years.

He was playing for a stake which required the concentration of every energy of mind and body.

Not long before the commencement of our narrative Howard was walking with his beautiful wife upon his arm.

He had proudly proclaimed her Mrs. Howard, though, had it not been so, and had he chosen to have introduced her into society, she would have been received.

They were walking then in the Cascine, and Violet's beauty was in all its radiance and glory. A year had developed the fascinating peasant girl into a glorious woman, beaming with love and happiness.

Howard had, under the influence of the spell she cast around her, given her no single hour of doubt or uneasiness.

She had his promise.

Howard walked with more than usual of his proud and haughty bearing.

Suddenly he started as if stung by a venomous snake.

He stood motionless, staring on vacancy—his face was livid, his eyeballs rolled wildly, and he grasped his beautiful Violet's arm as if he would have crushed it.

"Howard—are you ill?"

"No—no—not ill," gasped the other—whose terror was abject—as he slowly cast his eyes behind him; "not ill—no."

Behind him, a sarcastic smile upon his face, stood a man in the garb of a servant; taller, stouter, and coarser than himself, but so like him in feature that Violet quite started.

Howard, however, recovered himself in a moment, as if by magic.

"Well, fellow—what is it? how dare you touch me?" he began in the most blustering way; "dearest," he added, in Italian, "I thought it was some horrid money business. Well, sir, why don't you speak?"

"I beg your pardon," said the other bluntly; "but I've important news from England."

"I will see you on my return home," interrupted Howard, handing him a card.

He then haughtily walked away to where a light Italian vehicle awaited them, entering which he at once drove home.

"News from England!" he said enthusiastically.

"I am so happy," she cried.

"Why?" he said, in his softest, and most insinuating tones.

"Because you are pleased."

"Nothing else, *carissima mia*," he added, playfully patting her cheek.

"I am always happy when you are pleased," she replied.

That afternoon Alfred Howard had a long and secret interview with the strange servant who then retired.

The stranger left Florence the same night on his way to England.

Howard was in the highest spirits; he lavished on Violet all that money could bestow, a harp, dresses, jewellery. He spent recklessly, as if there were no bottom to his new *Fortunatus* purse.

It was on the evening of the fourth day of March—the eve of the death of Sir John Percival—and they were alone.

Alfred Howard had denied himself to all visitors, to be alone, he said, with his dear Violet.

Violet reclined on a sofa—he sat at her feet, looking with passionate eagerness into her unfathomable eyes.

"I know not what I have done," he said, in soft seductive tones, "to deserve such happiness. It is too much. When I look into the depths of those speaking orbs I wonder if it be possible you should ever love me. I sometimes fancy 'tis too much to expect. Could you love again?"

"Never!" she cried, with passionate eagerness—"never! I have given my soul to thee, my Howard—and a soul cannot be given twice. Indeed, I often fancy that I have no being left, that my inner self has taken flight, and that I exist only in thee."

"Wonderous girl!—and has not a year wearied you of one so much older than yourself—without one of those qualities which should endear a man to youth, and beauty, and loveliness? My Violet, I often fear you should regret the hour which made you mine."

"Are you tired of me?" said Violet, abruptly.

"No," cried Howard, passionately; "I never loved till now. I never realised until this moment the exquisite bliss of loving and being loved—my own, my darling Violet. I am, indeed, happy—too happy for expression. Play me something—music is now indeed the food for me. Sing, darling, that my whole soul may know the joy which knows no ending."

With an angelic smile she rose and went to the piano. It was open, and a favourite and somewhat elaborate piece, which she had been studying in the morning, lay ready.

She sang.

Her whole being revelled in the flood of harmony which she poured forth. She sang like a bird, from love of song. She neither saw nor heard anything, while under the magnetic influence of music.

Suddenly she stopped.

The silence around her was so great that it could not be accounted for by Howard's rapt admiration.

Started by this dread stillness, she turned round.

The room was empty, but on the table lay a note.

She took this note mechanically, shaking as with the palsy.

She opened it.

She never shrieked—she did not faint, but she sat herself down upon a chair—no longer a girl—no longer a woman, but a judge implacable and terrible.

"He—has left me," she hissed through her closed teeth.

Then for some moments she sat clutching the note—crushing it between her fingers and gazing at vacancy.

After a time she drew forth the letter again, and read it.

"CHARMING VIOLET.—Circumstances compel my departure for England. The crisis of my fate has arrived. Thank you for one year of unalloyed happiness; and should we never meet again, think of me sometimes. My conduct is criminal, I know, but the duties of my new station are imperative. Forget the past, and may another, younger, and more deserving soon make you forget,—HOWARD."

"Forget!" she gasped: "forget! Oh, Howard! never! I have loved—I can hate! Alfred Howard, tremble!"

Next day she had sold off everything, and left Florence, in company only of her maid Nina.

(To be continued)

**HEALTH HINTS.**—The first act of the infant, when it comes into "this breathing world," is to draw into its lungs a portion of the atmosphere around us. The last act of feeble humanity is to grasp for breath. From the first moment of independent life to its close we breathe. Every moment we draw into our lungs two or three pints of air, and expel it again. A man seventy years old has breathed six hundred millions of times. And breathing is so vital a function that we can scarcely go a minute without it. There is no way of dying more certain than dying "for want of breath." But we must do more than breathe. Our health depends upon *what* we breathe. The air which we draw into our lungs, and that which we breathe out again, differs very materially. The air which passes out again has lost a certain portion of its life-giving property—its oxygen—and it has received a portion of a heavy, irrespirable gas, called carbonic acid. It contains also watery vapour, foul animal matter, portions of our food or drink—as the odour of onions or spirits—and, at times, fetid and diseased exhalations. In the open air every breath we exhale rises, and cannot be breathed again. In a well-ventilated building it is the same. But in an unventilated room, hall, cabin, car, shop, school-house, or church, we breathe over and over the same air, deprived of its oxygen, loaded with carbonic acid, and filled with foul and diseased matter from the lungs and bodies of all around us. It is poison—just as much poison as arsenic. It kills; it produces typhus and consumption; it aggravates other diseases, by lowering the tone of the system, and filling the body with the foul matter of disease.

## LINES TO A LITTLE WILD FLOWER.

I wish I was this simple flower,  
Born 'neath the sky of May;  
Brightly to bloom my little hour,  
Then quickly pass away.

I wish I was as low and small,  
Its destiny to prove;  
For surely none would mind at all,  
Who did not mind to love.

I wish that I was guarded so  
From every cruel storm;  
Mark how each taller plant doth throw  
A shelter round its form!

I wish I was content to bide  
Through every changing morrow,  
Without one fever dream of pride,  
One wayward thought sorrow.

And mark ye not this little flower  
Can fold its petals bright,  
When storms arise, or skies do lower,  
Or draweth on the night?

It only lifts its meek bright eye  
Through summer days and spring,  
To gaze upon the joyous sky—  
O! 'tis happy thing!

I wish that I could change my form,  
And blossom on the plain;  
Live wild and happy, though not long,  
And die ere autumn came.

O'er yet, more blest, be plucked to cheer  
Some heart in lonely hour,  
That, sick of human strife and fear,  
Would wish to be a flower.

C. H. N.

## THE WILD FLOWER OF CUMBERLAND.

## CHAPTER I.

Upon a green, sunny garden bank, Bella St. Ives was sleeping. Birds warbled in the trees above her; flowers of rare beauty bloomed in rich luxuriance around her, filling the summer air with a sweet, delicious perfume. The grass upon the bank was cool and green, and the child had come there to learn the lessons her father had selected for the day. But the morning was very beautiful, and the sunlight shimmered down so pleasantly, as the soft breeze stirred the branches of the tall trees, that, child like, she let fall her book to watch the coming and going of the bright rays, and to listen to the bird-music, and wonder how it would seem if she were away on the top of Sea Fell, listening to the jubilant songs of the numberless birds that she felt sure were singing upon that lofty summit. And from thinking of the birds and the mountain, she fell to dreaming of them. Her books were forgotten; the birds sang a lullaby; the sunbeams shimmered unnoticed; and Bella St. Ives had fallen asleep.

The garden was very old, yet none the less beautiful, and the grand old trees stood as sentinels to guard the opening flowers. But the child so quietly sleeping within it was not beautiful, nor yet very plain. She was dark and thin; but her eyes were fine, and her brow noble. As she slept, a flush rested upon her thin cheek, for she dreamed that she was joining in the chorus of the birds, upon the highest point of Sea Fell.

She had not slept long, when a lad leaped over the garden wall—a boy some five years her senior. He was very beautiful; his features were as perfect as if chiselled by a master sculptor. He looked around: his eye rested on the sleeping child, and with a bound he was in the tree above her, his hunting-cap thrown among the flowers at her feet. Soon, with his usual daring, Herbert McAlvyn was sketching in a stranger's garden—sketching that stranger's child. Not that he thought her beautiful; but the place, the scene, her air of perfect repose, had tempted him—the scenery was beautiful; the child he could idealize.

After a time she opened her dark eyes slowly, then closed them, as if unwilling to leave the lofty height she had reached in her dreams. At length she remembered her lessons, and reached forward for her book, but lifted instead a green hunting cap. She arose from her grassy bed startled, and looked around for the owner of the cap. He was nowhere to be seen; but high up in the tree above her she heard a light, ringing laugh. Her cheek flushed deeper than before. Looking up, a pair of bright eyes met her own. Her first impulse was to seek her father; but she was a proud little lady, and she would not have this rude boy think he could frighten her away from her father's own garden; so she quietly asked him who gave him permission to enter the grounds.

"One Herbert McAlvyn," he replied.

"Herbert McAlvyn! You mistake; there is no such person about the place."

"Perhaps so," said the boy, quietly sharpening his pencil; "but if you will tell me your name, I will promise not to forget it."

"My name is Bella St. Ives; but you must not disturb me, I have a lesson to learn."

Bella thought he would understand that she wished to be alone, and leave the garden; but he did not appear to, for as she went on with her lesson, he went on with his sketch. He worked rapidly, too, for he was uncertain how long the child would favour him with her presence.

But little Bella was very persevering in her studies that day,—only once in a while her eyes would play truant, and glance upward from under their long lashes to the handsome face in its frame of oak-leaves. At length she said:

"Did you fall into that tree from the top of Sea Fell, or how did you get there?"

"I am not a cloud-wreath, I can assure you, Miss Bella, nor did I drop from the sky, neither from Sea Fell. I came out hunting, and seeing this charming old garden, I jumped over the wall, and selected this tree as a delightful place to rest awhile."

"Why did you try to deceive me? You told me one Herbert McAlvyn gave you permission to come here."

"I did not try to deceive you; Herbert McAlvyn did give me permission to come here."

She did not contradict him, though she did not quite understand it; and her next question was:

"What are you drawing?"

"Only a fancy sketch—not worth looking at," he answered, hastily folding and locking it in his portfolio; then with a bound he threw himself upon the bank beside her. But now that he had come down from his perch, he looked so tall, so like a man, that the little maiden grew timid, and walked off some steps. When she had gone to what she considered a safe distance from the intruder, she turned and said:

"I'm going in, now."

"You are? Well, supposing I never saw the top of Sea Fell, don't you want to know where I did come from?"

"I suppose you came out hunting from Brampton."

"Not right, little one, though I did come out hunting."

"Then I don't know where you did come from."

"From Grantham. Lady Grantham is my aunt. I should have said, I came from there to-day; my home is across the frith, in Dumfriesshire, and my name is Herbert McAlvyn. But I must say good-bye to you now; some years hence I will call again. Will you remember me till then?"

The child, deeming it impossible that she could ever forget that handsome face, answered:

"If you will remember me."

Thus ended their acquaintance as children; for on the following day Herbert was to leave the neighbourhood.

And now let us say a few words of Bella's father and home. St. Ives had once been a proud name in Cumberland, and, of old, broad lands were the heritage of the heir to the St. Ives estate. But years had brought sad changes; and through the extravagance of his ancestors, little was left to the last of the name—Henry St. Ives. The broad lands had passed into other hands; only the old house remained, and that was fast going to decay. The roof had long been covered with mosses and lichens, and upon the outer walls the green ivy had clambered at will for numberless years, hiding the crumbling walls from the passer-by, and making the ruin seem less like ruin. But, gray and ancient as the old house was, Bella would not have willingly exchanged her home for another. The ivy-mantled walls were very dear to her; and when she lay down at night the wind whispered sweet music among the branches of the grand old trees in the garden.

Within the house was one room sanctified and holy to both father and daughter, for there the wife and mother had folded her hands in death. Here Bella loved to sit and think how happy she should be could that fair face look in life upon her each day, as it looked from the canvas. The windows of this room did not look out upon the mossy paths and grassy banks of the garden; but far away spread moorland and heather field. In summer, a cool breeze from Ennerdale water swept gently over them, making the room cool and pleasant.

Half a mile distant stood a lofty pile of architecture, known in the neighbourhood as Grantham Castle. It stood upon an eminence, and seemed in its stately grandeur to be looking down upon the noble and time-worn mansions of the gentry, scattered over the country.

Grantham was no inheritance from noble ancestors. Lord Grantham had torn down the old buildings and erected this elegant structure; and his lady seemed elevated as far above her neighbours as Grantham was above their respective homes.

Lady Caroline, the only child of Lord and Lady Grantham, was of the same age as Bella St. Ives but taller, more stately, and less like a child. Her wits were measured; she walked by rule, for her mother allowed her no variation of step, and she was never permitted to go outside of the grounds unattended.

Within the house at Grantham things were always in order. Each piece of furniture had its respective place, and visitors there always understood that in those places they were to remain. There was one exception, however. There had not been a day since Herbert McAlvyn's arrival, that he had not offended his stately aunt by some wild prank or other.

"My dear nephew," said Lady Grantham to Herbert, upon his return from his romantic meeting with Bella St. Ives, "you did not tell me of your intention of absenting yourself all day. I have really felt anxious about you. You should have told me, Herbert."

"I should most certainly have informed you, dear aunt, if such had been my intention when I left."

"Then you were detained?"

"No, not detained; but I have spent the day so pleasantly, I was not aware how rapidly the hours were passing until it was nearly night."

"You should not allow yourself to be so unmindful of the passing hours. Those lost now, can never be recovered."

"I often go out so at home."

"My brother does wrong to allow it. Boys were trained more carefully in his day and mine."

"Yes; my father often says he well remembers his wild longing for freedom in his boyhood; and he does not wish to fetter me as he was fettered."

"Your uncle, Sir James, would not say so, if you were his boy."

"Which luckily I'm not."

"Where have you been so long, Herbert?"

"In that romantic garden a little below here. You know the place—the house is almost covered with ivy."

"Oh! the St. Ives place. But how came you there, among those very strange people?"

"I did not encounter any strange people. I saw only a child some two or three years younger than my cousin, Lady Caroline."

"What a hermit-like life that child lives. I wonder what she will be like when she has grown up."

"She seems to be quite studious; she was learning her lessons."

"Did she remain in the garden with you?"

"Certainly."

"She should have had natural delicacy enough to have retired to the house."

"I imagine that she considered me an intruder, and thought if either left the garden I ought to. And then she is such a child!"

"Just the age of your cousin Caroline; and you may be sure she would not spend hours in the garden alone with a strange young man."

Herbert thought few young men would wish her to; but he very wisely kept silent.

The next morning saw Herbert at the inn door, in Brampton, about to start for his own loved home in Dumfriesshire. His visit at Grantham was ended, and his heart was full of joy with thinking of his happy home, so different from the one he had just left. Thinking of it there in the inn door, at Brampton, giving a backward glance at Grantham, Annandale seemed to him the abode of peace and love.

It is true, his father was but a younger son, and the title and lands had gone to his brother, Sir James; but he had taken the Annandale farm, and there was more real happiness at Annandale than in the home of Sir James, even though the latter was chief of Glen-Alvyn; for he had neither wife nor child, and, from living so much alone, had grown silent, morose, and almost miserably in his habits.

Herbert, his young nephew, had won a place in his heart, and it was generally supposed in Glen-Alvyn that he was to be heir of Glen-Alvyn, and their future chief.

Of course the boy was not ignorant of this, nor was it an unpleasant prospect. Boy though he was, his heart was a true Scotchman's, and he loved the hills and valleys of Dumfriesshire better than all the world could offer away from them.

Soon after his return from Grantham, his father one day said to him—

"My boy, never depend upon expectations merely. Your uncle is somewhat harder to please than formerly. Something may occur to change his views. You had better go to Edinburgh for two or three years. Don't look so downcast, my dear son: it will not interfere with your desire of becoming an artist in time. Two or three years of study will be no injury to you."

"Ever kind, my dear father," replied Herbert.

"Why were you not chief of Glen-Alvyn? The clansmen would be more comfortable than they are now."

"Careful, careful, my son! All things are wisely ordered, and Annandale is very dear to me."

The following spring Herbert went to Edinburgh and applied himself diligently to his studies.

## CHAPTER II.

FOUR years have passed rapidly away, and Herbert is again at home. During this time he has studied hard, but the one great wish of his heart is still upper-



most in his thoughts. His great desire to become an artist has never left him, but rather increased with years.

With this object in view, he one day expressed a wish to his father to allow him to immediately go to Italy to receive an artistic education.

"I have thought of it, my son," answered his father, "and have not forgotten your desire to become an artist; but fir I would wish you to spend a month or two at Grantham."

There was a change in the young man's voice as he said—

"I will go if you so desire, dear father," but he only thought, "I could never exist another two months at Grantham."

A month from that time found him there, however. He was expected, and there was no bustle attending his arrival. He entered the house quietly, and was received by Lady Grantham as he might have been had he been in the habit of entering it every day for years.

Lady Grantham was just as stately as ever—each piece of furniture remained just where it was four years before, and it was hard for the young man to realize that so long a time had passed since his last visit.

"Where is Lady Caroline?" he asked, when he had waited two hours for her appearance.

"In the music-room—her teacher is with her. She is passionately fond of music. I feared at one time she would never like it. Her first teacher took very little pains to interest her; the lessons were hurried; she could not understand them in the short time he was with her, and she failed to learn them in his absence. Now, it is very different. Mr. Hervey understands his profession, and he has succeeded in interesting her, or rather in awakening the dormant love of music slumbering within her. He spends a great deal of time with her, and I pay him liberally. Mr. Hervey never calls her dull; never complains of imperfect lessons."

"I am glad my cousin is such a proficient. I promise myself a rich treat in listening to her music."

"I fear you have misunderstood my meaning. Lady Caroline's playing is as yet imperfect, but she has learned to love the study, and that I consider the first step towards becoming a proficient."

Herbert listened in vain for the sound of distant music, and then asked:

"Is she playing now?"

"No—studying the rules. Mr. Hervey wishes her to understand the rules thoroughly."

"Does he live in Brampton?"

"For the present, my dear nephew, Mr. Hervey makes one of our family. I am so anxious to have your cousin a fine performer."

Lord Grantham had questioned him concerning his life at Edinburgh; had talked of the weather, the crops, and the last fair at Brampton, till, being exhausted with so unusual an exertion, he had lost himself in a quiet little dose.

Lady Grantham had talked of her daughter's music, Sir James, and Annandale, till nothing more remained to be said on those subjects, and Herbert was beginning to think it intolerably stupid, when the rustle of silken garments announced the coming of Lady Caroline. She received him as quietly as her mother had done, and her cousin soon pronounced her as uninteresting as in her childhood.

Mr. Hervey, too, came in, and Herbert was surprised to see a young man of about his own age. He had expected some musty looking professor, and he wondered to himself if the teacher was teaching his pupil anything more than music.

Next morning he invited his cousin to walk with him.

"Certainly," she replied, "I shall be happy to show you the improvements my father has recently made."

Then it was only to be a stately promenade up and down those regular, gravelled walks. But he submitted with as good a grace as possible, and when it was over he left Grantham behind him, and with portfolio in hand wandered on through green lanes, scarce noting the way he went, for he could breathe freely once more, away from the stifled atmosphere which it seemed to him was shut within the walls of Grantham.

At length on looking around he saw that he was in a locality remembered now, but scarcely thought of since last he trod that grassy lane. He was in the neighbourhood of the St. Ives place. And with the thought of the garden came also the memory of the child whose acquaintance he had there made.

"I wish I could see her once more, and see if she has grown to be as angular a young lady as my cousin Caroline."

Thinking thus, he saw a picture which effectually banished all thoughts of the child from his mind. A maiden was standing upon some craggy rocks, her dark curls floating in the summer breeze. She was holding by the strings a gipsy hat, filled with wild flowers, and was reaching eagerly forward for more quite beyond her reach. What was there in this picture to charm the youthful fancy of McAlvyn to such an extent that his steps were stayed, while he breath-

lessly watched her in her vain efforts to reach the flowers she sought? It was that he saw before him the realization of his ideal dreams of beauty; the personification of the sketch he had made in his boyhood. Bella St. Ives had furnished the outlines for that picture, but the young artist had idealized it, till he had himself failed to remember the original when looking upon its beauty; and, notwithstanding his promise to remember her, he had even forgotten her existence till reminded of it by the scenery about her home—and here, where he had first seen the child, Bella, the ideal of his boyhood, stood before him. It was very evident that she would never reach the flowers unaided, so with—

"Please allow me," Herbert was on the crag in a moment, and the coveted flowers were offered for the young lady's acceptance.

"Thank you; you are very kind. I was anxious to get them—they make such a pretty variety with those I have here," said Bella.

A bright flush passed over her face, and she must have been very careless, for as she took the offered flowers she dropped her hat, overturning the flowers in it among the crevices of the craggy rocks, while to make matters still worse, a light breeze lifted her hat, bearing it rapidly away down the green lane, and ere she could stop him, Herbert was in full pursuit.

She welcomed him with a smile when he placed it in her hand, and he considered himself fully repaid for his *impromptu* chase.

"I can hardly hope to recover your lost flowers, but permit me to carry those in your hand."

"Thank you, but I am going directly home."

"If you are going in the direction of Brampton, I will be your companion, unless you will consider me an intruder."

"Oh, no; I have but very few steps to go."

The St. Ives homestead was now in view; the same ivy-mantled place he remembered of old, and he asked his companion:

"Is Mr. St. Ives still a resident here?"

"He is."

"And Bella, his little daughter?"

"Remembers your former visit distinctly, and hopes she will gain Mr. McAlvyn's permission to enter the house and be introduced to her father."

"Mr. McAlvyn is only too happy if what he suspects is true—that he is talking with Miss St. Ives."

"Mr. St. Ives' little daughter, you mean."

"Excuse me, but I had no idea—"

"Oh, you are quite excusable; but I kept my promise—I remembered you till you came again."

"You would infer that my promise is broken; but you cannot wonder, for it was a little girl I promised to remember—not a charming young lady. I plead guilty, however, and renew the promise."

She led the way into a cool, pleasant apartment, where everything was tasteful yet very simple, and where the atmosphere seemed less oppressive to our hero than at Grantham.

On learning his name, Mr. St. Ives welcomed him cordially. When a young man he had often met Sir James, and Herbert's presence recalled many pleasant memories.

"My daughter told me of meeting you once before, some years since. It was a cause of regret to me at the time that I was not equally fortunate; but now that we have met, you must not consider me a stranger, but come and enliven our solitude as often as convenient."

"You may be assured it will be a pleasure to do so," replied Herbert. "I fear I was very rude to enter your garden as I did at that time, and I beg your pardon and Miss St. Ives' also," making a graceful inclination to the young lady as he spoke.

"Miss St. Ives was equally rude that she did not invite you to enter the house and be introduced to her father; but she has no mother to teach her propriety, and is, I fear, little like other young ladies."

He looked upon her fondly while speaking, as if, after all, it was not a cause of regret to him that she was unlike other young ladies, while Herbert looked as though he was glad she was not like some other young ladies, yet he dared not speak one word of such thoughts, as their acquaintance had been so short. And yet not short to him—the beautiful face before him was one he had known and loved, for had he not just such another looked up among his treasures at Annandale—the picture of the child he had idealized?

"Where do you think your cousin Herbert is?"

asked Lady Grantham of her daughter.

"Safe enough, undoubtedly," was the reply, "He used to ramble about by himself a great deal when he was here before."

"If he will only ramble by himself it is all very well; but that forward daughter of Mr. St. Ives, is always rambling over the fields. I would not like him to meet her."

"Why not, mamma?"

"Oh, no matter why—you could not understand my feelings, should I attempt to explain them; but I do wish you would be with your cousin a little more."

"But my music, mamma?"

"Yes—your music is to be considered, I know; but here comes Mr. Hervey—I will ask him. Mr. Hervey, what do think—will it do for your pupil to neglect her music a little for the short time her cousin will be with us? I wish her to spend more time with him."

"My dear Lady Grantham," replied Mr. Hervey, "impossible! Do you not see at once the injury you do your daughter by proposing such a thing? She has just become interested—check that interest now, and you may never awaken it again. She would forget what I have taken so much pains to teach her. Lady Grantham ought not to think of it for a moment. Her cousin will excuse her, in consideration of the short time I can devote to her."

"Oh, yes—Herbert will excuse it; but I would like to have him enjoy more of his cousin's society."

Thus ended the conversation with Mr. Hervey, and it was decided to have things go on in the same way as of old. When Herbert returned to Grantham he was not surprised to hear his aunt's question of—

"Have you been sketching, Herbert?"

"I have not," he replied. "I went out with that intention, but meeting Miss St. Ives I returned home with her, and spent the morning with her father."

Lady Grantham looked at him keenly, then asked:

"What was your business with him?"

"I had no business with him, Lady Grantham; he is an acquaintance of Sir James."

The words and the voice had a quick, decided tone, and she dared question him no more. His voice and manner seemed to say—"I am a boy no longer, to give an account of my every word, but a man to be questioned only in a reasonable manner."

He had a good excuse for making a second call at the St. Ives place early—to ask Miss Bella if he might show her a place where her favourite flowers were blooming—a quiet sheltered nook, where she could cull them without going among those disagreeable crags.

And Bella went with him. She found the wavy grass greener, softer, and smoother, than any she had seen elsewhere; that the rocks, so softly cushioned with moss, were the most delightful seats she had ever rested on; that the trees were clothed with heavier, richer foliage than other trees, and the bird-music filled the summer air with melody, while the flowers she came there to see, never maiden found in such profusion.

To Herbert this place was very beautiful. He had enjoyed being there, when he came upon the spot unexpectedly a day or two before; but now, with Bella beside him, a new life seemed opening before him. For, like very many of his age and disposition, he was romantic, and in one corner of his heart lived the reflection of the face he had painted as his ideal of the beautiful in woman. And now that the real, living face was before him, the cold, calm beauty of the picture seemed almost tame; for every passing moment revealed new graces as she wandered about so artlessly, culling now a flower, then a trailing vine, and twining them together with artistic taste.

"Now, Mr. McAlvyn, you must give this beautiful spot a name, as you were the discoverer, the right rests with you."

"Miss St. Ives, were I to name this place, I should certainly call it *Paradise*."

"A very good name. But, Mr. McAlvyn, I was never called Miss St. Ives before, will you please call me Bella? I don't feel at home in this cathedral of a forest without the familiar name of Bella."

"I will," he said; "provided you will call me Herbert."

So ere they reached the green lane where Mr. St. Ives was waiting to meet them, a passer-by hearing the names "Herbert," and "Bella," would have thought their friendship was of many years' standing.

After this Herbert was missing from Grantham through the long summer mornings, and anxious as Lady Grantham was, she could see no way to stop the progress of the acquaintance her nephew had formed with "those St. Ives," as she scornfully termed them.

The summer days passed by. "The Wild Flower of Cumberland" found it very pleasant to have a companion in her rambles, he could talk so beautifully, and read poetry in such a charming manner, that truth to tell, she had enough to think of through the entire hours of his absence.

The two months his father wished him to spend at Grantham had passed, yet still he lingered, content to endure the formalities of Grantham Hall, if by so doing he could ensure those delightful mornings with Bella. Even the cherished thought of Italy, was for the time forgotten. But from all beautiful dreams there must come an awakening, and a letter from his father, roused him to the knowledge that he had something to do in the world, if he would make Bella St. Ives the angel of his fireside. So he sought Bella, resolved to make a confession of his love, and at the same time tell her of his summons home. He found her in the garden tying up the drooping vines, singing as she worked.

"I knew you would come this morning, Herbert. If you will help me here a little we will soon walk to Paradise. It is so lovely after the shower; but how it did beat the poor vines down."

Thus running on, Bella tied her vines.

"Oh, stop Herbert! don't you see you are tying that vine to the tree! Here is its own pretty frame. Please, Herbert, don't break any more of my flowers; they are the last I shall have."

"Excuse me, I am very stupid this morning," replied Herbert.

She thought he was, when she saw that he had used his hat for a garden basket, and said so.

"If you don't care to wear my hat any longer, I will put it on and walk with you. You have used yours instead of the garden basket, and it has a fine lot of weeds in it."

Then how the little fairy laughed as Herbert looked ruefully at his soiled hat.

"I can't put it on—that's certain, Bella! Can't you get me one of your father's?"

They arrived at Paradise, Bella still laughing at the tall hat covering the short curls of her companion.

"Don't laugh, Bella, but sit down with me—this is your best loved seat, is it not?"

"Not laugh! why I'm just in the mood for it this morning."

"I am not, Bella, do you know—I'm going home next week?"

"Going home!" Our little flower drooped; her bright smiles were all gone. "I had not thought you were ever going home. Our beautiful Paradise—I shall never wish to come here when you are gone."

"My sweet little Bella! Will you really miss me so much?" he asked, making prisoner of one snowy hand.

"I came here to tell you how much I shall miss the dear little wild flower, who has made this place indeed a Paradise to me. To tell you how dearly I love you. And, Bella, I want to ask if you love me well enough to promise that some day, when I am a famous painter you will be my wife."

"Your wife, Herbert! I never thought of such a thing. Why, I'm nothing but a child."

"But you love me, and will think of it?"

"My father will tell you what a baby I am."

"All the better, for you are to wait for me to become famous. Tell me that you love me, Bella."

"I do love you, Herbert."

"Then promise."

"I can't Herbert, till we have asked my father's consent."

"It waits for you now. I talked with him last night. Now promise, that when we are again together in this our Paradise, you will name the day which will make you wholly mine."

"I promise."

This was the betrothal; spoken in the forest sanctuary, where the music of the birds was like a hymn of praise, and the quiet, brooding over them, an unspoken blessing.

### CHAPTER III

HERBERT was but just established in Florence, when the news of Sir James's illness and death reached him. Sir James wished him to offer his hand in marriage to his cousin Lady Caroline. If he would do this he would be sole heir to Glen-Alvyn. If not, Lady Caroline was the heiress, unless she should marry without her father's consent previous to her twenty-first birthday. Should she do this, Herbert would become Sir Herbert, and chief of Glen-Alvyn.

This proposal he could not make! Dear as Glen-Alvyn had ever been to his heart, the love of it was nothing to that he felt for his lovely betrothed, the beautiful Wild Flower of Cumberland, and he informed his father of his decision.

"Well, well! this will never do," said Lady Grantham, on hearing of this decision. "How can I bring it about? Foolish boy! to prefer that simple Bella St. Ives, to my daughter, Lady Caroline!"

Very lonely was the Wild Flower of Cumberland for a long time after her lover's departure from Grantham, but frequent letters cheered her solitude. And it was her first real disappointment in life, when she was told for the first time that there was no letter for her at the office. After this, she might have been seen every day walking towards Brampton, and turning towards her home with anxious face, and weary step, for the expected letter did not arrive. What could it mean? Nothing could have happened to cause a coolness so sudden, for his last letter was as affectionate as ever, and she came to the conclusion that illness alone could prevent his writing. So she penned a sweet epistle and dropped it in the letter-box at Brampton.

Months passed. Weary months they were to Bella, for as she looked for the first letter, so she now looked for an answer to her last one. But it came not, and at length her father heard from his friends in Scotland, of Sir James's death and the conditions of his will.

"My poor little Bella! I fear it will break her heart. This explains his silence. I must break it to her."

"Bella, my love, I have news from Scotland. Sir James is dead."

"And Herbert is chief of Glen-Alvyn?" asked Bella, eagerly.

"Only on conditions."

"And those?"

"He is to offer his hand in marriage to Lady Caroline, if he does not she is the heiress of Glen-Alvyn, unless, indeed, she marries without her father's consent, which is not at all likely. My child! do you understand his silence?"

The girl stood with clasped hands. Through her white skin the blood seemed almost bursting, and the throbbing of her heart was visible through the folds of her simple wrapper.

"Yes, father, I understand. I will stand in his way no longer."

She went to the room she had loved so well: and hastily penned the following words:

"I understand it all, now, Herbert, and give you back your freedom. Do not let the thoughts of your 'wild flower' deter you from seeking Lady Caroline at Grantham. My presence shall be no reproach to you, for ere this can reach you, the St. Ives place will be deserted."

"Here is my note, father. Now I am ready to go away from here, as you have so often thought of doing. You were going for your own sake, father; you will not refuse to go now, for mine."

"We will go to London, my child, and perhaps your mother's old friend, Lady Walden, will advise us as to the future."

But, alas! for Bella St. Ives. That day week found her an orphan; her father sleeping his last sleep in the churchyard of Brampton, gone from the trials of this world to rejoin the loved and lost. Alone in the world, as in her home, with only the memory of a lost love—poor, friendless Bella.

Her father had spoken of Lady Walden, and she resolved to go to her. For stricken though she was, she could not stay till Herbert should come to Grantham to woo and win Lady Caroline. Lady Walden had been her mother's friend; she would give her that of which she stood most in need—sympathy, love, and kind advice for the future.

Behold, then, the little wild flower, who had grown up under the shadows of Sca-Fell, in her dearly loved home in Cumberland; the one darling of her father's fond heart, standing at the entrance of a mansion in Belgrave-square.

Faster, still faster beats the timid heart, as she is ushered within the spacious hall. Never had she even dreamed of such magnificence. When the door of the drawing-room was thrown open, she shrank away from the blaze of light, thinking how wholly unfitted she was to enter a room like that. Seeing her hesitation, a lady came forward to meet her. "Ah," thought Bella, "I must have mistaken the place. Lady Walden was a friend of my mother's, and this lady can hardly be older than myself." But our wild flower knew very little of town life at forty. She did not know that the rose-coloured drapery floating so like a mist around her, gave a corresponding rose-tint to her complexion; or, that the pearls woven among the braids of her hair, gave a peculiar softness to the features of Lady Walden, for Lady Walden it was, and very kindly she welcomed the orphan to her home. Not a mere welcome of words, but a heart welcome; and Dora felt that life might not be all clouds, as Lady Walden told her of her loneliness. Children's voices had never made music in her home, and she was ready to give to the child of her early friend real affection.

It was a dull, misty morning, and, for once, there was bustle and confusion at Grantham; anxious faces and hurrying steps were to be seen and heard everywhere about the house; in the grand drawing-rooms and long corridors; in the stately chambers; the library and music room; everywhere were those hurrying feet—for Lady Caroline, the only daughter of the house, was nowhere to be found. Her chamber was vacant, and, judging from appearances, had been so all night. The house had been thoroughly searched, every room but one, and Lady Grantham said:

"Mr. Hervey, where is Mr. Hervey!" She had not thought of him before, in the confusion. "Has any one been to his room?"

They had not, and Lady Grantham sent immediately. "Mr. Hervey is not there, my lady, and his room is all in order."

Then the truth flashed upon Lady Grantham with a certainty, startling as the flash of lightning in the cloudless sky. Lady Caroline had eloped with Maurice Hervey, her music master, thus forfeiting all claim to Glen-Alvyn.

"Bring the horses!" she cried; "send in all directions; scour the country, and see that you find her before it is too late. The one that brings her to me, Lady Caroline Grantham still, shall be richly rewarded. My daughter the wife of Maurice Hervey! It shall never be, never!"

In all directions went the messengers, but in vain: the prospective heiress of Grantham and Glen-Alvyn was beyond their search—those mornings in the music-room had not been without their history. There Maurice Hervey had won the love of Lady Caroline, and they had learned to live only for each other. All the wealth of Scotland would not have induced them to

consent to a separation. The tale of the will had been told to Lady Caroline, and had hurried the elopement. Herbert's love for Bella St. Ives being unknown to her, the idea of his refusing to ask her hand in marriage did not once occur.

And now let us look within Herbert's studio at Florence, and see once more our young artist. Pictures of rare beauty—the productions of his pencil and brush—hung low upon the walls; upon his easel is placed an unfinished landscape. There is something strangely familiar about those mossy rocks and majestic trees, and looking again, we recognise the artist's Paradise of other days. But there is no pictured resemblance of his Bella there! He does not wish stranger eyes to make careless remarks about her beauty. He is looking from the window upon the beauties of an Italian sunset; but taking little note of the purple and amber clouds brightened by the setting sun, for his thoughts are busy. Many a long month has passed since he has heard from Bella.

"Strange!" he murmured. "If I don't have news to-night, I shall arrange matters to go home; she may be ill, and they do not let me know! I will go and see if there are letters."

Yes! a letter in Bella's delicate handwriting. It had come at last, then; what bliss was in store for him. There was also a letter from Lady Grantham, which he hardly noticed in his haste to break the tiny seal of Bella's. The contents of this letter are already known to us, it being the one she penned in her mother's room at the St. Ives place.

"Do not let the thoughts of her prevent my seeking Lady Caroline! She must have heard about the will, and thought I would prefer Glen-Alvyn, and the title of Sir Herbert, to my own little Bella. I will go home at once, and tell the dear girl her mistake. But what is this? 'Ere this can reach you the St. Ives place will be deserted.'"

When Herbert received these letters, Bella had been three months in Belgrave-square, the last place in England where he would have looked to find her.

But the search was not to be commenced yet. For months he had been very anxious; he had sent many letters to Bella, and had received none in reply, till the one just opened; and the certainty that she was alone in the world with her dangerous beauty, added to his previous anxiety, throw him into a fever, which so prostrated him that he was unable to leave Florence for three months. He reached Annandale at length, thin and pale; a mere shadow of his former self, and there the news of his cousin's elopement waited for him; and much to his surprise the clansmen welcomed him as chief of Glen-Alvyn.

Almost a twelvemonth had Bella been domesticated in the luxurious home of the Waldens. During this year she had lived in the utmost seclusion: her mourning robes, and sad, pale face, were hardly suited to the gaieties which made Lady Walden's life. She had begged to be indulged in this quiet for one year, then, if Lady Walden wished it, she would go with her into society. She had found in Lady Walden a true friend, and she thought it would be unjust to her should she brood longer over her sorrows. Herbert, she felt sure was, ere this, the husband of Lady Caroline; she must, therefore, indulge no hope of meeting him again. She had never told Lady Walden this little episode in her past life; she could only say that she had loved and been forgotten. And now, at the expiration of a year, Lady Walden's house is brilliantly lighted; for to-night Bella St. Ives, the "Wild Flower of Cumberland," is to be introduced to the fashionable world of London.

The past year has made her familiar with the luxuries and elegancies of Lady Walden's home, and a far different figure now looks within the drawing-room from the one looking within so timidly the year before. Conscious of her right to be there now, of the power she possessed to render Lady Walden's life happier, a bright smile rests upon her almost infantile features, as her ladyship again comes forward to greet her. The heavy folds of her velvet robe form a striking contrast to the simple purity of Bella's white one, and she says:

"Bella, sweet child, you are the personification of purity; only this necklace of pearls is wanting, and your toilet is complete."

As she spoke she took from its downy bed a necklace of rare beauty, and clasped it around the fair white throat of her companion. The subdued elegance of her manner, and the wonderful pathos of her voice, made Bella a favourite even with those who did not first bow to her glorious beauty; and in a few weeks she found herself drawn into the whirl and dissipation of a London season, hardly knowing how herself, and feeling conscious of a weariness which often brought back the memory of those blissful days of her early girlhood, when Herbert was with her in the forest cathedral, the place he had named Paradise.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hervey sent letters to Grantham asking forgiveness, and, as is often the case, forgiveness was, after a time, granted them; and they were established at Grantham.

Herbert was about commencing his search for Bella when the news of the young couple's return to Gran-



tham reached him. He would have commenced this search immediately on reaching Scotland, had not illness prevented. His native air of Dumfriesshire had in part restored him; but he was still thin and weak, and his cheek as yet almost colourless. Arrived at Grantham, his first walk was, as of old, in the direction of the St. Ives place. How gloomy it looked in its desolation; the ivy drooped heavily over the closed doors and windows, and the vines Bella had tended so carefully were entangled now with weeds. There was still another place made dear to him by the memory of Bella—the place he had so hastily named Paradise; everything there was changed, and it almost seemed that when he turned he must see the bright face and graceful figure of her now, alas! so strangely lost to him.

He made many inquiries in Brampton, but could learn nothing of his lost darling, but that she had gone to London. He therefore resolved to go to London, yet feeling that it was almost useless to search for a poor, friendless girl in that vast multitude. The Granthams were also about starting for London, and he travelled in their company. Lord Grantham's town house was in readiness for them, but Herbert declined all invitations, feeling wholly unfitted for mirth and gaiety.

The hours of the morning he spent wandering about the city, thinking he might chance to see among the working multitude the face and form of Bella. Later, among the throng of pedestrians in Regent-street, he sought but found her not. He did not look within the softly cushioned carriages rolling past him. Had he done so, he might have seen his darling, as with Lady Walden she daily passed through that great thoroughfare. One day when passing through this street, Bella turned suddenly pale and grasped the side of the carriage for support.

"What is it, Bella?" asked Lady Walden, "are you ill?"

"No, not ill—at least not very."

"But what do you see—what are you looking at?"

"I thought I saw a friend I need to know in Cumberland, but I must have been mistaken."

## CHAPTER IV.

Herbert, said Lady Grantham one day, "I have cards for a party at Monteth House. Sir Allan Monteth is from Dumfriesshire, and it will not do for you to decline this invitation. You will go, will you not?"

"If it will please you, my dear aunt, I will."

Monteth House was crowded when they arrived, and Sir Herbert looked with a sigh upon the youth and beauty there assembled, thinking sadly of one as young and beautiful as the fairest there—aye, and as fondly loved—alone now, perchance sad and tearful. While thinking thus, the name of St. Ives attracted his attention.

"The most charming person I ever met," said one.

"You say true, the word charming applies to Miss St. Ives better than to any other young lady I know; there is something so fresh and pure about her—and yet her elegance of manner a queen might envy."

"I agree with you fully. Very few young persons could bear the flattery she has received since her entrance into society, and remain uncontaminated."

The speakers, both middle-aged men, passed on, and Herbert was left to his musings.

"Miss St. Ives—who can she be? A belle evidently. I must know her for her name's sake."

Again that name; and the speakers were ladies, discussing the probability of Miss St. Ives becoming a countess. Said one:

"The earl is passionately in love—but hush! she is going to sing."

"Now," thought Herbert, "I shall see this famous belle."

He looked towards the piano. A figure more stately than Bella's clothed in gossamer robes, with jewels flashing among her heavy braids, and upon neck and arm. How different from *his* Bella, with her simple robe of white muslin, and the flowers of her own garden wreathed among her floating curls. The fair musician was seated at the piano, and Herbert stood entranced while she sang a sweet song of Mrs. Norton's.

At the first sound of that loved voice, Herbert stood perfectly motionless; it sounded so like Bella, but then how utterly wild the thought that the poor, friendless Bella could be there among the rich and nobly born, but there was to him a strange fascination in her voice, and he must go nearer to see her as she leaves the instrument.

She was about rising, as Herbert, with colourless cheek and eager eye stepped just behind her. As she rose from the piano, her eyes rested upon Herbert, as with folded arms he stood near her. How rapidly the bright colour fled from that fair face, and how her eyelids dropped as she grasped a marble pillar for support, near which she was standing!

"Make room—let us pass—Miss St. Ives has fainted," and Herbert followed those who were bearing the unconscious Bella to a small ante-room.

They placed her upon the crimson velvet lounge,

and, like a fair lily prostrated by a summer shower, she lay there, all unconscious of the dear eyes bent so lovingly upon her.

The rich colour has come back to the hitherto pale features of Sir Herbert, with the knowledge that he has indeed found his Bella. He soon sees that Lady Walden is the person who claims an interest in her, and that her looks would tell him that in the little ante-room, *he* has no right; so, calling her attention, he hurriedly tells her of the relation formerly existing between Bella and himself.

"Now, dear lady, can you not send away all these people, that when our Bella returns to consciousness she may see only ourselves?"

They were gone, only Lady Walden and Sir Herbert remained. He bent over her.

"Bella, dearest; do you not know that I am here? your own Herbert."

"My Herbert!" said Bella, dreamingly, "yes! there was a Herbert once, who said he was my Herbert; but he loved *gold* better than he loved *me*; why do you speak of him, and with a voice so like his own? I beg you will not do it again. I have never heard his name since the day my father told me he would wed Lady Caroline. Was it not cruel to leave the little wild flower to wither in the shade, and take a garden flower to such beautiful sunshine as the light of *his* love? But I have never complained; Lady Walden knows I have not."

"Bella, Bella! could you think I did not love you? don't, don't reproach me—indeed I cannot bear it."

"That voice again! Lady Walden are you here? Raise me up that I may see who has a voice so like Herbert McAlvyn's."

They raised her, and Herbert seating himself upon the lounge, placed an arm round the trembling form of Bella. Lady Walden left the room, which, dear readers, we had best do also, as such scenes are sacred. It is sufficient to say that every thing was explained to the lovers' entire satisfaction, only that they were still in doubt as to what had become of the lost letters.

It may be well to state here that Lady Grantham, thinking that eventually Herbert would marry her daughter, bribed the postmaster of Brampton to give into her hands all foreign letters addressed to Miss St. Ives, also those placed there for her nephew Herbert McAlvyn.

Friends crowded around to offer congratulations, and all united in calling Lady McAlvyn the most beautiful bride of the season. For a little time she graced the parties and balls of London; then, business calling Sir Herbert to Scotland, he took his lovely bride to his own loved Dumfriesshire. Lady Grantham's deception was discovered, but the young couple were too happy to harbour ill-will towards any one, and she was forgiven.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hervey still live at Grantham, but Mrs. Hervey is not as yet a fine pianist. It is to be hoped she may become one in time. H. C. S.

## SCIENCE.

**COLOURED LIQUIDS.**—The gradual decoloration of coloured alcohol in thermometers, by the influence of light and precipitation consequent on the chemical change produced, is doubtless of importance to the druggist, anxious for the showy appearance of his windows. The following remarks will therefore be read with interest and benefit:—Solutions of various salts or metals in hydrochloric acid are, some of them, of very great intensity and beauty. Thus, a yellow liquid is obtained by dissolving 3 parts of perchloride of iron, or hydrated peroxide, in 100 of hydrochloric acid. Various colours are produced with the solution of protocarbonate of cobalt in hydrochloric acid. The green cobalt colour is obtained by dissolving 8 parts of the protocarbonate in 100 parts of the acid, and filtering. A blue colour is prepared by dissolving 6 parts of the protocarbonate of cobalt in 100 parts of the acid, and boiling for about two minutes to remove the carbonic acid or chlorine held in solution. Neither of the above two colours should be diluted with water, as this would change them to red. The violet colour is obtained by dissolving 34 parts of the protocarbonate of cobalt in 100 parts of the acid, mixed with 5 of water, and boiling up before filtering. A red liquid is obtained by dissolving 45 parts of the protocarbonate of cobalt in 100 parts of acid, diluting with 45 parts of water, and boiling. The solution of carbonate of chromium in hydrochloric acid (chloride of chromium), evaporated until it becomes hard on cooling, and dissolved in alcohol (90 per cent.) in the proportion of 25 parts of the salt and 100 of the spirit (to which are added 5 parts of acid), furnishes a fine deep green. Four parts of crystallised acetate of copper, dissolved in a mixture of 50 parts of aqua ammoniac and 50 of 90 per cent. alcohol, give a durable blue.

## MR. GLAISHER'S LAST BALLOON ASCENT.

THE subject of aerial navigation has recently been revived with effect by the scientific ascents of Mr. Glaisher, whose details of an experiment, made in conjunction with Mr. Coxwell, are exceedingly interesting, and may be read with advantage. At the time of his last ascent on Saturday, the 18th April, the atmosphere

was thick and misty, and the wind on the earth north-east, but the clouds were moving from the north with an estimated velocity of 40 miles an hour, and circumstances were not favourable for reaching a height of five miles.

At 1h. p.m. the ascent was determined upon, although it was evident the voyage could not be one of long duration, unless it was intended to cross the Channel, which it was not thought prudent to do under the circumstances.

Commencing his aerial log, if it may be so termed, Mr. Glaisher says:—We left the earth at 1h. 17m. p.m. Within two minutes afterwards we were 3,000 feet above the earth, and at 1h. 23m. we were one mile high; the second mile was passed at 1h. 29m., the third at 1h. 37m., the fourth at 2h., and the highest point was reached at 2h. 30m., at the height of 4½ miles nearly. At 2h. 36m. we passed below four miles; the next mile downwards was passed at 2h. 40m., and at 2h. 46m. we were two miles from the earth, which we reached at 2h. 50m. Just before leaving the earth, the temperature of the air was 61½ deg.; at the height of one mile the thermometer read 41 deg.; but we had passed up so quickly that it is most likely that this reading was higher than the true temperature; at the height of two miles the reading of the thermometer was 32 deg.; at three miles the temperature was 21 deg.; at four miles, 16 deg.; and at the highest point reached was 12 deg., which was the lowest temperature we experienced. The results generally confirm the law as found by the combination of all the preceding experiments—viz., that the theory of a uniform decrease of temperature with elevation must be abandoned. The air was dry before starting, and extremely dry at heights exceeding four miles.

The cumuli clouds were at about 5,000 ft. or 6,000 ft. high. From 2h. 15m. to 2h. 31m. I devoted myself almost entirely to observing the black lines in the solar spectrum, between these times the balloon was revolving once in five minutes. I succeeded in adjusting the slit of the apparatus to the sun, and kept my eye at the telescope while the balloon completed three revolutions. When the light entered the slit from the sun itself the lines in the spectrum were innumerable, all those I saw before leaving the earth were visible and many more. The nebulous lines (H) were both seen, and the spectrum a good deal lengthened at the violet end, at the red end (A) was visible. When the light came from the sky in the immediate vicinity of the sun the spectrum was shorter, but all lines were visible from B to G on passing from the sun, the spectrum shortened very quickly, and when opposite the sun there was no spectrum, in fact no light at all.

For the purpose of learning something of the action of the chemical rays of light, I took slips of sensitized photographic paper, having arranged that similar slips, made at the same time, should be exposed at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, and the amount of colouration in one minute I noted every five minutes, so as to have some simultaneous observations with the experiments I might be able to make in the balloon. The paper in the balloon was exposed to the full rays of the sun, and with this remarkable result, that when above three miles high the paper did not colour in half an hour so much as it did in the grounds of the Royal Observatory in one minute.

At 1h. 47m., at the height of 3½ miles, the solar radiation thermometer accidentally fell over the ear from the sudden displacement of one of my instruments. We were at the time nearly over Reigate.

The account of the descent is peculiarly interesting. The aeronaut says:—Immediately after we attained an elevation of 4½ miles, Mr. Coxwell let off some gas, and said he felt assured there was not a moment to be lost in getting within view of the earth. Mr. Coxwell again let off gas rather freely, so that we descended a mile in four minutes. At 2h. 46m. we were two miles from the earth, the barometer reading 21.20 in., when Mr. Coxwell caught sight of Beachy Head, and exclaimed, "What's that?" and then the coast through a break in the clouds, and exclaimed, "There is not a moment to spare; we must descend rapidly, and save the land at all risks!" It was a bold decision, but we were in a critical position, and I do not see what else could have been done. Mr. Coxwell now used the valve with a degree of freedom which would have alarmed any one who had not perfect confidence in his skill. I was requested to pack up my instruments as quickly as possible, and then to assist in getting ready a large amount of ballast to throw away at the last moment. On breaking through the clouds we appeared to be already over the water, but as the ground came up to us, or seemed to do so, we found there was land beneath. Mr. I. rendered important service in letting up the neck-lines, and clearing the ballast for immediate delivery, so as to lessen the violence of the descent. When orders were given to put out sand we did so simultaneously, which gave a favourable check, and as the lower part of the balloon itself assumed a parachute form, the shock was not so bad as might have been expected. Most of the instruments, however, were broken, owing to their delicate construction, and my attention being drawn from them, yet strange to say two large glass vessels of air

collected at the highest point for Professor Tyndall remained uninjured, as did some bottles of lemonade which Mr. Coxwell had placed in the car. We descended the last two miles in four minutes, and had we done so less rapidly the land would have been missed altogether, and we must have fallen into the sea. The descent was within half-a-mile of the railway station at Newhaven.

#### THE ELASTIC PROPERTY OF THE AIR, AND THE SUCCESSFUL ISSUE OF AIR NAVIGATION.

As a medium for disseminating assertions possessing a fair degree of plausibility, and with the view to correct existing errors, that the interest of science, and consequently that of the community in general, may be promoted, the agency of the press is invaluable, and it is especially so when employed in dispelling illusions: for it is universally admitted that the successful issue of any branch of mechanical science greatly depends on a true interpretation of the laws of nature comprised therein, and what more so than air navigation?

If then we attempt to estimate with any degree of accuracy, the power exerted by any member of the winged tribes for the purpose of maintaining its body in the air, it first becomes pre-eminently necessary to consider that remarkable property of the atmosphere named *elasticity*, from which only it derives the power of exerting pressure in every conceivable direction, and which the air in its natural state possesses through all variations of temperature, altitude, or volume.

The weight of a column of air resting upon one square inch of surface, at or near the level of the sea, will sustain a column of water or mercury weighing nearly 15 lbs.; any column of air of such density and surface, if compressed into one-half its original space, will support twice that weight;—or, in other words, a column of air will sustain as many times its own weight as we can conveniently employ to compress it; and when such weight or pressure is removed, it will, by virtue of its elastic property, expand again to its original volume. This property, peculiar to aëiform bodies, render them essentially different from liquids, and on this property all flying animals depend for support during their flight.

The untutored mind will probably think, however, that the elastic property of the atmosphere is rendered sensible only when the air is forcibly confined in some kind of tube or vessel, but upon reflection he will perceive that every column of it, whether small or great, constituting the mass which envelopes the earth, is as effectually confined by the attractive influence of the earth, as every column of water which constitutes the sea; and therefore whatever force may be employed to displace a column of either substance, will be expended upon such a mass as is sufficient to restore equilibrium, but no more. When the application of force is imparted to the air by a body sustained in that element, such force is resisted *solely* by the elastic property of the air, until it becomes neutralized and equilibrium is re-established. A body sustained in the air cannot by its own individual weight compress the column of air on which it is sustained any more than a column of mercury in the barometer; that is, it cannot displace more air than is equal to its own weight as a balloon, (but generally bodies can only displace a volume of air equal to their own bulk,) at whatever altitude it may be. But if such body is endowed (as most animated bodies are) with a power equal to double or treble its own weight, it can, by exercising that power on the column of air upon which it rests, compress the air until the resistance derived from the elastic property of the air becomes equal to the power employed in compressing it, and if the force exerted exceeds the attractive influence of the earth upon the body exerting it, then the elastic force of the air being in excess of gravity propels the body to a greater altitude, and by the constant exercise of its power the body attains and maintains the desired elevation.

The air being comparatively "exceedingly thin and rare," and also invisible, renders the idea of compressing it incredible, unless previously confined in a suitable vessel. The mass of atmospheric air, however, is in itself in constant equilibrium, and when from any external cause this state is disturbed, it instantly seeks to re-establish it. It also requires great power to remove the air from a given space, in order to render that space vacant, or when in a state of equilibrium, to impart any considerable velocity to it. It is easier to impart great velocity to a cricket ball, than to an equal bulk (as a child's air ball) or equal weight of air, as every one knows, owing to their unequal density.

It has been found by careful experiment that the air will rush into a vacant space at the velocity of about 1,300ft. or 1,400ft. per second, but this is under the atmospheric pressure (i. e., 15 lbs. per square inch), which therefore shows the necessary force required to impart such velocity to the air, even when unresisted. The resistance offered by the air to a body at rest is stated by many authorities to increase as the square of the velocity, but with high velocities it is found to be about three times as great. This also is evidence that when the air is repelled from a centre another property is

elicited, differing essentially from the resistance exerted by a mass of air in motion (as the wind) upon a body at rest. It is only when the air is driven from a centre that its elastic force is sensibly developed, and then we discover the principal property of the atmosphere, adapted by the Creator, for providing a fulcrum or point of support to sustain the bodies and render effectual the power exerted by all flying animals, although in the midst of an element so exceedingly thin and rare, but, nevertheless where its particles repel each other at all times, with a force equal to their destiny. From this and other known properties of the air, we may clearly estimate the power required and exerted for the purpose of maintaining in the air a body of much greater density.

Let us first examine the effects produced by the atmosphere upon a vessel exhausted of the air. If the vacuum is perfect the external pressure of the air will be nearly 15 lbs. upon every square inch of surface; if then an orifice be opened, the air will rush in at the rate of 1,300ft. or 1,400ft. per second, under this pressure. Suppose now the air in such vessel to be compressed into one-half its space, it would then exert the external pressure of the air by one atmosphere. If now permitted to rush out, it is but reasonable to expect that it would do so, at a velocity equal to that at which the air under the ordinary atmospheric pressure would rush into a vacuum, viz., 1,300ft. or 1,400ft. per second; because the pressure would be the same in either case. But it also seems reasonable to believe that the compressed air would meet with greater resistance when rushing out into the atmosphere, than what the atmosphere would meet when rushing into vacuum, because the friction among the particles must be definitely greater in the former than the latter; and if so, must require greater force to impart an equal velocity, as will hereafter be shown.

We may next consider the effect produced by a body in motion upon the air at rest. Suppose a member of the winged tribes, sustained upon a column of air by its own power, in the act of imparting motion to the air (it is unimportant whether this is a bird, whose action of wing is perpendicular, or an insect whose action is horizontal to the earth, the result obtained is the same, i. e., the raising its body in the air); it is clear that in this instance the air is the body at rest, and the active member the body in motion, in reference to each other. The effect obtained by the action of the wings is a displacement of a portion of the air from above the body, and compressing below the wings the air so displaced. Now it is self-evident that the density of the air must be greatest below the body; but the two forces, the resisting or elastic force of the air and the propelling force of the body, will be most intense at the angle of impact, and this compound effect produced by the action of the wings must be equally resisted by the body and the air; the weight of the body tending to force the air downwards, and the elasticity of the air—developing the property of pressing equally in every direction—tending to force the body upwards.

To illustrate this by an example, let us examine a common duck; the body of this bird attains the weight of 3½lbs. and upwards, the surface of its wings is about 180 square inches, and measures about 15 inches from the centre to the tip of its wings when extended. To enable this bird to rise, will demand a power somewhat in excess of the weight to be raised. If the wings are raised and depressed through an angle of about 50 degs. on each side of the body, we have a surface of 180 square inches (½ ft. square) propelled through a distance of 1 foot lineal. Now if by this action the column of air be compressed by the above surface a 500th part of its original volume three times per second, it will demand a force equal to  $180 \times 15 = 2,700$  lbs., which, divided by 500, shows 5.4 lbs. force expended. Also, as before shown, the velocity of the air is proportional to the rate of compression, and therefore in compressing the air a 500th part of its original volume, we impart to it, at the utmost, a velocity equal to the 500th part of 1,400 ft. per second, which is about 3 ft., or 2 miles per hour. The above illustration then simply stands thus:—A bird weighing 3½lbs. with a surface of wing equal to 180 square inches, by raising and depressing them through an angle of about 50 degs. three times per second, must impart to the air a force equal to about 5½lbs., but the elastic force of such a column of air reacting upon the bird with an equal force, the density of that bird (3½lbs.) offers an insufficient resistance to that elastic force, and consequently rises, or converts such force into forward motion.

This result forms a very striking contrast, if compared with that obtained by calculating the resistance by the simple law of the square of the velocity, as established by "our best authorities," the most favourable giving a result equal to  $3 \times 3 \times .0023 \times 1.25 = 0.25$  lbs. only; not exceeding ¼ lb., or a twenty-second part of the force expended! What, then, it may fairly be asked, becomes of the power? for the friction of the air can absorb very little of it. It also shows the utter incompetency of everything embodying the balloon principle—buoyancy. For if a body of the same or less density than the air, act upon the air in any direction, it must expose an equal surface, if of the

same density, or a greater surface if of less density, to the action of the air or wind, than the surface of that column of air upon which only it can exert its power. The consequence is, that if of equal densities, the surfaces must be equal, and upon equal surfaces the forces will be equal; thus the resisting or elastic force of the air (if that force could be developed by a body of equal or less density), and the propelling force of the body, would be equal. As in the case of the bird, so in the case of the balloon. If the density of the bird was equal to that of the air, it could not impart motion to it, or derive motion from it; because it could not compress a column of air of equal density into less space. So, too, a balloon cannot impart motion to the air, because it cannot compress it, but, on the contrary, is compelled by the air to seek an altitude where their densities become equal; and the utter futility of attempting to impart motion to balloons, under whatever shape or form, must, I think, from this unalterable law of nature, be perfectly obvious.

Even among the aeronauts of nature, the facility with which the various tribes navigate the air depends much on their different densities, for throughout the whole range of flying animals, their specific gravity will be found to vary from about 100 to 2,400 times greater than that of the atmosphere; the density of the diver, for instance, is exceedingly greater than that of the moth, which gives the former much greater rapidity in its flight than the latter. The nearer, therefore, any substance approaches the density of the air, the more will its facility be reduced for navigating the air. This, however does not imply that the greater its density, the greater will be its facility; for extremes must be avoided, as is evinced by nature in the formation of the quills and pinions of birds, which are formed hollow in order that strength may be obtained without excess of weight, but not for the purpose of enabling the bird to reduce its specific gravity, as many have erroneously supposed, by inflating itself with air and rarefying it by its animal heat; for this would increase its bulk, and require it to navigate the air as we attempt to do with balloons, viz., in opposition to, instead of in harmony with, the laws of nature.

We also see from the foregoing, that for a body in motion to impart force to the air at rest, differs widely from the air in motion imparting force to a body at rest. A high wind travelling at the rate of about 74 ft. per second, or 50 miles per hour, is stated to exert a pressure of 12 lbs. upon one square foot, but for an equal surface to impart a velocity of 74 ft. per second to the air, will require a force equal to 1,400 divided by 74, which is equal to the 19th part of 15 lbs. per square inch, or about ¾ lb., which upon one square foot becomes 108 lbs. Therefore, while a storm travelling at the rate of 50 miles an hour, exerts a pressure of about 12 lbs. upon a given surface, an equal surface will require a force of nearly 10 times as much to impart an equal velocity to the air; and why so? Is not this a subject deserving a passing notice from our scientific community? Is it not because a property is developed in the one case equal to the force developing it, and in the other, a pressure simply obtained from its weight proportional to its velocity, becoming in excess of the density of the air, in the same manner as a heavy body moving over an arch causes a deflection proportional to its velocity? And does not the total disregard of this property satisfactorily explain the wide discrepancies entertained by many scientific men, as to the power required to raise a given weight into the air, many of whom seem to imply that a force equal to a horse's power is necessary for maintaining in the air a body weighing one pound! And further, is it not also evidence that the elastic force of the air supplies a constant source of momentum to the body of the bird, but that the resistance to forward motion is in proportion to the density of the air; which being exceedingly small in comparison to that of the bird, enables the body to pass through the air at an enormous velocity, with comparative ease; although some men assert that their rate of progress can never exceed the rate of motion imparted to their wings? Nevertheless birds have been known to attain a speed of 100 miles an hour; but no bird is so constructed as to enable it to work incessantly its wings at the rate of 150 ft. per second, or 100 miles an hour. Nature, wise and frugal in all her ways, has not condemned the feathery tribes to such "durance vile." It is the elastic force of the air, increased by continual compression under the wings, which exerts a continuous reaction on the body of the bird, and imparts a momentum equal to the strength of the bird, and which so neutralised the speed of the bird, and hence the resistance to forward motion must be very great; and by this beautiful property the natural ease and power of the bird is maintained and preserved.

But, after all, we may still feel the necessity of an adequate and economical source of power; this, however, is neither impossible nor impracticable, for chemistry opens a wide field for inquiry, and directs investigation to the elastic force of the gaseous products of combustion in combination with steam, and which awaits only time and enterprise to develop it.

W. QUARTERMAINE.





[THE VISIT TO THE GIPSIES' CAMP.]

## THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

THE year which I spent at Ebury Seminary, is one which is marked with indelible characters, in the calendar of my life. I was young, warm-hearted, earnest and susceptible. Hitherto I had been the pet of a large home-circle, and the tenderest solicitude had always shielded me from the too rough ministrations of care or sorrow. The consequence was, that my nature had developed itself like a hot-house plant, into rich and beautiful and luxuriant growths, but was almost entirely lacking in the strength and stamina requisite to withstand the cold winds and sudden atmospheric changes which mark the out-door world.

It was a singular place; I thought it pleasant then. I love to revisit it in memory now; and yet many of the associations which cluster around it are anything but pleasant. Who loves to recall the first rough experience at sea? the giddy, uncertain motion, the whirling brain, the deathly nausea; yet the tone and energy, and vigour, the new life, as it were, which succeed, are sometimes not too dearly bought. So I regard that first out-going from home; the first experience in the rough ways of self-dependence. And this is why I often go back in thought to that year of mingled light and gloom, and with a strange sort of pleasure, review its various experiences.

From the first tinkle of the early rising-bell, which in the cold winter mornings sounded its rude alarm upon my weary brain long before the first faint streak of grey in the east, till the last faint echo of its voice had died away through the long still halls at night, there was no hour which did not bring to me some heavy care or oppressive duty; yet scarcely an hour passed that did not bring also some sweet drop of refreshing to my parched lips and thirsty heart.

How well I remember those cheerless, uncomfortable breakfasts. The long, sombre dining-room was but imperfectly lighted by the tall tallow candles which guttered and wasted at irregular intervals up and down the tables. The one huge stove at the upper end of the hall, heated almost to redness, threw its unmitigated rays with scorching fierceness upon those in its immediate vicinity; while at one end of the table scarcely a glimmer of warmth softened the chill of the damp, cellar-like atmosphere. Often have I handled my knife and fork charily, with the actual fear that they might frost my fingers. Our plain, almost conventional dish, had little in it to warm and quicken a languid pulse, or revive exhausted nature; yet despite all these circumstances which affected my sensitive physique so pain-

fully, there were scores of young and high-spirited girls, whose youthful vigour was less easily chilled than mine, the light of whose happy faces was all the sunshine I knew in those days; the thrilling tones of whose joyous laughter, was all the music which my heart recognized.

In the third seat upon my left, sat always sweet Sophie McLaren. I wish I could describe her to you, but I might talk all day of her fair, spiritual face, with its wealth of golden hair, its laughing sprites of eyes, blue and tender, the merry rose-bud mouth, and the sweet, dimple-cleft chin; and, above all, of the sweet, witching grace which made her beloved by every one; and yet you would never know all that she was to me; nay, she herself did not know it. Do you suppose the sunbeam which falls through the window of your sick chamber and dances gleefully about your pillow, waking up cheerful fancies in your heart, and gently thrilling your veins with new, electric life, is conscious of the blessings it imparts? Just so unconscious was my gentle Sophie. She was more than a sunbeam then; she was a pinionless angel; Death lent her wings, and now she wears a crown.

Winter had given place to spring, and spring was fast ripening into summer, when our quiet valley was startled with the intelligence that a band of gipsies had fixed their tents close by. At first I thought little of it, scarcely crediting the intelligence; but when in confirmation thereof, one of the swarthy tribe came prowling around the seminary, and actually endeavoured to abduct one of the youngest of the pupils, a sweet child of ten years, I joined the popular party of believers, and grew as clamorous as the rest, for the expulsion of the sons of Egypt from our quiet precincts.

On the very afternoon succeeding the unfortunate occurrence above alluded to, I sat in my room after school hours, engrossed in thought. A cloud was coming over my life—even then I felt its shadow weighing heavily on my heart, and I shrank weakly from the enrolling gloom. Presently I was startled by the sound of excited voices, and looking from my window toward the gate which led from the seminary grounds, out upon the highway, saw a party of school girls entering the enclosure; and among them Sophie McLaren. The young ladies were conversing in loud and excited tones, apparently in regard to some adventure which had just occurred to them; but I was too much absorbed in my own meditations to pay much heed to them.

Suddenly they paused upon a little rustic bridge, which spanned a stream in the lower part of the

ground, and then my eye was arrested by the most beautiful *tableau vivant* which I ever beheld. The last purple rays of the sunset were flooding the valley with splendour; but the bridge, or at least that part of it upon which stood Sophie's companions, was obscured by the shadow of a clump of evergreens. Sophie, however, stood a little apart from the rest, and a rift in the foliage allowed a pencil of light to fall like a halo over a slight and girlish figure. She was dressed in a white robe, with a broad sash of sky blue; while the white gipsy hat which hung over her shoulders was trimmed to correspond. Her hair, brightened by the sunlight into braids of purest gold, hung in ringlets half-way to her waist, and she needed only wings to give one the impression of an angel just strayed beyond the gates of Paradise. Her attitude was one of eager listening; the hands clasped, the head thrown slightly forward, the lips parted, and the eyes blue and dreamy, melting with wonder and awe. I was still gazing with rapt attention upon the picture when the circle broke up and the party moved slowly towards the house.

I had relapsed into my musings, and the sun had gone down unheeded, and twilight shadows were stealing over the valley, when I was again aroused by a knock at my door.

"Come in," I answered, and the door swung noiselessly upon its hinges, and Sophie entered. Good evening, Sophie," I said, pleasantly. How happens it that you are not in study? I think I heard the bell ring some time ago."

"Miss Somers excused me," was the reply. And after a pause, said, "I come to ask a favour of you, Miss Fielding."

"What is it, Sophie? I am sure I shall be very happy to oblige you."

"I do not know; I am afraid when you learn the nature of the request, you will deny me. Please promise that you will not, dear Miss Fielding."

She had knelt by my side, and there was such a look of earnest pleading upon her fair, young face, as startled me. What request could she have to prefer, which could be of such deep and soulful import?

"Sophie," I answered, twining an arm affectionately around her waist, "you must not fear to make known your desires, for I assure you, confidently, that in anything reasonable, I shall be only too happy to oblige you."

"Ah, but that is it. It is something very unreasonable which I desire to ask—at least, I know you will think so; but indeed, Miss Fielding, you must grant it. I dare not go to any one but you."

"Tell me freely, dear child," I replied; "I promise you, at least, my confidence and friendship, and every service which I can consistently render."

"And you will tell no one of this?"

"Certainly not, if you desire it."

"Well then, I will tell you. You know there is a camp of gipsies just below us in the valley?"

"Yes," I replied; startled by a sudden fear. "Your request has nothing to do with them, I sincerely hope, Sophie?"

"It has. This evening, as a party of the girls were out walking, they met one of the women of the party, and she told their fortunes—and she told them truly, too," she added, noticing my look of incredulity. "Told them things which had actually happened. I was not with them at the time, but I joined them shortly afterwards, and they recited it to me."

"And it was their foolish stories to which you were listening, as you stood upon the bridge just at sunset?"

"Yes; but they were not foolish, I assure you. They were very strange, and, Miss Fielding, I must have my fortune told."

There was a depth and earnestness in her tone which fairly made me tremble; but I concealed it, and replied, lightly:

"What has put this foolish whim into your head, Sophie? I have always thought you one of my most sensible pupils; but, really, I am afraid I shall be obliged to change my opinion of you. But what do you especially desire of me in this case?"

"Miss Fielding, it is no silly whim. I must see that woman—I must see her to-night, for to-morrow morning they leave; and, dear Miss Fielding, you must go with me."

I started in sudden terror.

"I, Sophie? I cannot; I dare not."

"You are a woman of nerve; you have twice the strength that I have; if I am afraid, cannot you summon courage?"

"But, Sophie, this is reckless, daring, imprudent. There is really danger."

"I think not; I never heard of a gipsy playing any one false who trusted him. At all events I must go." Her face was deathly pale, and her great blue eyes seemed starting from their sockets, with a kind of solemn earnestness that awed me.

"Tell me, Sophie," I urged, "the reason of this strange request."

She raised a daguerreotype which lay in my lap, and pressing it in my hands said, earnestly—

"You, too, know what a heart-ache is. I see it in your eyes; but God grant, my dear teacher, that you may never know the depth and wildness of woe which already surges over my young heart. Oh! Miss Fielding, if you knew all you could but pity me—you could but serve me."

I was surprised and shocked. I strove in vain to persuade her to make a confidant of me.

"I cannot, cannot tell you," was her only reply, "but I must see that woman."

Sophie had said rightly. I did know what a heart-ache was; and I knew besides what it was to feel that terrible yearning to know the future. Indeed, as I had gazed upon that pictured face—the face of one separated from me by distance and estrangement—I, too, had thought of the gipsies, and longed for courage, for once, just once, to consult their magic craft. There lay, deep beneath my usually quiet, almost girlish exterior, a fountain of courage and daring which few suspected, and nothing, save some great emergency, some strong heart-emotion ever called forth. To-night I was in the mood to do a desperate thing; and to Sophie's wild entreaty I only answered by tying on a bonnet, and wrapping a shawl around me. In five minutes we were on our way to the gipsies' camp.

The walk was long, but scarcely a word was spoken by either of us. At last we came in sight of the encampment, and then Sophie's courage for a moment seemed to fail. She clung tremblingly to my arm, and shrank back, whispering—

"Oh, Miss Fielding! dare you speak to those wild-looking creatures?"

The exercise of the rapid walk against the chilling winds which swept up the valley, roused all the spirit of adventure within me, and no fears or persuasions could then have turned me back.

"Afraid!" said I. "No, indeed; this is Destiny—follow on."

She obeyed, and we were soon in the midst of the strange scene. The men of the party seemed to be absent; probably upon some marauding expedition. At any rate, there sat around the fire of pine knots, which sent its black smoke curling up through the forest boughs, only two or three awarthy, weird-looking women, while in the door of the tent near by, a little child played, whose clear complexion and golden hair suggested strange thoughts of treachery and of abduction. None of the party took any notice of our approach, seeing which, I addressed myself at once to the eldest of the women:

"Good evening, madam; we hear that you have the gift of reading the future, and we came here to avail ourselves of it. Can you serve us?"

And as I spoke, I slipped a coin of some value into her palm.

She muttered a few words which I did not understand, and, rising from her seat upon the ground, took a pine knot from the midst of the fire, and holding it before her for a torch, led the way into a more retired part of the forest, bidding us follow.

"Let her talk to you, first," whispered Sophie, tremblingly. "She frightens me."

When we had reached the dell to which the gipsy led us, she fastened the torch into the branch of a tree, and then standing directly beneath it, bade me turn myself in such a position that the full glare of the crimson blaze fell upon my features. For a moment she fixed her keen eye upon me, and then, in a voice low and hoarse, commenced her prophecy.

"An evil star guides your life; it does not seem so to you, for hitherto you have seen only sunshine. But the cloud is coming; it is no bigger than my hand now; but death and destruction to all your dearest hopes lie hidden beneath its wings. From utter ruin and devastation there is but one way of escape, and that is through the door of humility. Pride, I greatly fear, will yet be your ruin."

"It is enough," I said; "I will humble myself to none. There is mettle within me which has never been put to the proof. I will learn how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong."

A strange, peculiar smile flickered across the face of the old hag.

"The will is strong, now, but there is power in fate to break it. Young hearts that have no close acquaintance with pain, know not the keenness of its gnawings, the emptiness of that void which its ravages leave behind. Lady, listen to the gipsy's warning, and beware lest you cast from you the only boon which can make life tolerable to you."

I stepped aside impatiently, and Sophie occupied my place. Her cheek was ashen pale, and she leaned heavily upon me for support. I thought the gipsy's eye softened with pity as she gazed searchingly upon that slight figure and fair young face.

"Lady," she said, with a sorrowful voice, "I can tell you little. Your bark is a very frail one, to be cast amid such breakers as surround it. For you, too, there is but one way of escape; but it is a path which I fear you have not strength to tread. To her I said, 'Be more humble; remember that human hearts bear much before they break, and lie down to the quiet rest

of the grave; and see, therefore, that thou neither inflict pain upon another, or wound thine own heart beyond the strength of human nature to endure.' To you, my message is a different one. Gird yourself with strength, nay, with the pride of human nature, and remember that while there is power in Love supremely to bless, there may be also happiness and usefulness in a life over which no gleam of passion casts its ray. Love is dead for you, and Hope itself is well-nigh spent with vigils. Your star will find an early setting, but it will go down in peace."

Sophie was nearly fainting. The gipsy, seeing the effect of her words, brought cool water from a neighbouring spring, and revived her; then, wrapping her shawl more closely around her, to protect the slight frame from the dampness of the night, she bade me hasten home with her. With one arm around the waist of the sweet girl, to support her sinking form, I rather flew, than walked, towards the seminary. The last bell had rung when we entered, and the house was still. We reached my room unperceived, and then Sophie begged me not to send her from me.

"I dare not go to my own room," she pleaded; "do, please, Miss Fielding, let me stay with you?"

She had scarcely spoken before since we left the camp of the gipsies, and she was still so weak and agitated that I did not dare to let her go. All that night I held her in my arms, and strove to calm and comfort her. Neither of us slept, and before morning the whole story of her unhappy love had been poured into my ears.

"And do your parents know nothing of all this?" I asked, as she concluded.

"Not one lip; no one knows it save you and myself. Oh! Miss Fielding, you do not know how I have suffered, and there is nothing, nothing left for me but pain and anguish. I cannot live to bear it; but I can die."

I pressed the sweet girl closer to my heart, and sighed to think how often innocence and trusting simplicity, Heaven's sweetest gifts to woman, are cruelly wronged. And that night, could I have met the man who had for his own amusement so wickedly trifled with as pure and loving a heart as ever drew breath in this ungodly world, I believe I could ruthlessly have plunged a dagger into his bosom.

The gipsy's warning saved me. The next day I wrote a letter, and its answer was one of peace. With the autumn I left the valley; but I never forgot sweet Sophie, and when, less than a year afterwards, I heard of her happy departure after a singular and tedious illness, the cause of which remains to this day an inexplicable mystery to her friends, I thought of that strange adventure in the gipsy's camp, and I could not but feel a thrill of gladness, that the gentle spirit which had strayed so short a time from Paradise, to drink so deeply of the bitterness of the earth-life, had gone back again to taste once more the waters of the fountain of eternal blessedness.

C. E. F.

## SELF-MADE;

OR,

### "OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "The Lost Heiress," &c., &c.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### OVER NORA'S GRAVE.

Oh! Mother Earth! upon thy lap,  
Thy weary ones receiving,  
And o'er them, silent as a dream,  
Thy grassy mantle weaving,  
Fold softly, in thy long embrace,  
That heart so worn and broken,  
And cool the pulses of fire beneath  
Thy shadows old and oaken.  
Shut out from her the bitter word,  
And serpent hiss of scolding;  
Nor let the storms of yesterday  
Disturb her quiet morning.

Whittier.

When the funeral ceremonies were over, and the mourners were coming away from the grave, Mr. Wynne turned to them and said:

"Friends, I wish to have some conversation with Hannah Worth, if you will excuse me."

And the humble group, with the exception of Reuben Grey, took leave of Hannah, and dispersed to their several homes. Reuben waited outside for the end of the parson's interview with his betrothed.

"This is a great trial to you, my poor girl, may the Lord support you under it!" said Mr. Wynne, as they entered the cottage and sat down.

Hannah sobbed.

"I suppose it was the discovery of Mr. Brudnell's first marriage that killed her?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed Hannah.

"Ah! I often read and speak of the depravity of human nature; but I could not have believed Herman Brudnell capable of so black a crime," said Mr. Wynne, with a shudder.

"Sir," replied Hannah, resolved to do justice in spite of her bleeding heart, "he isn't so guilty as you judge him to be. When he married Nora he believed that his wife had been killed in a great railway crash, for so it was reported in all the newspaper accounts of the accident; and he never saw it contradicted."

"His worst fault then appears to have been that of reckless haste in consummating his second marriage," said Mr. Wynne.

"Yes, and even for that he had some excuse. His first wife was an artful widow, who entrapped him into a union and afterwards betrayed his confidence and her own honour. When he heard she was dead, you see, no doubt he was shocked; but he could not mourn for her as he could for a true, good woman."

"Humph; I hope, then, for the sake of human nature, that he is not so bad as I thought him. But, now, Hannah, what do you intend to do?"

"About what?" inquired the poor woman, sadly.

"About clearing the memory of your sister and the birth of her son from unmerited shame," replied Mr. Wynne, gravely.

"Nothing," she answered sadly.

"Nothing?" repeated the minister in surprise.

"Nothing," she reiterated.

"What!" will you leave the stigma of undeserved reproach upon your sister in her grave, and upon her child all his life, when a single revelation from you, supported by my testimony, will clear them both?" asked the minister, in almost indignant astonishment.

"Not willingly, the Lord above knows. Oh! I would die to clear Nora from blame!" cried Hannah, bursting into a flood of tears.

"Well, then do it, my poor woman! do it! you can do it," said the clergyman, drawing his chair to her side and laying his hand kindly on her shoulder—"Hannah, my girl, you have a duty to the dead and to the living to perform. Do not be afraid to attempt it! Do not be afraid to offend that wealthy and powerful family. I will sustain you, for it is my duty as a Christian minister to do so, even though they—the Brudnells—should afterwards turn all their great influence in the parish against me. Yes, I will sustain you, Hannah! What do I say?—I?—A mightier arm than that of any mortal shall hold you up!"

"Oh, it is of no use! the case is quite past remedying," wept Hannah.

"But it is not, I assure you! When I first heard the astounding news of Brudnell's first marriage with the Countess of Hurst Monceaux, and his wife's sudden arrival at the Hall, and recollected at the same time his second marriage with Nora Worth, which I myself had solemnised, my thoughts flew to his poor young victim, and I pondered what could be done for her, and I searched the laws of the land bearing upon the subject of marriage. And I found that by these same laws—when a man in the life-time of his wife marries another woman, the said woman being in ignorance of the existence of the said wife, shall be held guiltless by the law, and her child or children, if she have any by the said marriage, shall be legitimate offspring of the mother, legally entitled to bear her name and inherit her estates. That fits precisely Nora's case. Her son is legitimate. If she had in her own right an estate worth a billion, that child would be her heir-at-law. She had nothing but her good name! Her son has a right to inherit that—unsuspected, Hannah! mind, unsuspected! Your proper way will be to proceed against Herman Brudnell for bigamy, call me for a witness, establish the fact of Nora's marriage, rescue her memory and her child's birth from the slightest shadow of reproach and let the consequences fall where they should fall, upon the head of the man! They will not be more serious than he deserves. If he can prove what he asserts—that he himself was in equal ignorance with Nora of the existence of his first wife, he will be honourably acquitted in the court, though, of course, severely blamed by the community. Come, Hannah, shall we go to-morrow about this business?"

Hannah was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"How glad I would be to clear Nora and her child from shame, no one but the Searcher of Hearts can know! But I dare not! I am bound by a vow!—a solemn vow made to the dying! Poor girl! with her last breath she besought me not to expose Mr. Brudnell, and not to breathe one word of his marriage with her to any living soul!" she cried.

And you were mad enough to promise!"

"I would rather have bitten my tongue off than have used it in such a fatal way. But she was dying fast, and praying to me with her uplifted eyes and clasped hands and falling breath to spare Herman Brudnell. I had no power to refuse her; my heart was broken; so I bound my soul by a vow to be silent! And I must keep my sacred promise made to the dying. I must keep it, though till the Judgment Day that shall set all things right, Nora Worth, if thought of at all, must be considered a fallen girl and her son the child of sin!" cried Hannah, breaking into a passion of tears and sobs.

"The devotion of woman passes the comprehension



of man," said the minister, reflectively. "But in sacrificing herself thus, had she no thought of the effect upon the future of her child?"

"She said he was a boy; his mother would soon be forgotten; he would be my nephew, and I was respected," sobbed Hannah.

"In a word, she was a special pleader in the interest of the man whose reckless haste had destroyed her!"

"Yes! that was it! that was it! Oh, my Nora! oh, my young sister! it was hard to see you die! hard to see you covered up in the coffin! but it is harder still to know that people will speak ill of you in your grave, and I cannot convince them that they are wrong!" said Hannah, wringing her hands in a frenzy of despair.

For trouble like this, the minister seemed to have no word of comfort. He waited in silence until she had grown a little calmer, and then he said:

"They say that the fellow has fled. At least, he has not been seen at the Hall since the arrival of his wife. Have you seen anything of him?"

"He rushed in here like a madman the day she died, received her last prayer for his welfare, and threw himself out of the house again, Heaven only knows where!"

"Did he make no provision for this child?"

"I do not know; he said something about it, and he wrote something on a paper; but indeed I do not think he knew what he was about; he was as nearly stark mad as ever you saw a man; and, anyway, he went off without leaving anything but that bit of paper; and it is but right for me to say, sir, that I would not have taken anything from him on behalf of the child. If the poor boy cannot have his father's family name, he shall not have anything else from him with my consent! Those are my principles, Mr. Wynne! I can work for Nora's orphan boy; just as I worked for my mother's orphan girl, which was Nora herself, sir."

"Perhaps you are right, Hannah. But where is that paper of which you spoke? I should much like to see it," said the minister.

"The paper he wrote and left, sir?"

"Yes; show it to me."

"Lord bless your soul, sir, it wasn't of no account; it was the least little scrap, with about three lines wrote on it; I didn't take any care of it. Heaven knows that I had other things to think of than that. But I will try to find it if you wish to look at it," said Hannah, rising.

Her search of course was vain, and after turning up everything in the house to no purpose she came back to the parson, and said:

"I dare say it is swept away or burnt up; but, anyway, it isn't worth troubling one's self about it."

"I think differently, Hannah; and I would advise you to search and make inquiry, and try your best to find it. And if you do so, just put it away in a very safe place until you can show it to me. And now good-bye, my girl; trust in the Lord, and keep up your heart," said the minister, taking his hat and stick to depart.

When Mr. Wynne had gone, Reuben Grey, who had been walking away behind the cottage, came in, and said—

"Hannah, my dear, I have got something very particular to say to you; but I feel as this is no time to say it exactly, so I only want to ask you when I may come and have a talk with you, Hannah."

"Any time, Reuben; next Sunday, if you like."

"Very well, my dear; next Sunday it shall be! God bless you, Hannah; and God bless the poor boy too. I mean to adopt that child, Hannah, and thrash his father within an inch of his life if ever I find him out!"

"Talk of all this on Sunday when you come, Reuben not now; oh, not now!"

"Certainly not now, my dear; I see the impropriety of it. Good-bye, my dear. Now, shan't I send Nancy or Peggy over to stay with you?"

"Upon no account, Reuben."

"Just as you say, then. Good-bye, my poor dear."

And after another dozen affectionate adieux, Reuben reluctantly dragged himself from the cottage.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### NORA'S SON.

Look on this babe; and let thy pride take heed,  
Thy pride of manhood, intellect or fame,  
That thou despise him not; for he is indeed,  
And such as he in spirit and heart the same  
Are God's own children in that kingdom bright,  
Where purity is praise, and where before  
The Father's throne, triumphant evermore,  
The ministering angels, sons of light,  
Stand unreprieved because they offer there,  
Mixed with the Mediator's hallowing prayer,  
The innocence of babes in Christ like this.

M. F. Tupper.

HANNAH was left alone with her sorrows and her mortifications.

Never until now had she so intensely realised her bereavement and her solitude. Nora was buried; and the few humble friends who had sympathised with her

were gone; and so she was alone with her great troubles. She threw herself into a chair, and for the third or fourth time that day broke into a storm of grief. And the afternoon had faded nearly into night before she regained composure. Even then she sat like one palsied by despair, until a cry of distress aroused her. It was the wail of Nora's infant. She arose, and took the child, and laid it on her lap to feed it. Even Hannah looked at it with a pity that was almost allied to contempt.

It was in fact the thinnest, palest, puniest little object that had ever come into this world prematurely, uncalled for, and unwelcome. It did not look at all likely to live. And as Hannah fed the ravenous little skeleton, she could not help mentally calculating the number of its hours on this earth, and wishing that she had requested Mr. Wynne, while he was in the house, to baptize the wretched babe, so little likely to live for another opportunity. Nor could Hannah desire that it should live. It had brought sorrow, death, and disgrace into the cottage, and it had nothing but poverty, want, and shame for its portion in this world; and so the sooner it followed its mother the better, thought Hannah—short-sighted mortal.

Had Hannah been a discerner of spirits to recognise the soul in that miserable little baby-body!

Or had she been seeress to foresee the future of that child of shame!

Reader, this boy is our hero; a real hero, too, who actually lived and suffered, and toiled and triumphed in this land!

"Out of the depths" he came indeed! Out of the depths of poverty, sorrow and degradation; he rose, by God's blessing on his aspirations, to the very zenith of fame, honour, and glory!

He made his name, the only name he was legally entitled to bear—his poor, wronged mother's maiden-name—illustrious in the annals of the nation!

He was good and great; his goodness won him love wherever he was personally known; his greatness won him homage throughout the world.

He lived to be one of the brightest stars in his country's diadem of light.

His true name? It is burning in my heart, and thrilling on my tongue, and trembling on my finger tips; it may be surmised by those who are very familiar with the early lives of our demi-gods; but for obvious reasons must be veiled under a fictitious one here.

His history? It is a guiding star to every youth of every land, to show them that there is no depth of human misery from which they may not rise to earthly honour as well as to eternal glory.

But this is to anticipate.

No vision of future glory arose before the poor weaver's imagination, as she sat in that old cottage, holding the wee boy on her lap, and for his sake, as well as for her own, begrudging him every hour of the few days she supposed he had to live upon this earth. Yes! Hannah would have felt relieved and satisfied if that child had been by his mother's side in the coffin rather than been left on her lap.

Only think of that, my readers; think of the utter, utter destitution of a poor little sickly, helpless infant, whose only relative would have been glad to see him dead! Our Ishmael had neither father, mother, name, nor place in the world. He had no legal right to be in it at all; no legal right to the air he breathed, or to the sunshine that warmed him into life; no right to love, or pity, or care; he had nothing—nothing but the eye of the Almighty Father regarding him. But Hannah Worth was a conscientious woman, and even while wishing the poor boy's death, she did everything in her power to keep him alive, hoping all would be in vain.

Hannah, as you know, was very, very poor; and with this child upon her hands, she expected to be much poorer. She was a weaver of domestic carpets and counterpanes, and of those coarse cotton and woollen cloths of which the clothing of labourers are made, and the most of her work came from Brudnell Hall. She used to have to go and fetch the yarn, and then carry home the web. She had a piece of cloth now ready to take home to Mrs. Brudnell's housekeeper, but she abhorred the very idea of carrying it there, or of asking for more work.

Nora had been ignominiously turned from the house—cruelly driven out into the midnight storm; that had partly caused her death. And should she, her sister, degrade her womanhood by going again to that house to solicit work, or even to carry back what she had finished to meet, perhaps, the same insults that had maddened Nora?

No, never; she would starve and see the child starve first. The web of cloth should stay there until Jim Morris should come along, when she would get him to take it to Brudnell Hall. And she would seek work from others in the neighbourhood.

She had two pounds in the house—the money, you know, that old Mrs. Jones, with all her hardness, had yet refused to take from the poor woman. And then Mrs. Brudnell owed her the same amount for the weaving of this web of cloth. In all she had four pounds,

three of which she owed to the Professor of Odd Jobs for his services at Nora's funeral. The remaining one she hoped would supply her simple wants until she found work; and, in the meantime, she need not be idle; she would employ her time in cutting up some of poor Nora's clothes to make an outfit for the baby—for if the little object lived but a week it must be clothed; now it was only wrapped up in a piece of flannel.

While Hannah meditated upon these things, the baby went to sleep on her lap, and she took it up and laid it in Nora's vacated place in her bed.

And soon after Hannah took her solitary cup of tea, and shut up the cottage and retired to bed. She had not had a good night's rest since that fatal night of Nora's flight through the snow-storm to Brudnell Hall, and her subsequent illness and death. Now, therefore, Hannah slept the sleep of utter mental and physical prostration.

The babe did not disturb her repose. Indeed, it was a very patient little sufferer, if such a term may be applied to so young a child. But it was strange that an infant so pale, thin, and sickly, deprived of its mother's nursing care besides, should have made so little plaint, and given so little trouble. Perhaps in the lack of human pity, he had the love of heavenly spirits, who watched over him, cared for him, soothed his pains and stilled his cries. We cannot tell how that may have been, but it is certain that Ishmael was an angel from his very birth.

(To be continued.)

## FANCIES FOR MAY.

Oh! 'tis beautiful to see,  
How the blushing apple-tree,  
And the odour-laden hawthorn, and the cherry and the sloe,

Have put on their bridal gear,  
For the nuptials of the year—  
The bridesmaids of the Earth, with their garments white as snow.

And now the happy Earth,  
Growing young again in mirth,  
Has pranked herself in jewels to do honour to the day—  
Of gold and purple bright,  
Of azure and of white;

Her diadem and bracelets, the meadow flowers of May  
Come forth, come forth, ye sad!  
Look at Nature and be glad.  
Come forth ye toiling millions, God's universe is fair.  
Come forth from crowded street,  
And cool your feverish feet,

With a trample on the turf in the pleasant open air!  
The children in the meads  
String the buttercups like beads;  
Be not too wise to join them, but sport as well as they.  
Come and hear the cuckoo sing  
Come and breathe the breath of Spring,  
And gild your life's October with the memories of May.  
C. F. H.

## LOVING AND BEING LOVED.

By A. M. MAILLARD,

Author of "The Compulsory Marriage," "Zingra, the Gipsy,"  
"Adrien," "Miles Trememore," "Gu Talbot," &c.

ADELIN's note, which was merely folded, not sealed, when read by Mistress Lewis, before being presented, as a matter of course with such a creature, contained these words:—

"You have promised to confide in me implicitly—come—all is ready! Trust me—I am your surest friend. Mrs. Lewis will accompany us.

"RUS TEMPLAR."

Rare and beautiful thing is perfect confidence in man or woman.

Adeline read these few lines, and never wavered for an instant.

Without a word of "God speed you!" that sorrowing woman quitted Lakelands with one who would never more enter therein, as its master; and yet it was not that thought which made him so sad as he turned away. It was a strange flight! for, handing Adeline into the carriage, and bidding Mr. Lewis follow, he closed the door, and mounting the box, merely said—  
"Drive on."

And, plunged in deep reflection, he folded his arms, and let his head rest on his bosom, until they approached the end of the avenue.

Foster Marra was already there.

"Will you get inside?" Bus said, with a kindly smile, "Mrs. Kenyerd is there."

Foster obeyed.

It would be very difficult to depict the amazement of Mrs. Lewis. She felt—a presentiment seized upon her heart—that there was some great mistake. A woman does not elope with two men.

Still greater was her amazement, when, instead of driving to the station, the carriage stopped at the Rectory; but that feeling turned to deep indignation, when

Captain Templar opened the door himself, handed out Mrs. Kenyerd, merely saying, gently but sadly—

"Will you come in, Adeline?"

"Come, my boy," he added, turning to Foster. "Mrs. Lewis," he concluded with, "will be good enough to remain in the carriage."

She who had concocted all, was but a cypher at last!—Ignorant of all that was going on inside!—Shut out, like a mere attendant, in the carriage.

The rector sat in earnest debate and consultation with his old college chum, Mr. Kenyerd, and our friend Dr. Chepstow.

We must now return to the moment of Mrs. Kenyerd's departure from her husband's roof.

After Adeline's letter had been read by Mr. Kenyerd on his return home, the one so hurriedly written, in which she informed him of the fearful marriage about to take place between the brother and sister, he remained passively impatient for a few days. Gabriella's death had been imparted to him, and even he felt the shock, and probably would have awaited his wife's return home, reserving for future consideration how he would punish her, but Miss Straggles was not dead, and therefore could not let the matter rest. One day she arrived at Mr. Kenyerd's.

At first she found admission rather difficult, then she wrote a note, for she had a little portable pen and ink-bottle, like a tax collector. This note was ambiguous—she intended it to be so; it stated that she had been present at the moment of Mrs. Kenyerd's flight to Lakelands, and had something of great moment to communicate.

Mr. Kenyerd was entrapped, and admitted her. "Oh, my dear Mr. Kenyerd," she cried, running up hastily to him, "I am so thankful that I have met you, I have really something very horrible to detail, which you ought to put a stop to!"

"Pray be seated, and calm yourself, madam."

"Cool, cool!" she exclaimed, dropping on a chair, as if exhausted by the weight of the communication she had to deliver herself of—"cool! oh, my dear Mr. Kenyerd, can those ever be so who see so much iniquity as we hourly meet with!"

"I am rather engaged this morning, my dear madam," suggested her listener.

He began to think that he was a victim, and had been caught in a Straggles' net.

"Then what do you say to that, my dear sir?" said the triumphant woman. "Don't you think a stop ought to be put to the sale of such things? or if not, those slides will slip into every stereoscope in the kingdom, and every pair of eyes, in every family, be fastened upon a scene as immoral as this!" And before the amazed orbs of the astounded man she held up a stereoscope.

His lips grew thinner and more compressed, and white as ashes—the cheeks were a very excellent match, and then, subduing the feelings within of bitter and deep revenge, he said smoothly—

"How beautifully they get up those sort of things now! You really could imagine the flowers within your grasp! Beautiful, indeed! But, my dear madam," and he looked away from the stereoscope and smiled blandly, "you must not be so very severe in your criticisms about lovers in their foolish moments! young folks in love find every spot good and fitting for a declaration, and—what better one than an alley in—the Botanical Gardens?"

During this speech, Miss Straggles sat motionless with amazement.

"My dear sir," she whispered, "do you not see the likenesses? All these things are taken from life. Surely you must perceive that the actors in the scene before you are Captain Templar and Mrs. Kenyerd?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed he, and no one who had once heard that man laugh, could ever forget it. 'Twas a ghastly thing—a laugh risen from the tomb, in its grave-clothes. "Ha! ha! ha! Mrs. Kenyerd!" he exclaimed. "Capital!—why, my dear madam, it is ten degrees darker than my wife, and altogether unlike!"

"Those stereoscopic slides are always darker than the original!" fell from the half-bewildered woman. "What do you say to Captain Templar?"

"Well, really," he carelessly uttered, "I am so little acquainted with that gentleman's appearance, that I should not presume to give a positive opinion."

He had, as he spoke, carelessly drawn out the slide, and, while affecting to look at it, read the address of the seller.

Staggered, however, by the extraordinary coolness of the man, she went away, rather summarily dismissed by Mr. Kenyerd.

No sooner was she gone, and the comedy of indifference over, than Mr. Kenyerd became perfectly natural, and himself. The whole countenance changed, and there was something terrific in the silent storm on that man's face: the whole was one rigid mass of dark passion, brooding, overwhelming, and still.

Not an instant did he hesitate, think, or reflect; but, ringing the bell, ordered his valet to make up his portmanteau, and prepare all for his departure.

He arrived in town, drove instantly to the address on

the stereoscopic view, purchased several, and, inquiring the residence of the artist, went thither as coolly as he had accomplished all the rest, and, after a long conversation with him, stated that he had been enchanted by the style of some views he had just purchased, and so led on the conversation, with steps slow and sure, till it approached the view in the Botanical Gardens.

"That one," said the artist, with a peculiar smile, "is perfectly natural. I mean the personages there depicted were not so placed by me; they are self-arranged. I was in the gardens taking views, and hearing an exclamation, followed by whispering tones was, I confess it, tempted to peep through the trees. There, on a seat, I saw the loveliest creature that eye ever beheld (for this likeness gives you an imperfect idea of her living loveliness), listening, too evidently, to the tender solicitations of the handsome man beside her. It is a picture which speaks so much to the imagination, that Mr. —" (naming the seller) "assures me he sells ten of it, to one of any other in his collection!"

A pleasant thing for a husband to hear! that an unmistakable likeness of his wife, who is the belle of London, is going the round of every stereoscopic amateur society, in so equivocal a position with a man as well known as herself!

Coldly and deliberately he told his solicitor the whole affair; and then they started for Lakelands to collect more evidence.

While he himself went to the rector's, his legal adviser remained at the village inn.

#### CHAPTER L

DISCOVERING a college acquaintance in the rector, of whom he had only intended to make a few inquiries relative to the family at Lakelands, Mr. Kenyerd opened his mind, as much as he ever did so to any one, and admitted for what purpose he had come to the village.

Deep in consultation they were when the door was flung open, and in walked Rus Templar, with Mrs. Kenyerd leaning on his arm, and closely followed by Foster Marra.

A simultaneous cry burst from the principal actors in that strange scene; for Rus as little expected to meet Mr. Kenyerd, as that gentleman did to see those appear before him who then entered.

Rus's tactics were, of necessity, changed. Adeline, who had almost, without a thought for the future, submitted herself implicitly to his care, was speechless with surprise and a certain amount of terror.

Rus was the first to recover his self-possession, although his countenance exhibited an amount of emotion not often seen there.

"Sir," cried Rus, arresting him by the decision of his tone, "I have come to you, as the head of this parish, to place under your care a most injured and suffering woman."

The rector felt much emotion as the visitors entered, knowing, as he did, something of recent events at that abode of mystery, Lakelands.

"I perceive here," continued Rus, just glancing at Mr. Kenyerd (Dr. Chepstow had slipped aside into the darkest possible corner), "a gentleman who has a prior claim, in law, to this lady; but I prefer, as the rector of this parish, soliciting your protection for a much maligned and injured woman."

"Maligned and injured, sir?" said Mr. Kenyerd, in his cold, sarcastic tone. "But pardon me," he added, "if, before you proceed further in this waste of breath and time, I ask your opinion, as probably, from much travel, a connoisseur in works of art, of this photograph?" And before the gaze of the astounded Rus he laid down the photographic view in the Botanical Gardens.

Rus raised it from the table, but not before Adeline had caught a perfect view of it.

For an instant she staggered beneath the blow. Rus held it in his hand, gazing earnestly at it.

Adeline cast aside the other feelings at war within her, for she thoroughly read the workings of Rus Templar's mind. He was thinking of her, not of himself.

"I know not," she said, advancing towards her husband, "how a scene so painful as the one portrayed has found itself repeated in a stereoscopic slide. I should, indeed, ever regret the original one, for the evident pain it has caused you, were it not that in it I discovered the innocence of two persons I had deeply wronged—Captain Templar, when he was my husband" (oh, how the voice trembled at that title!) "and one most nearly connected with him, Miss Falconer."

"Hush! madam, let me beg of you!" cried the rector, his mind filled with visions of scandal oozing through the very walls. "Some one may hear you."

"The world at large will soon, sir," she replied, sadly, "unless Mr. Kenyerd can be persuaded to believe and forgive me."

"Oh, well and rightly seen, the drift of all this humility!" exclaimed Mr. Kenyerd, scornfully. "Penniless I took and supported you until the law enabled me

to make you my wife. Penniless, and a beggar, the law will again leave you, when it decides upon the propriety of your residence, unprotected, under the roof of Captain Templar! You and yours," and he glanced meaningfully from her to Foster, whose proffered hand, on entering, he had refused, "will to poverty return."

At this cruel insult both Rus, who had aroused himself from his deep meditation, and Foster Marra stepped hastily forward; but the latter was the first, strong in the law of right, to fling his arms around Adeline, who was crushed beneath the unmanly taunts we have just recorded.

"Mr. Kenyerd," he said, firmly, "to you I owe much, to this unfortunate and deeply-injured creature more. You, sir, cared for me when I might have helped myself; nevertheless, I thank you deeply; but she, though but a young sister, was a fond mother to me in childhood."

"A sister!" exclaimed the rector in amazement.

"Sister!" brother!" exclaimed the rector.

Dr. Chepstow, whose anxious eyes and ears had been wide open to see and hear all, from beneath his curtain made a movement, as he took off his spectacles to wipe them, uttering, "Good gracious!" He was immediately seized upon by Mr. Kenyerd, who felt his cause a tottering one.

"Come here, Dr. Chepstow," he said, in a tone of triumph, "and state, as an impetus to Captain Templar's, I fear, defective memory, all you have just told this reverend gentleman and myself of the extraordinary scenes of caressing, to which you were a witness recently, at Lakelands."

"I—I—" ejaculated the little man, trembling in his limbs as he looked at Rus Templar's severe countenance: "I—I would rather not, if you please, mix myself up in anything at all appertaining to scandal."

Rus never took his eyes from his face, which became completely blistered with drops of agitation, except to turn them upon the rector's.

"I am sorry," he said, at last, "to find two men, of the highest calling and profession, lending themselves to the propagation of unfounded scandals against an innocent woman, and at a moment, too, when she was stricken by the sudden death of a beloved sister."

"But," continued Rus, "I came here to show the respect which I consider due to the head of society in the neighbourhood—the rector, by introducing to his notice a person who is destined to take the highest place among his parishioners."

"Indeed?" exclaimed the one immediately addressed, losing sight of all else for the moment.

"Mr. Foster Marra," Rus added, with perfect composure, pointing to the astonished youth, "is both nephew and heir to the late Mr. Janson. I have merely held the estates in temporary trust."

No pen could adequately describe the various emotions to which this speech gave rise.

"I," continued that gentleman, as if he had read the young man's thoughts, and wished to give a solution of them, "sink down to Captain Templar again, on my own moderate income, well pleased—nay, happy in doing so—to see a home and protection worthy of her, opened for the innocent, but repudiated wife of Mr. Kenyerd, who has been under her brother's protection the past fortnight."

The rector thought he was in a dream.

Dr. Chepstow, too.

The dowager countess had found out that the dear little doctor understood her complaint quite as well, merely passing through the door of her house and a string of liveried attendants, as if they had ambled side by side through the church. His profession, then, was still an object to him, and the heir of Lakelands not a patron to be despised.

But bitter than all these feelings were those of Mr. Kenyerd. Where was his revenge now? Here was the woman whom he had so grievously insulted—the woman whom, in his heart, he knew to be pure and good—raised at once to a high position, far above his reach.

He felt humbled before the woman he had endeavoured to crush, his wife, for something, that little voice which whispers to our hearts in ringing un-silenceable tones, told him that Adeline must draw a very clear line of distinction between himself, the man who held his riches and power in *terror* over her, and Rus Templar.

He read it on her cold brow, when he turned towards her more gently, to say that he believed her true and worthy, and in the long look of despair which she cast upon Rus Templar, as she placed her hand in her husband's, and said—

"Forgiveness is the leading rule of Heaven, I have too much to sue for myself, to deny it you. I have ever been a faithful wife to you, and will be so to the last."

(To be continued.)



## THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.\*

The proper study of mankind is man.—Pope.

THE great aim of literary effort should be instruction, its minor object, amusement. In the former case, whatever conduces to deep thought and earnest action, or stimulates a spirit of inquiry into the yet obscure mysteries of creation, is a step in advance towards the attainment of the great end; in the latter, the purpose of the author is accomplished when artificial excitement dissipates for a brief space the clouds of ennui, and hours of sterling worth are wasted beneath the potent spells of the romances and the dreamer.

To some minds, plain truths, the fruit of historic research, or of philosophic study, grate upon the sense of enjoyment, and are cast aside as uninteresting and undesired; while the wild extravagancies of the novelist, or the glowing fancies of the poet are welcomed with greedy ears. We are told—

Men are but children of a larger growth.

And when looking down the ever-teeming lists of our most popular publishers we cannot feel much surprise at the assumption.

Much to the credit of the present generation, it has risen above the bathos of the "Rosa Matilda," and "Mysteries of Udolpho" schools, and demands more wholesome nourishment for the human intellect, of which, with all honour to the mental prowess of the age, there is, happily, no lack. The genius and talent of Scott, of Byron, of Moore, and of more recent constellations in the literary firmament, produced but a reflex of imaginative power, however lustrous such reflex might be. The genius and the labours of the school in which Macaulay and his compeers in historic and philosophic lore studied and excelled, have furnished enduring memorials of the substantial mental wealth of the country honoured by their existence, and, fortunately for mankind, the race is yet extant.

One of the most interesting and instructive works of the present era is unquestionably that of Sir Charles Lyell, "On the Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man," recently published by Murray; in which there is exhibited a profundity of research and argumentative power that fascinates while it teaches. To this author the hidden wonders of the mighty deep—the dark recesses of the giant mountains—the chaotic relics of unrecorded ages, are as familiar as "household words;" and he is equally at home—whether extolling upon the exhumed memorials of races and species over whom thousands and tens of thousands of years have cast a veil that Science alone could lift, as when descending upon the phenomenon of a diamond in a pebble.

In an edition of Sir Charles Lyell's "Principles of Geology," published in 1834, a passage is quoted from Bishop Berkeley's "Minute Philosopher," that is singularly appropriate to the subject of the work under consideration, and no less so to the question that is at this moment disturbing the repose of orthodox Churchmen, through the heterodox notions of the Bishop of Natal. Berkeley, arguing against the propensity that in his day existed, to set up the early annals of Egypt, as reported by Manetho, and the even less solid traditions of the Chinese, against the account of the early history of man contained in the Scriptures of the Old Testament, "To any one," says he, "who considers that on digging into the earth such quantities of shells (and in some places bones and horns of animals) are found sound and entire after having lain there in all probability some thousands of years, it would seem probable that gems, medals, and implements in metal or stone, might have lasted entire, buried under ground forty or fifty thousand years, if the world had been so old. How comes it, then, to pass, that no remains are found, no antiquities of those numerous ages preceding the Scripture accounts of time; no fragments of buildings, no public monuments, no intaglios, cameos, statues, basso-relievos, medals, inscriptions, utensils, or artificial works of any kind are ever discovered, which may bear testimony to the existence of those mighty empires, those successions of monarchs, heroes, and demi-gods, for so many thousand years?" He then goes on to urge that in ten or twenty thousand years, if we look forward into the future, there will exist ample evidence of the civilization of his own time, in the coins, statues, foundations of old buildings, and the like, which could not fail to reward the pains of an excavator; and from this negative evidence he concludes that the ordinary opinion as to the age of the world was well founded. It is instructive for the history of controversy to remark, how entirely ignorant the polemics on both sides of the question are of the nature of the facts which their opponents bring forward in defence of their respective views.

The contrast of opinion upon this subject shows at present but faint signs of any diminution of strength, but its issues are materially altered, and while the Christian believer of average intelligence remains per-

fectly undisturbed by the consideration that strata of the aggregate thickness of more than seven miles have been deposited on the surface of the globe since the first manifestation of life upon it, his opponents as little dream of appealing to Oriental history for the purpose of diminishing the authority of the Biblical record.

Returning to the work of Sir Charles Lyell, it may be observed, that although the habits of thought which have grown up under the influence of the scientific researches of the last forty years render religious people indifferent to the promulgation of discoveries which a century ago would have excited general consternation, there are some questions which even now demand a well-disciplined mind to treat with candour and calmness. Such a one is the antiquity of man. How long has he been a denizen of this earth on which he is placed? Is his existence here limited, as according to popular notions it is by high authority, to some six or seven thousand years; or is it rather to be reckoned by tens and hundreds of thousands? The main object of Sir Charles Lyell is to put before the world the evidence which the last few years have furnished, that this question is to be answered rather in the latter than the former way. But he also ventures upon a further problem—the origin of species—for the solution of which the data are admitted to be, as yet, very incomplete.

We learn upon the authority of this really important work that the geological formations of which it takes cognizance—immense as is the length of time which they occupy—are nevertheless all of them what is technically called "modern." They all lie above the most recent of the so-called tertiary strata. These tertiary strata, which extend in the aggregate to about 2,000 feet of thickness, are divided by Sir Charles into beds of different ages, distinguished by the circumstance of a greater or less proportion of their fossils being identical with living species. In even the most modern of them, the *pliocene*, so called from the preponderance of living species within it, no one dreams of finding either the remains or the works of man. After the *pliocene* beds were deposited, a large portion of Europe assumed the appearance which is now presented by Greenland; and it is in the beds formed after the glaciers of this epoch had either disappeared or shrunk to something like their present proportions, that are discovered the fossil bones of those monsters, the mammoth, the cave-bear, the huge Northern elephants and rhinoceroses—all now extinct, but found as fossils associated with the remains of still existing animals. The first question is, did man form a part of this assemblage of living creatures? the second, what time must have elapsed since he was their contemporary?

To this period the name of *post pliocene* is assigned, thus designating it as one in which all the fossil shells are of living, but some of the mammalia of extinct species, is itself ancient in comparison with the deposits which often overlie it, and contain no fossil of any extinct kind. To these latter Sir Charles gives the name of "recent," although even they cover a period of several thousand years. Some of the most remarkable are the peat-mosses of Denmark, which have of late years undergone a close scrutiny by Scandinavian antiquarians, and have furnished most interesting results. They are formed in hollows of the northern drift, and are from ten to thirty feet deep. After the lowest stratum of two or three feet, which consists of swamp peat, follows another growth not made up of exclusively aquatic plants. Around the border and at various depths in them lie trunks of trees which formerly grew on the margin. The lowest of these is the Scotch fir, which has never been in the historical times a native of Denmark, and when introduced has never thriven. At higher levels occur successively two varieties of oak, which itself has now been nearly superseded in the country by the beech. All the fossils, whether shells or mammalia, which are found in these mosses are of recent species; and they likewise contain instruments of flint and other indications of the existence of man, even at the time when the climate of Denmark was such that the Scotch pine was the dominant growth. But, besides the peat-mosses, there are some other singular monuments of a remote antiquity, which go by the name of *kjoekken moedding* (kitchen middens). They are, in fact, enormous rubbish heaps, which grew up in the neighbourhood of a settlement of the primitive population, and contain the shells and bones of the fish and animals on which they subsisted. They vary in height from 3ft. to 10ft., and are sometimes as much as 1,000ft. long and from 150ft. to 200ft. wide. Their situation is always in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea and very little above its level, as might be expected in a fishing population. One proof of their great antiquity is that they are always wanting on the coast bordering the Western Ocean, where the sea is slowly eating away the land. But a yet more conclusive evidence is afforded by the varied nature of the embedded shells, among which are those of the common oyster, the cockle, mussel, and periwinkle, all of the ordinary dimensions, whereas, the first cannot now live at all in the Baltic, except just at its entrance, and the others only attain one-third of their full size, being

dwarfed in their growth by the imperfectly saline character of the water. It is perfectly certain, therefore, that at the time when the aboriginal people lived, whose works these heaps are, the ocean had much freer access to the Baltic than at present.

By the careful comparison of the contents of these "kitchen middens" with those of the peat-mosses, the Danish antiquaries have succeeded in tracing out three distinct stages of civilisation in the pre-historic inhabitants of their country. These they distinguish as the periods of stone, of bronze, and of iron. Not even in the earliest time were the people cannibals, for no human bones are mingled with those of animals in the middens. In them are flint knives and hatchets, which have been sharpened by rubbing, and fragments of rude pottery, but no trace of any instruments of bronze, far less of iron. In the peat-mosses the age of stone extended through the whole of the period of the first vegetation—that of the Scotch fir; and over a part of the second, that of the oak. But of this a considerable portion coincided with the age of bronze. The age of iron is nearly correspondent with that of the growth of the beech, which the Romans found covering the face of the country as it does now. Yet in the time to which the bronze instruments belong, there were no beech-trees; and in that which preceded them, the period of flint instruments, there were no oaks. The minimum of time required for the formation of all the peat has been estimated at 4,000 years; and, according to Sir Charles Lyell, may have been four times as much. Yet the people who formed the "kitchen-middens," and who are contemporaries with the early layers of the peat, had domesticated the dog, learnt to sharpen their stone implements by rubbing, made pottery, and ventured out to sea in canoes hollowed from the stem of a single tree to catch the herring and the cod, bones of which deep-sea species are found in the heaps, together with those of the beaver, the seal, the red-deer, the roe, the wild swan, the penguin, and the urus—the two last in very considerable quantities. In some mounds, which are supposed to be contemporaneous with the "middens," human remains have been found, showing that the early race were of small stature, with undersized round heads, and a prominent ridge running over the orbits of the eyes, a type much resembling the modern Laplanders. In the peat-mosses of the bronze and iron periods, the human skulls found are larger and of an elongated shape. They belong to a race which had domesticated the ox, sheep, and horse, and possessed a larger species of dog than that which existed in the stone age. Far back, however, as these investigations enable us to penetrate, they do not reach to the era of the gigantic mammalia of the extinct species—not one vestige of which seems yet to have been discovered, either in the Scandinavian or Swiss memorials of the past; but it is very different with another class of such silent records—the bone caverns both of England and the Continent—in respect of which remarkable phenomenon the author of this work has retracted the opinion adopted by himself, and the late Dean Buckland, in the year 1832—namely, that the human bones which in several instances have been discovered in them, are not coeval with the remains of extinct mammalia with which they are found associated. It was, indeed, not unnatural to suppose that the caverns in question, after serving at one time for the dens of wild beasts, had many ages afterwards been used as places of concealment or sepulchre for human beings. It was also easy to imagine that the bones of men and animals, thus brought at widely different times into contiguity, might afterwards be swept away by floods, and mingled in one promiscuous heap, be deposited in a new receptacle in such a manner as to deceive the geologist, and cause him to assign the whole to one epoch. Of late years, however, phenomena have been brought to light which cannot be explained on any other hypothesis than the contemporaneous existence of man in Europe with the fossil mammoth, rhinoceros, cave-bear, and other extinct mammalia.

The state of things which appears to have prevailed in Denmark during the pre-historic portion of the recent period is illustrated by another late discovery—that of the early lake-villages of Switzerland. In the winter of 1833-4 the lakes and rivers had sunk lower than had been ever known, and the inhabitants of Meilen, on the lake of Zurich, conceived the idea of gaining a portion of land by dredging in the neighbouring shallow water and throwing up the mud. In the course of this operation they discovered a number of wooden piles deeply driven into the bed of the lake, and among them a great many hammers, axes, and other instruments, all of stone, with two exceptions—an armet of thin brass wire, and a small bronze hatchet. Fragments of charred wood indicated that a village, built on piles, had perished by fire; and to this misfortune, doubtless, the large number of implements obtained from the locality is due. Attention being directed to the subject, several other similar sites were discovered, some indicating the existence of a very large population, of 1,000 or more. The remains found upon them show, as in Denmark, three periods, of stone,

\* "The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation." By Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S. London: Murray, 1862.

bronze, and iron; and the implements and pottery of the second so much resemble those of the correspondent age in Denmark as to justify the conclusion that at that era there was a tolerably uniform civilization extending over central Europe.

It has been attempted to form a rational estimate of the antiquity of these settlements, one of which, belonging to the second, or bronze period, has been recently discovered at Chamblon, near Yverdon, on the Lake of Neuchâtel. Between this Yverdon (the Eboradunum of the Romans), which once stood on the margin of the lake, and the present shore, is a space of 2,500 feet, which has been produced in 1500 years, and assuming the rate of retreat of the lake to have been the same before the Roman era, an interval of at least 3,300 years must have elapsed since the building of the pile village at Chamblon. Another calculation, based upon some remains of all three periods, which have been laid bare by a cutting for the railroad near Villeneuve, gives an age of between 3,000 and 4,000 years for those belonging to the period of bronze, and one of between 5,000 and 7,000 to those belonging to the period of stone. A third assigns to a village at Pont de Thièle, between the lakes of Bienné and Neuchâtel, which apparently belongs to the earliest part of the stone period—an antiquity of 6,750 years.

The bone caverns of England and the adjacent Continent have presented a wide field for geological and antiquarian inquiry, and of late years facts have been elicited which tend to establish the contemporaneous existence of man in Europe with the fossil mammoth, rhinoceros, cave-bear, and other animals now extinct and all but utterly forgotten.

The leader in the investigations that have led to this conclusion was Dr. Schmerling, of Liege, who, after devoting several years to the exploration of the numerous bone caverns in the valley of the Meuse and its affluents, published the results of his labours in the year 1835. In the course of his investigations he had examined about forty caverns in the calcareous stone of the country, in some of which he found a few human bones, and in all, rude implements of flint associated in such a way with animal fossil remains that it was impossible to doubt they had been introduced together. In some instances it was certain that portions of carcasses must have floated in while covered with their flesh; for several bones of the same skeleton were in natural juxtaposition, with the delicate apophyses uninjured, at the same time that others in the same breccia were rolled, broken, or decayed. No gnawed bones or coprolites were found in any of the caves; so that it was plain they had not been the dens of wild beasts, but that their contents had all been swept in by streams communicating with the surface of the country, in the beds of which some of them had been rolled, while others had been floated in, uninjured. Many land shells of living species, a few remains of fish, of a kind of snake, and of several birds were also found—in fact, exactly what might be expected under the agency of floods. All the remains agreed with one another in appearance, colour, and chemical condition; and their decay had been arrested by a curious process of nature, which of itself indicates a great lapse of time since they were entombed.

For instance, in the fertile soil which lies above these caverns, vegetable matter is continually changing, and this body, acted upon by a moist atmosphere, evolves carbonic acid, which is dissolved by rain. The rain-water thus impregnated, permeating the porous limestone, dissolves a portion of it which is dispersed over the floor of the cave, into which it ultimately finds its way. Then, the excess of carbonic acid evaporating, stalagmite is formed, and covers the whole bottom with a crust as hard as marble, effectually protecting what lies beneath either from atmospheric influences, or from transportation by the agency of fresh floods. But no layer of pure stalagmite can be formed while water is running through a cavern; consequently the whole of this crust must have been deposited subsequently to some alteration in the channels by which the bones were washed in.

The conclusion to which the explorer of the Liege cavern had arrived in regard to the antiquity of the human race was looked upon with distrust for many years. It was asked by many how it happened that if man had existed contemporaneously with the extinct species whose remains are entombed in the caves, his bones, or the works of his hands, were never found, like their remains, in the ancient river-gravel, which had remained undisturbed since its deposition. But in the year 1841 some excavations began to be made in a suburb of Abbeville, for the purpose of repairing the fortifications, and in the lowest beds of the "drift," lying undisturbed, M. Boucher de Perthes found numbers of flint implements, sometimes twenty or thirty feet below the surface. Remains of the extinct mammalia were associated with them. Here, then, was an answer to the objection which had been urged. Nevertheless, the idea that man had existed so long back in the series of ages was so abhorrent to received opinions that M. Boucher's account, which he published in the year 1847, failed to carry conviction even to scientific men. One

of the most sceptical of them was the late Dr. Rigollot, a physician of Amiens, who had long before written on the subject of the fossils of the Somme Valley. But at last he was induced to visit Abbeville himself, and what he saw there induced him, on his return home, to commence a search in an analogous bed deposited in the gravel pits of St. Achel, in the south-east suburbs of Amiens. His labours were rewarded by the discovery of an abundance of similar flint tools, exactly the same in the rudeness of their make and in their geological position with those which had been found at Abbeville, 40 miles lower down the valley. They did not lie in the vegetable soil, nor in the brick earth of the recent period, with the land and freshwater shells of extant species; but in the lower beds of coarse flint gravel, 12, 20, and 25 feet below the surface. The conclusion, therefore, was irresistible that the flint tools and their fabricators were coeval with the deposition of the beds in which the former had been found, and with the animals whose remains characterise it. M. Rigollot at once became a zealous advocate of the opinion which he had previously opposed; but still it did not gain general acceptance until the discovery in the year 1858 of a cave at Brixham, near Torquay, of a character analogous to the Liege caverns. But, before describing the contents of this, it will be desirable to convey some idea of the condition of the valley of the Somme at the time when these flint instruments were buried in the soil in order to put in a clear light the enormous amount of the changes which must have taken place in the interval.

The average width of the valley of the Somme between Amiens and Abbeville is about a mile. It is bounded by chalk hills of 200ft. or 300ft. in height, on the flanks of which the chalk is exposed; but the surface of the plateau beyond is covered with a loam or brick earth, some 5ft. thick, which contains no fossils. Here and there, however, there crop out insulated patches of the tertiary *eoene* formation—sole survivors from an ancient denudation which has furnished a large contribution towards the "drift" beds in the valley, where the flint instruments are entombed. The bottom of the valley thus, as it were, scooped out from the chalk, is filled with a bed of peat 20ft. or 30ft. thick, separated by a thin layer of impervious clay from a layer of gravel, which itself in turn reposes directly on the chalk formation.

Now, the first thing to be remarked is that if the peat bed were to be removed, and the channel of the river thus deepened thirty feet, the sea-water would flow up and occupy the valley for miles above Abbeville. Yet the whole of the peat is of freshwater origin, all aquatic shells in it being of lacustrine or fluviatile kinds. It is plain, therefore, that it must have grown when the height of the land above the sea-level was greater than it is at present. But this does not include the whole of the facts connected with this deposit. It may be traced as far as the coast, and is there seen to pass under the sand-dunes and beyond the sea-level; and during great storms large masses of compact peat, enclosing trunks of flattened trees, have been thrown up at the mouth of the Somme. So that it is plain, not only that the land must have been higher when the peat was forming, but that it must have extended beyond the present coast-line into the British Channel. Yet, when we turn from this "recent" peat to the deposits in which the flint implements are found, we find evidence of a subsidence prior to this elevation, ancient as the latter is in reference to the historical period. Marine and fluviatile shells are mingled with one another in such a way at Menchecourt, in the neighbourhood of Abbeville, as to show that sometimes the sea there gained on the river, and sometimes the river upon the sea. The state of things when this took place is illustrated by the comparison of an old silted-up bed of the Thames, recently discovered by boring at Shoeburyness. If, says Sir Charles Lyell, the river were again to deviate from its course and desert its existing channel, the latter would for a time become the receptacle of both freshwater and marine strata like this; and if the strata were raised ten or fifteen feet, and partially eroded (which could not fail to be the case during the process of upheaval), they would resemble the Menchecourt flint-bearing beds, only on a larger scale. But above Abbeville the "drift," at whatever level it is found, contains no marine shells; so that the sea does not seem ever, in the period with which we are concerned, to have come up higher than that place. At Menchecourt, however, the lowest deposits in contact with the chalk are *fluviatile*. So that, in that locality the following distinct epochs of the Somme Valley may be traced:—First, the prevalence of the river to the exclusion of salt water; next, a subsidence of the land, allowing the sea to come up as far as Abbeville; thirdly, an upheaval of the land to a much greater height than the present, and its continuance in that state long enough to admit of the deposit of the whole of the peat; and, lastly, a depression to its present condition. What space of time is to be assigned to each of these periods is a point on which geologists may differ, but all will concede that the aggregate must be

enormous, and it is certain that in every one of them man existed in this part of Europe.

The imagination of every reader will demand some material for picturing the habits of the primitive race whose existence has thus been brought to light, millenniums after they have passed from the face of the earth. Sir Charles Lyell has supplied this. He has shown conclusively that at the time they existed the climate of Picardy must have exceeded in severity that of Canada at the present day, and that the Somme and its affluents were probably covered with ice during several months of the year. We may conceive, then, the life of the tribes who were contemporaries of the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros to have been somewhat like that of the North American Indians who inhabit the country between Hudson's Bay and the Polar Sea. When deer and other game become scarce on the land, they betake themselves to the rivers, cutting holes in the ice of a foot or more in diameter, through which they let down baited hooks or nets, or spear fish when they rise to the surface. To make the holes, these very tribes, when they cannot procure metal, use flint instruments like those found, in the Somme beds. In the selection of such spots certain natural advantages always exercise a determining influence, and the tribe resorts to the same place year after year, and century after century; in fact, so long as they continue under the same conditions of existence. Hence a simple explanation of the fact that in some localities large numbers of these flint tools, perfect and imperfect (together with chips and flakes from them), are found, while in the neighbourhood nothing of the kind is seen. The early inhabitants of the Somme Valley would come back to the well-known fishing ground at the commencement of the winter; their wigwags would be pitched near to each other; the iceholes once made would be carefully kept open, so that flint hatchets and spear heads would often slip in accidentally; and finally, during the long winter, the manufacture of similar articles out of the flints which the neighbourhood supplied would probably constitute a principal indoor employment, in which case thousands of chips and flakes and instruments spoiled in the making would be purposely thrown into the hole. The nature of the objects found in the drift beds exactly corresponds with this hypothetical state of things.

The discovery in the year 1858 of some caves at Brixham, near Torquay, in Devonshire, which presented characteristics analogous to those of the Liege Caverns (where sometimes the mouths of the ossiferous caves open in the face of precipices 200 feet above the bed of the present river; and in some cases there is such a correspondence in the openings on the opposite sides of the valleys as to suggest the suspicion that the caverns originally formed part of a series of tunnels and galleries, through which the drainage of the country was effected before the existing valleys were scooped out) has brought this interesting subject home to us; and the fact is considered to have decided the chronological question by the peculiar circumstances under which the explorations were conducted. The Brixham caves were accidentally discovered in consequence of the roof of one having fallen in, and upon the fact coming to the notice of the Royal Society, it made a grant for defraying the expenses involved in a careful survey of them by a committee of geologists. The fossils taken from the different parts of the caverns were all labelled and numbered, with reference to a journal kept during the progress of the work; a ground plan was made, and every precaution taken for securing the most perfect accuracy of detail. When the sum voted by the Royal Society was exhausted, Miss Burdett Coutts (who was then residing at Torquay, from which the caves are about three miles distant), supplied the funds requisite for the completion of so important an object. By this means five large galleries, the united length of which amounts to several hundred feet, though none is above eight feet in breadth, were cleaned out. Some of them were filled quite up to the roof with gravel bones, and mud. In other cases there was a considerable interval between the roof and the floor, which latter, where the passage from the surface had been by fissures, was, as in the case of the Liege caverns, covered with a layer of stalagmite. This, which varied from one to fifteen inches in thickness, sometimes contained bones. In one cave the perfect antler of a reindeer was found sticking in it, in another the entire humerus of the extinct cave-bear. Below the stalagmite crust was a mass of loam or bone-earth of an ochreous red colour, in some instances fifteen feet in thickness, in which were found remains of the mammoth, the extinct rhinoceros, cave-lion, cave-bear, cave-hyena, reindeer, a species of horse, of ox, and several *rodentia*, besides other bones not yet determined. From various parts of this deposit flint knives were obtained, one of the most perfect from a depth of thirteen feet. Under the bone deposit was a bed of gravel with rounded pebbles, which was probed in some places to the depth of twenty feet without being pierced through. It was barren of fossils; but in it, even in the lowest part, were found some imperfect specimens of flint knives. Besides the implement

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themselves, there was also discovered, deep in the bone earth, one of the flint cores from which flakes had been struck off in the course of forming such tools. It is difficult to conceive anything more satisfactory than the evidence, collected with so much caution and tested with so much skill, which these caves have supplied. The presence of flint knives by themselves would of course prove nothing, for they might belong to any age in which the use of metal was unknown. But the fabricators of those in the Brixham caverns must have lived antecedently to the time when the work of their hands was being covered with stalagmite; and contemporaneous with the stalagmite must have been the cave-bear to which the entire humerus enveloped by it belonged. So that, if there is any priority to be assigned, it must in this district be given to man rather than to the *ursus spelæus*.

In connexion with this subject, we learn that Dr. Falconer and Mr. Prestwich, two of the most distinguished members of the geological committee which superintended the excavations at Brixham, afterwards visited the deposits in the valley of the Somme, and the latter had the satisfaction of extracting with his own hands a well-shaped flint hatchet from a bed of undisturbed gravel at St. Acheul. The tool was lying, at a depth of seventeen feet, on its flat side, and neither in the matrix which contained it nor in the overlying beds of sand and loam, containing many land and freshwater shells, was there the least sign of any vertical rents. A report of this to the Royal Society, accompanied by a photograph showing the position of the tool *in situ*, satisfied many sceptics and induced others themselves to visit Abbeville and Amiens. One who did so, Mr. Flower, disinterred at the depth of twenty-two feet, from strata which were observed by many witnesses to be perfectly undisturbed, a fine oval-shaped symmetrical flint weapon. This was in June, 1859. In the same year Sir Charles Lyell himself visited the same pits, and obtained several other tools of the same kind. Unable to resist the accumulation of evidence, he formally expressed his opinion of the antiquity of the fossil tools at the meeting of the British Association in the following autumn. Other accounts of similar phenomena now came in from other quarters, and at last one of those singular discoveries was made which continually occur when a new idea succeeds in establishing itself. It appeared that as long ago as 1797, Mr. Krære had found flint weapons, similar to the Amiens tools, associated with the remains of the mammoth in a freshwater formation at Hoxne, in Suffolk, and that in 1715 an implement of the same kind had been exhumed, together with the bones of an elephant, from the gravel of London.

Having so far submitted the thread of evidence upon which the Lyell theory of man's antiquity rests, it is scarcely necessary to follow the author of this elaborate work in the survey he has made of several other localities which tell the same tale without variation. Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, Bedfordshire, and Suffolk, each have their flint weapon-bearing "drift," while Somersetshire, South Wales, and Sicily have also their ossiferous caves, all confirming in the strongest manner the conclusions arrived at by the learned and assiduous author of this history.

(To be continued.)

## FACETIE.

**GRAMMATICAL JOKING.**—"What is the reason of a blow leaving a blue mark after it?" asked an inquiring young man of a medical student. "It is easily accounted for," was the reply; "for you know that *blow* in the perfect makes *blew*."

**WHEN** neighbour Jones went in to dinner, the other day, he found one of his apprentices in the kitchen, quietly rolling up his sleeves. "What are you going to do?" said Jones. "Oh," quietly responded the boy, "I am going to dive down into that pot, to see if I can find the bean that soup was made from."

**THE** term "Putting your foot in it," it seems, is of legitimate origin. According to the "Asiatic Researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and there remain until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects—in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is generally the client, and not the lawyer, who "puts his foot in it!"

**WHAT** IS AN ARCHDEACON?—"Lord Althorp, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, having to propose to the House of Commons a vote of £400 a year for the salary of the Archdeacon of Bengal, was puzzled by a question from Mr. Hume, 'What is the duty of an archdeacon?' So he sent one of the subordinate occupants of the Treasury Bench to the other House, to obtain an answer to the question from one of the Bishops. The messenger first met with Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, who described an Archdeacon as 'aide-de-camp to the Bishop; and then with Bishop Copleston, of Llandaff,

who said, 'the Archdeacon is *oculus Episcopi*.' Lord Althorp, however, declared that neither of these explanations would satisfy the House. 'Go,' said he, 'and ask the Bishop of London; he is a straightforward man, and will give you a plain answer.' To the Bishop of London accordingly the messenger went, and repeated the question, 'What is an Archdeacon?' 'An Archdeacon,' replied the Bishop in his quick way, 'an Archdeacon is an ecclesiastical officer who performs archidiaconal functions; and with this reply Lord Althorp and the House were perfectly satisfied.'—*A Memoir of Charles James Blomfield, D.D., Bishop of London.*

"Did you see defendant throw a stone?" "I saw a stone, and I've pretty sure the defendant throwed it." "Was it a large stone?" "I should say it wur a largish stone." "Can't you answer definitely how big it was?" "I should say it wur a stone of some bigness." "Can't you compare it to some other object?" "Well, if I wur to compare it so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk."

## VARIORUM.

### Rare Works on Architectural Subjects.

A punning correspondent sends us the following catalogue of very odd volumes. They are, he says, uniform with Hood's list:—

Angell, On the Wings of Villas.  
Ashpitel, On Stoke-holes.  
Armistead's Handbook of Architecture.  
Burnet's Effectual Cure of Smoky Chimneys.  
Bell's Application of the Telegraph to Domestic Use.  
Baker, On the Arrangement of Ovens.  
Burn, On Fire-proof Construction.  
Christian, On Churches.  
Coxe's Antiquities of Enfield.  
Deane's English Cathedrals.  
Driver, On the Steam-Engine.  
Eyre, On Ventilation.  
Ferrey, On Bridges.  
Ferguson, On Lodgings.  
Fowler's Columbarium.  
Giles, On Rural Retreats.  
Goldie, On the Abuse of Gilding.  
Hall, On Pulleys.  
Knowles, on Works in Theatres.  
Kerr, On the Construction of Kennels. Also a new Tale.  
Lamb, On Slaughter-Houses.  
Lewis, On Weights.  
Lightly, On the Principles of Modern Construction.  
Mair's Stables.  
Newall's Law of Dilapidations.  
Nelson's Bird's-eye View of Trafalgar Square.  
Mayhew, On Quarrying and the Qualities of Stone.  
Revised by Whewell.  
Oliver, On Rolandsec.  
Parker, On Landscape Gardening.  
Pugin's History of St. Augustine.  
Pearson's Artesian Wells.  
Penfold, On Cattle Markets.  
Porter, On Biers.  
Richardson, On the shows of the Ancients.  
Rickman, On Farm Buildings.  
Shout, On Sound in Rooms.  
Self-Culture, by I. Reid.  
Scott, On Everything.  
Street's London and its Suburbs.  
Slater, On Iron Roofs of Recent Construction.  
Smith, On Mediæval Metal Work.  
Smirke, On the Laughing Gas.  
Tarring, On Fences.  
Taylor's Account of Cleopatra's Needle.  
Turner's Round Towers of Ireland.  
Turnbull's Dairy Homesteads.  
Tite, On the British Costume.  
White's Polychromy.  
Weale's Revolutions in Art.

**A NOT UNCOMMON SCENE IN AN OMNIBUS.**—It so happened that there were eleven passengers in the omnibus, one side of which was occupied by five ladies, whose ample dresses left no vacant space. A twelfth passenger appeared, in the shape of a broad-sterned, broad-brimmed old Quaker, with one of those unruffled imperturbable faces so common among his sect. The conductor opened the door, pushed him in, shut it with a bang, and shouted "Right." We were off, and the impetus propelled him like a cannon-ball to the other end of the carriage; at length he seized one of the brass rods, and began to realise the difficulties of his position. There were six passengers, the lawful number, on one side; there was no vacant space there; so he turned his eyes to the other. The five ladies were packed as close as herrings in a barrel; they gave no sign; they seemed even unconscious of his presence. He surveyed them slowly one by one, but his appealing look produced no effect. At length a sudden change came over him; a sleepy, dreamy expression stole over his face; he believed himself at home and about to seat himself in his own easy chair. Perhaps he thought of his usual after-dinner nap; at all events, he quietly

drew his coat-tails aside, turned his back to the ladies, and dropped himself heavily down. There was a suppressed scream, a titter, and a sudden movement which left sufficient space for his ample person. The ladies avenged themselves by talking of and at him the whole of the way in language that was far from complimentary or parliamentary; but he seemed millicly unconscious of all that was passing around him, and convinced that my laughter was a sign of incipient insanity. I have never seen that man before or since, but I have always looked upon him as a notable.

**HEALTHY FISH.**—"Do you think, sir, that raw oysters are healthy?" asked a lady of her physician.—"Yes," he replied, "I never knew one to complain of being out of health in my life."

**THE TAX ON CLUBS.**—Of course, the smoking-room in the House of Commons will have to pay this tax as well as other clubs? Members of Parliament should be the first to uphold the laws that they themselves make.—*Punch.*

**DEFINITION OF HUMBUG.**—A severe instance of the use of the term "humbug" occurred in a court of justice. A female in giving her evidence repeatedly used this term. In her severe cross-examination, the counsel (a very plain, if not an ugly person) observed she had frequently used the term humbug, and desired to know what she meant by it, and to have an explanation; to which she replied: "Why, sir, if I was to say you were a very handsome man, would you not think I was humbugging you?" The counsel sat down perfectly satisfied.

**A SHORT SERMON,** by a Quakeress, runs as follows: "Dear friends, there are three things I greatly wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones and bricks into fruit-trees to knock down fruit: if they would let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other: if let alone they would die themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after young women: since, if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them."

**DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.**—In the neighbourhood of Hounslow, a gentleman coming home rather later than usual, was blown up by his wife in the dark. The wretched woman then furiously turned on the gas, which had, as far as we can learn, done nothing to offend her.—*Punch.*

**BISHOP BLOMFIELD'S REPARTEE.**—When a friend of the bishop's was once interceding with him on behalf of a clergyman who was constantly in debt, and had more than once been insolvent, but who was a man of talent and eloquence, he concluded his eulogium by saying, "In fact, my lord, he is quite a St. Paul." "Yes," replied the bishop, drily, "in prisons *qft*." And when, at the consecration of a church, where the choral parts of the service had been a failure, the incumbent had asked him what he thought of the music, he replied, "Well, at least, it was according to scriptural precedent: the singers went before, the minstrels followed after."—*A Memoir of Charles James Blomfield, D.D., Bishop of London.*

## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**POULTRY PILL.**—Barbadoes aloes, 1 oz.; Spanish liquorice, 1 oz.; add half a quartern of warm water, simmer gently until dissolved; add 1 oz. powdered gentian and 1 oz. ground ginger; mix and make into pills size of a small nut, one for a dose for an adult. A chemist, probably, could make this with less trouble. In deranged digestion, if the liver is at fault, one grain of calomel, followed by castor oil, will be very successful.

**CURE FOR WARTS.**—There is a very useful property belonging to the *Ranunculus aconitifolius*, or common crow-foot, which we do not think is generally known, and which should be recorded. On breaking the stalk of the plant in two, a drop of milky juice will be observed to hang on the upper part of the stem; if this is allowed to drop on a wart, so that it will be well saturated with the juice, in about three or four dressings the warts will die, and may be picked off with the fingers. It is the most certain remedy, and people, whose hands were nearly covered with them, were cured in a few weeks.

**SLUGS.**—It appears that the sense of smell in snails and slugs is very keen, for when anything they like is planted near them, they go almost as straight to it as a cannon-ball. Slices of swede or common turnips placed on the beds and borders answer very well for catching them. There is nothing better, for scores and hundreds of slugs will go to them for shelter. By cutting the slices an inch or so thick they will not shrivel up for several weeks. Every second or third day they should be lifted, and all the live stock under them destroyed. Thousands may thus be caught and killed.

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## ADDRESS.

It is usual when launching a ship, inaugurating an institution, or publishing a book, to offer a few words explanatory of the occasion. It is not enough that the ship, the institution, or the book, are before us, because, in the first place, curiosity is excited to know why they are so, and secondly, because in this country nothing of the real enjoyments of social life is appreciated without an introduction. Hat in hand, therefore, we make our bow to our desired patrons—the public, and respectfully beg permission to introduce to its notice a new series of **THE LONDON READER**.

In thus seeking to revive a cherished memory we have two objects in view—the one to build upon the concrete already deposited in the remembrance of our friends, a foundation that shall endure; and, secondly, so to improve and amplify the original design that the new superstructure may attain to as near perfection as human effort can reach,—so that all legitimate tastes may be gratified, and all rational desires met by the increased variety and intrinsic worth of the serial it will be henceforth our pride to offer for popular acceptance.

It can scarcely be requisite in this age of boundless profession that a work of which the antecedents are already well known should be ushered into existence with a flourish of trumpets, or a rataplan of drums. We desire our claim to popular favour may be tested by our performance, and with the present number of **THE LONDON READER** our friends, the public, will have before them an earnest of our intentions, and a proof of our desire to aid in the sphere allotted to us in the diffusion of useful knowledge and blameless amusement. To this end our mental board will be spread with viands that shall tempt the indulgence of correct taste and the growth of refined manners. It will be our aim to make **THE LONDON READER** welcome to all classes of society—whether the occupants of a palace or a cot. It is not too much to hope that our efforts may be successful.

It will be observed that **THE LONDON READER**, of which the first number of the new series is this day a candidate for public patronage, has been enlarged to thirty-two pages—that the illustrations are of the first-class both in design and execution—that the literary talent engaged upon it is second to none in the ranks of our public writers, and that the artistic staff employed will sustain honourable rivalry with the most eminent names of the age—and when in addition to these self-evident facts, it will also be observed that the price of **THE LONDON READER** is fixed at One Penny only, it will be obvious that an extensive circulation is essential to its permanency; and that circulation we look forward to with confidence, because we can say with Addison's *Syphax* that although—

"Tis not in mortals to command success;  
We will do more, dear public, we'll deserve it."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**CHANGE OF NAME.**—It appears from a parliamentary return that 415 applications for licenses for a change of name have been made since 1850, and 398 licenses have been granted. The amount of fees payable is, on a change of name only, £10 2s. 6d.; on a change of

name and arms, £13 12s. 6d.; for every additional name inserted in a license, £1 7s. 6d.; in addition a stamp duty of £50 is affixed to every license to take and use a surname and arms, or a surname only, in compliance with the injunctions of any will or settlement, and a stamp duty of £10 on a license when granted upon any voluntary explanation. The whole of the fees have been paid into the exchequer through the hands of the Paymaster-General.

**A DIFFERENCE IN REASONS.**—To perceive a reason for anything that God has done is far different from perceiving the reason.

**THE FOOLISH AND THE WISE.**—A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer; but a wise man cannot ask more questions than he will find a fool ready to answer.

**ENVY.**—Of all hostile feelings, envy is perhaps the hardest to be subdued, because hardly any one owns it, even to himself; but looks out for one pretext after another to justify his hostility.

**A WORD TO THE WISE.**—He that will have no books but those that are scarce, evinces about as much taste in literature as he would do in friendship, who would have no friends but those whom all the rest of the world have sent to Coventry.—*Lacon*.

## WILD FLOWERS.

The Flowers, the Flowers, the sweet and gentle Flowers!  
Smiling on the sunny bank, or drooping o'er the streams,  
They speak to us of greenwood bowers, of bursting buds, of  
whispering showers.

And steal upon the memory like childhood's starry dreams  
The *Speedwell* on the old ditch side, the yellow *Primrose* by its  
side;

The *Violet*, like a fair young bride, with eyes of sunny blue!  
The crimson *Arum* gleaming far, the wild *Strawberry*'s silver  
star;

The *Pimpernel*, with floweret small, and crimson-purpled  
hue.

The *Bloodweed*, with its graceful bell, as pure as snow on High-  
land fell;  
The *Meadow-sweet* o'er sparkling well, like pilgrim nun of  
old;

The stately *Foxglove* on the rock; the purple *Heath* on lone  
hill top;  
The sweet *Woodbine*, and trailing *Hop*; the *Brook-lime* blue  
and cold.

The drooping *Harebell* in the wood; the modest *Two-Face*  
under *Hood*;  
The pale *Blue flower* beside the flood, for which the brave  
knight died;

The *Snowdrop* bending by the tomb; the golden *Furze*, and  
tassel'd *Broom*;  
The *Dog-Rose*, with its crimson bloom, flushing the dark  
hedge side.

With many a floweret rich and bright, whose beauty glads the  
wondering sight,  
Flinging their fragrance through the night, o'er many a vale  
and hill,

With colours golden, crimson, and blue; rich in fragrance and  
bright of hue,  
Fair as the birds that above them flew—Sweet Flowers! I  
love them still! J. N. W.

**ARMSTRONG PROJECTILES.**—6,000 lead-coated shot and shell, just sent out to India, were all packed separately in canvas bags, in order to preserve the lead coating from damage during the course of transport.

**THREE CHILDREN AT A BIRTH.**—A poor woman, residing in the village of Bleadon, named Crandon, widow of a hardworking man, who some two months ago lost his life by falling into the water whilst he was helping to unload a coal vessel on the river Axo, has given birth to three children, two boys and a girl, all of whom seem likely to live. On two previous occasions Mrs. Crandon has given birth to twins, and at the present time has nine children dependent upon her for support.

**CURIOS DISCOVERY.**—A correspondent of an Australian paper announces the discovery in a stony creek, fifteen miles from Castlemaine, of the bodies of three aboriginals, quite whole, and not wanting in the smallest details, but petrified into solid marble. When he last saw them, he says, he thought they were actually alive, until, on going closer, he noticed the eyes. They are in a sitting posture, and the veins, muscles, &c., may be distinctly traced through what is now a group of stone blocks; they are in a splendid state of preservation, even the finger-nails, teeth, &c., are as perfect as they were 500 years ago. One of them has a stone axe by his side without any haft.

**THE COMET.**—I have calculated the following orbit of the new comet from two observations on the mornings of April 15 and 16, telegraphed from Florence by Dr. Donati, and one taken at the Observatory of Paris on the morning of the 14th, and received to-day from M. Leverrier. Perihelion Passage, March 22, at 8.21 p.m., mean time at Greenwich.—Longitude of perihelion, 261 deg. 11 min.; ascending node, 244 deg. 25 min.; inclination of the orbit, 86 deg. 34 min.; least distance from the sun, 0.9899. Motion.—Retrograde. From these elements, it would appear that the comet is not one that has been previously computed. They give its position at midnight to-morrow (Saturday) in right ascension 20h. 29min., with 12 deg. 22 min. in

north declination, and at the same hour on Wednesday next in right ascension 20h. 25m., and declination 21 deg. 58 min. The distance from the earth is about 67,000,000 miles, and will very slowly diminish for a few days, but the brightness of the comet is not likely to become materially greater than at present. I am, sir, your most obedient servant, J. H. HIND. Mr. Bishop's Observatory, Twickenham.

**THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT** arrived in France a few weeks since with his splendid pack of foxhounds, for the purpose of hunting the wolf, which commits great ravages in the agricultural districts of France. On the 7th ult. his Grace took the field with his whole pack in Poitou; but the expectations of the numerous sportsmen who had assembled were disappointed at the result. The Badminton hounds, not being accustomed to the scent of the wolf, refused to follow. A second hunt took place in the forest of Verrière. An unusually large wolf having been found, the duke's dogs again refused to follow it. Thereupon sixteen dogs of Poitou, belonging to MM. de la Besge and Maichin, were set on the scent, and killed the animal, after a magnificent run of two hours. It is said that in order to obtain any success it will be necessary to train the Badminton dogs for a short time, by setting them on the scent of a tame wolf belonging to a gentleman in that part of the country.

**A GHOST STORY.**—The name of Dr. Blomberg has often turned up in the course of the preceding correspondence, and we find it mentioned here in connexion with Carlton House. His intimacy with the Royal family arose from a very remarkable circumstance. His father was a British officer, and in the earlier part of the reign of George III. he was quartered in the West Indies, together with Major Torriano, but in different islands, the latter being in St. Kitts. One night, as Major Torriano and another officer were lying in the same room, they suddenly saw Blomberg standing before them. On expressing their great surprise, he informed them that it was only his shade which they saw, as he had just fallen a victim to rapid disease; and was permitted to appear, in order that he might request them on their return home to make diligent search in a certain house in Scotland, where, in a chest, documents would be found which would put his only son, then young, in possession of a small property. The officers gave their promise, and the ghost disappeared. In the course of a few days intelligence reached St. Kitts of the death of Blomberg on the night in question; and in due time search was made for the papers, which were found, and the boy obtained his property. The story, being much talked of at the time, came to the ears of the Royal family, and Blomberg was sent for by George III. to be brought up with the young princes. There was apparently nothing remarkable in his character to call forth a special providence in his behalf, as he was only distinguished for his taste and skill in music. He was brought up to the Church, and, under Royal favour, obtained various pieces of preferment. Latterly he was canon of St. Paul's, to which he was appointed in 1822; chaplain to the Queen; and incumbent of the valuable vicarage of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.—*Journals and Correspondence of Thomas Sedgwick Whalley, D.D.* By the Rev. Hill Wickham, M.A.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**JOHN THOMAS.**—There are two such associations in London, the Clergy Mutual Assurance Society, 218, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster; and the Clerical, Medical, and General Life Assurance Society, 19, St. James's Square, London. Loans are granted for any amount not exceeding half the sum insured, and for the due repayment of which, two responsible persons are required as sureties.

**JOSEPHINE.**—To promote the softness and whiteness of the hands, mild emollient soaps, or those abounding in oil, should alone be used. The coarse, strong kinds of soap, or those abounding in alkali, should be rejected, as they render the skin rough, dry and brittle. The use of a little chloride of lime and warm water imparts a delicate whiteness to the skin; but should be only occasionally used, and should be well washed off with a little warm water to remove the odour.

**DREFLA NITWAB.**—Scafell in Cumberland is the "highest eminence" in England, we believe. Its height is 3,166 feet above the level of the sea. It is a mountain. We are pleased to find you have so high an opinion of the merits of our Journal. Handwriting tolerable.

**ELLY O'CONNOR** thinks that Alfred Charles Stuart will exactly suit her, as she only wants some one to love her, to make her perfectly happy. If Alfred Charles Stuart really thinks Elly O'Connor will suit him, it will give her great pleasure to hear further from him.

**WILL SIDDLER.**—A very good work on book-keeping, both by single and double entry, has been written and published by Mr. Lewis, at 113, Strand, entitled the "Lewisian System of Book-Keeping." The price is 10s.

\* \* We cannot undertake to return Rejected Manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

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